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THE

ÆNEID OF VIRGIL

TRANSLATED INTO SCOTTISH VERSE

BY

GAWIN DOUGLAS

BISHOP OF DUNKELD.

VOLUME II.

PRINTED AT EDINBURGH.

M.DCCC.XXXIX.

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T. CONSTABLE, PRINTER, EDINBURGH.

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THE PROLOUG OF THE NYNTH BUKE.

Thir lufty warkis of hie nobilyte
Agilyte dyd wryte of worthy clerkis,
And tharin merkis wyſdome, vtilyte,
Na vilyte, nor ſic onthryfty ſperkis:
Scurilyte is bot for doggis at barkis,
Quha tharto harkis fallys in fragilyte.

Honeſte is the way to worthynes,
Vertu, doutles, the perfyte gait to blys;
Thou do na mys, and eſchew idilnes,
Perſew prowes, hald na thing at is hys;
Be nocht rakles to ſay ſone ȝa, I wys,
And ſyne of this the contrar wyrk expres.

Do tyll ilk wight as thou done to waldbe;
Be nevir ſle and doubill, nor ȝit our lyght;
Oys not thy mycht abufe thyne awin degre,
Clym nevir our hie, nor ȝit to law thow lycht;
Wirk na malgre, thocht thou be nevir ſa wyght,
Hald with the rycht, and pres the nevir to le.

Eneuch of this, ws nedis prech na mor,
Bot, accordyng the purpos ſaid tofor,

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The ryall ſtyle, clepyt heroycall,
Full of wirſchip and nobilnes our all,
Suldbe compilit but thewhes or voyd word,
Kepand honeſt wys ſportis quhar thai bourd,
All lowus langage and lychtnes lattand be,
Obſervand bewte, ſentens, and grauyte.
The ſayar eik ſuld weil conſider thys,
Hys mater, and quhamto it entitilit is:
Eftir myne authouris wordis, we aucht tak tent
That baith accord, and bene conuenient,
The man, the ſentens, and the knychtlyke ſtile,
Sen we mon carp of vaſſalage a quhile.
Gyf we deſcryve the woddis, the treis, quod he,
Suld conform to that mannis dignyte
Quhamto our wark we direct and endyte.
Quhat helpis it? full litill it wald delyte
To write of ſcroggis, broym, haddir, or rammale;
The lawrer, cedyr, or the palm triumphale,
Ar mar ganand for nobillis of eſtait:
The muſe ſuld with the perſon aggre algait.
Stra for to ſpek of gayt to gentill wight;
A hund, a ſteid, mar langis for a knyght,
Quhamto efferis hant na rebald daill;
Thar ſuld na knyght reid bot a knychtly taill.
Quhat forſis hym the buſſart on the brer,
Set weil hym ſemys the falcon heroner?
He comptis na mair the gled than the fewlume,
Thocht weil hym lykis the goſhalk glaid of plume.
The cur, or maſtys, he haldis at ſmal availl,
And culȝeis ſpanȝellis, to chace pertryk or quaill.

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Ne byd I not into my ſtile for thy
To ſpeke of trufis, nor nane harlotry;
Sen that myne author with ſic eloquens
Hys buke illumnyt hes, and hie ſentens,
Sa freſch endyte, and ſang poeticall,
That it is clepyt the wark imperiall,
Endyt onto the gret Octauyane,
The Emperour excellent and maſte ſouerane:
By quham, the goſpell makis menſioun,
The hail warld put was to diſcriptioun,
To numbir all the pepill tharin ſuld be,
So, but rebellioun, al quhar obeyt was he.
Bot, ſen that Virgill ſtandis but compar,
Thocht in our leid hys ſayngis to declar
I haue in ryme thus far furth tane the cur,
Now war me laith my lang laubour myſſur:
All thocht my termys be nocht poliſt alway,
Hys ſentence ſall I hald, as that I may.
Gyf ocht be weill, thank Virgil and nocht me;
Quhar ocht is bad, gays mys, or owt of gre,
My lewytnes, I grant, hes all the wyte,
Kouth not enſew hys ornat freſch endyte,
Bot, with fuylhardy curage malapert,
Schupe to enterprit, and dyd perchance pervert,
Thys maiſt renownyt prynce of poetry:
Quhar I ſa dyd, *mea culpa*, I cry.
Zit, by my ſelf, I fynd this proverb perfyte,
The blak craw thinkis hyr awin byrdis quhite:
Sa faris with me, bew ſchirris, wil ze hark,
Can nocht perſaue a falt in all my wark,

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Affectioun ſa far my rayſſon blyndis.
Quhar I myſknaw myne errour, quha it fyndis
For cheryte amendis it, gentil wight,
Syne pardon me, ſat ſa far in my lycht,
And I ſal help to ſmore ȝour falt, leif broder;
Thus, vail que vail, ilk gude deid helpis other.
And for I haue my wark addreſſyt and dycht,
I dar ſa, baith to gentil barroun and knycht,
Quhais name abufe I haue done notyfy,
And now of prowes and hie chevelry
Behuffis me to write and carp a quhile;
The mair glaidly I ſal enfors my ſtile,
And for hys ſaik do ſcharp my pen all new,
My maſte renownyt author to enſew,
That thar ſalbe, wyll God, litill offens,
Salwand owr buſtuus wlgar differens.
Na mar as now in preambill me lift expone,
The nynt buke thus begouth Eneadon.

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THE NYNTH BUKE OF ENEADOS.

CAP. I.

Juno to Turnus in meſſage Iris ſent,
To ſege the Troianys, Eneas tho abſent.

Quhyll on this wys, as I haue ſaid or this,
Sik materis and ordinancis wirkand is
In diuers placis, ſet full fer ytwyn,
Saturnus get, Juno, that lift not blyn
Of hir auld malyce and iniquyte,
Hir madyn Iris from hevin ſendys ſche
To the bald Turnus malapert and ſtowt;
Quhilk for the tyme was with all his rowt
Amyd ane valle wondyr lovn and law,
Sittand at eys within the hallowyt ſchaw
Of god Pilumnus, hys progenitor.
Thamantis douchtir knelys hym befor,
I meyn Iris, this ilk fornamyt maid,
And with hir roſy lippys thus hym ſaid:
Turnus, behald on cace reuoluyt the day,
And of hys fre will ſendys the, perfay,

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Sik avantage and oportunyte,
That ſet thou wald haue axit it, quod ſche,
Thar was nevir ane of all the goddis dyng
Quhilk durſt haue the promittit ſic a thing.
Eneas, deſolat levand hys cite,
Hys navy eik, hys ferys, and hail menge,
Is till Evander ſocht, and Palatyne,
That burgh. But not eneuch; for farther ſyne
To the extreme citeis of Tuſcany
In mont Corythus haldys he in hy,
And doys aſſembill the wild lauboreris,
That quhilum com fra Lyd, till armys in weris.
Quhat dredis thou? now tyme is to prik hors,
Now tyme fortill aſſay gour cartis and fors.
Haue done, mak na mar tary nor delay,
Set on thar ſtrenthis ſone, gif thame affray.
Quod ſche; and tharwith, in hys preſens evin,
With equale weyngis flaw vp in the hevin,
Vndre the clowdis ſchapand, quhar ſcho went,
A gret rane bowe of diuers hewys ment.
The gong man knew hir weill, and haſtely
Vp baith hys handis hevis to the ſky,
With ſic wordis followand, as ſcho dyd ſle:
Iris, thou bewte of the hevynnys hie,
Throw all the clowdis and thir ſkyis brovn,
Quha hes the ſend to me in erth a dovn?
Quhow is becummyn on this wys, quod he,
Sa brycht weddir and cleir ſerenyte?
I ſe the hevynnys oppynnyt and devyde,
And movand ſternys in the lyftis ſyde.

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So gret takynnys and reuelacions ſchaw
I ſal perſew, and fallow quhat befaw;
Quhat evir thou be that callys to the weris,
Thy command ſal I obey, as efferis.
And thar withall, with wordis augurall,
Eftir thar ſpayng cerymonys diuynal,
Onto the flude onon furth ſteppis he,
And of the ſtremys crop a litill we
The watir lyftis vp intill his handis,
Full gretumly the goddys, quhar he ſtandis,
Beſekand till attend to hys prayer,
The hevynnys chargeyng with feil awowis ſeir.
With this the oſtis all in the plane feild
Held furth arrayt, ſchynand vnder ſcheld.
Men mycht behald full mony riall ſtedis,
Full mony pantyt targe and weirlyke wedis:
Of giltyn geir dyd glytter bank and bus.
The formaſt batale ledis Meſapus;
The hyndmaſt oſtis had in governyng
Of Tyrrhyus the ſonnys or childer ȝyng:
Turnus thar duke rewlys the myddill oſt,
With glave in hand maid awful feir and boſt;
Thame till array raid turnand to and fro,
And by the hed alhaill, quhar he dyd go,
Hyear than all the rowt men mycht hym ſe.
In ſik ordour furth haldis his menge,
Lyke as ſum tyme Ganges, the flude Indane,
Sevyn ſwelland ryveris eftir ſpayt of rayn
Reſſauyt in hys large boſum in hy,
In hys deip trowch now flowys eſely:

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Or as vmquhile the fertill flude, Nylus,
Ourfletand all the feildis, bank and bus,
Syne, eftir the gret fludis watry rage,
Returnys fwagit to hys auld paſſage.

CAP. II.

Turnus ſegis the Troianys in gret ire,
And all thar ſchippis and navy ſet in fyre.

Be this the Troianys in thar new cite
A dufty ſop vpryſand gan do ſe,
Full thik of ſtowr vp thryngand in the ayr,
And all the feildis myrknyt mair and mair.
Caycus firſt cryis, as he war wod,
Dovn from the hie garrat quhar he ſtude;
O citeſanys, how gret ane oft, quod he,
Is lappit in 3one dufty ſtew I ſe!
Swith hynt 3our armour, tak 3our wapynnys all,
Bryng hydder dartis, ſpeil vp on the wall,
Our ennemys cummys at hand, but dowt.
Hay, hay, go to! than cry thai with a ſchowt,
And with a huge bruyt Troianys at ſchort
Thar wallys ſtuffyt, and cloſyt euery port.
For ſa Eneas, maſte expert in armys,
At hys departing, dredand for thir harmys,
Gaif thame command, gif thai aſſalȝeit wer,
Or hys returnyng, be hard fortoun of weir,

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That thai ne ſuld in batale thame array,
Nor in the plane thar ennemys aſſay:
Bot bad thai ſuld alanerly withhald
Thar ſtrenth within thar fowſeis, as he wald,
And kepe thar wallys forſely and weill,
With fowcy dichis and wapynnys ſtyfe of ſteill.
Tharfor, all thocht baith ſchame and felloun ire
Thar breiſtis had enflambyt hait as fyre,
In the plane feild on thar famen to ſet,
Zit neuertheles thar portis haue thai ſchet,
Fortill obey the command of Enee;
On boſs turrettis and on towris hie
Enarmyt ſtude thar fays till abyde.
Turnus the chiftane on the tother ſyde
Come to the cite, or that ony wiſt,
Furth fleand ſwipperly, as that hym beſt lift,
Befor the oſt, quhilk went bot eſy pas:
With hym a twenty choſyn men he has;
Apon a ſterand ſteid of Trace he ſat,
Of cullour dapill gray and wail fat,
Full hie ryſand abuf his knychtly hed
Hys goldin helm, with tymbrel al blude rede.
Go to, zyng gallandis, quha that lift, quod he,
Thar ennemys aſſailze firſt with me:
And, with that word, threw a dart in the air,
As he to geif batale all redy war,
Syne in plane feild with browdyn baneris gay
Bargane to byde drew hym till array.
Hys feris all reſſauyt the clamour hie,
And followand thar chiftane, he and he,

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The bruyt raſyt with griſly ſound attanys,
And gan to mervell the dolf hartit Troianys,
That durſt nocht, as thame ſemyt, in plane feild
Thame ſelf aventour, nor ȝit with ſper and ſcheld
Mach with thar famen in patent bargane,
Bot hald thame in thar ſtrenthis euery ane.
And all commovit, brym, and full of ire,
Baith heir and thar Turnus the grevyt ſyre
Went on horſbak, ſeirſand abowt the wall
Every dern way and ſecret paſſagis all,
Gyf ony entre or tocome eſpy
He myght, fortill aſſail the cite by.
Lyke as we ſe, wachand the full ſcheip fald,
The wild wolf ourſet with ſchowris cald
Of wynd and rane, at myddis of the nycht,
Abowt the bowght plet all of wandis tyght
Brays and gyrnys; tharin bletand the lammys
Full ſovirly liggis vnder thar dammys:
He brym and felloun his rage and furour
Aganys the abſentis, reddy to devour,
Raſys in ire, for the wod hungris lyſt;
Hys wyſnyt throt, havand of blude ſic thriſt,
Gendris of lang faſt ſic ane appetyte
That he conſtrenyt is in extreme ſyt.
Nane other wys, the feirfull fervent ire
In Turnus breiſt vpkyndillis hait as fyre,
Seand thir wallys and fortreſſis attanys;
The huge ennoy byrnys hym throu the banys,
Imagynand by quhat reſſon or way
Hys ennemys he mycht wyn till aſſay,

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And on quhat wys the Troianys fra thar ſtrenth
He mycht expell, and in plane feild on lenth
Mak thame to iſche in patent batale place.
And as he muſand was heiron, per cace,
The navy of thar ſchippys he dyd invaid,
That faſt by jonyt to the wall was layd,
With dychys and with fowſeis dern abowt,
In the flude watir, as neir owt of dowt:
Quham fra he had eſpyit, but abaid
At hys feris, quhilkis wilfull war and glaid,
Eftir the fyre and kyndillyng dyd he cry,
And in hys awin handis hyntis vp in hy
A bleſand fyrebrand of the fyrryn tre.
Than byſſely Rutilyanys, he and he;
So the preſens of Turnus dyd thame ſteir,
That euery man the rekand ſchydis in feir
Rent fra the fyris, and on the ſchippis ſlang:
The ſemys crakkis, the watir byſſyt and ſang,
The tallownyt burdis keſt a pikky low,
Vpblefis ourloft, hechis, wrangis, and how;
Quhill myxt with reik the fell ſparkis of fyre
Heich in the air vpglydis byrnand ſchire.

CAP. III.

Quhou the fyre was expellit fra the navye,
The ſchippis tranſlait in nymphis or goddeſſis of ſee.

Say me, O Muſys, reherſes and declare,
Quhilk of the Goddis ſa cruel flammys ſayr

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Held from Troianys? quha ſa vehement fyre
Drave from thar ſchippis, thus wys byrnand ſchire?
The deid is auld forto beleif or wry,
Bot the memor remanys perpetualy.
The firſt tyme quhen the Troiane Eneas
By ſey to tak hys vayage ſchup to pas,
And gan do beld his ſchippis vp ilkane
In Ida foreſt, that mont Phrygiane;
The moder of Goddis, Berecyntia,
Spak to hir ſon gret Jupiter, thai ſa,
With ſikkynd wordis, ſayand; My child deir,
Grant this ane axin quhilk I the requeir,
Grant thy belovit moder bot a thing,
Thou at art maſter of the hevynly ryng.
Apon the top of Gargarus, quod ſche,
Thar grew a fyr wod, the quhilk into dante
Full mony ȝeris held I, as is knaw;
Thys was my cuthill and my hallowit ſchaw,
Quhar that the Phrygianys maid me ſacrifice;
Ful weill me lykyt thar to walk oft ſys,
With pikky treis blak ſkuggit abowt,
And abundans of hattyr geftis ſtowt;
Quhilk glaidly I haue gevin a ȝong Troiane,
Strang Eneas, diſcend from kyng Dardane,
Fortill ſupport the myſteris of hys navy.
And now the dowtſum dreid, for the ilk quhy,
Full penſyve haldis me and doith conſtrene:
Deliuer me of thys feir be ſum meyn,
My deir ſon, ſuffir at thy moderis requeſt
Be admittit this a time, be the leſte,

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So that tha ſchippis be nevir mair ourſet
With contrar curs, nor ȝit with ſtorm dovn bet;
Quharby thai may haue ſum avale, quod ſche,
At thai vmquhill grew in our hillys hie.
Hyr ſon, the quhilk rewlys at hys lykyng
The hevyn, the ſtarris, and all erdly thyng,
Anſuerd and ſaid: O moder beſt belovyt,
Quhou art thou thus agane the fatis amovyt?
Or quharto axis thou to thir, quod he,
With mortale handis wrocht of ſtokkis and tre,
That is to ſay, thir ſchippis ſo habill to faill,
That leſum war thai ſuld be immortale?
And that Enee, in dedly corps onſure,
Aſſoverit fermly throw all dangeris fuyr?
Quhat God hes to hym grantyt ſik frelage?
Bot for thy ſaik, quhen fully thar vayage
Thai haue compleyt, and at coſtis of Itale
Arryvit ar, and in tha portis ſet ſail,
And thar duke Troiane careit our the ſee
To boundis of Lawrentum, that cuntre,
Alſmony of thame as than hes eſchaipe
The wally ſludis ſall I turn and ſchaip
Furth of thar mortale formys corruptabill,
And ſall command thame forto be mair habill
From thens forthwart, as immortale, quod he,
In Nymphes turnyt and Goddeſſys of ſee;
Lyke as Nereus douchter, Clotho gay,
And Galathea, throw fomy ſludis gray
Scheryng with braid breſtis delytabill.
Quod Jupiter: and till hald ferm and ſtabill,

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Be Stix the ſlude, Pluto hys broderis ſee,
Hys godly aith and promys ſworn hes he;
Be that ilk pykky laik with brays blak,
And laithly ſworlys, till kepe at he ſpak
He dyd afferm hys hecht, and in takynnyng
The hevynnys all maid trymmyll at hys likyng.
Tharfor the day that he by promys ſet
Is now at hand, and the ful tyme of det,
By the werd fifteris ſchaip, is now compleit;
Quhen Turnus thus in hys iniuryus heit
Admonyſt hes hys pepill, and commandis,
With dry ſchydis and with hait fyre brandis,
The moder of Goddis by ſik flambys fell
Furth of hir hallowyt ſchippis to expell.
At this tyme firſt apperis in thar ſyght
A new takynnyng of gret pleſand lycht,
And a braid ſchynand clowd thai dyd aſpy
Cum from the eſt, rynnand our all the ſky;
The rowtis eik onone thai gan behald
Of Ideanys, tha wightis that in the hald
Ar of the moder of the Goddis clos;
Dovn throu the air eik come a feirful voce,
And fillit all the oftis baith atanys
Of Troiane pepill and Rutilianys,
Sayand; Troianys, dreid na thing, haiſt 3ou nocht
Fortill defend my ſchippis, albeit 3e mocht,
For that caus tak na wapynnys in 3our handis:
For rather, now as that the mater ſtandis,
Sal it be lefull Turnus fyre the ſee,
Or that he byrn my bargis maid of tre.

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O ȝe my ſchippys, now to ȝou I ſay,
Go fre at large quhar ȝou lift away,
Go furth and ſwym as Goddeſſis of the ſee;
The moder of Goddis commandis ſo tobe.
And, wyth that word, als tyte furth from the bra
Ilk barge bownys, cuttyand hir cabyll in twa;
Lyke delphyn fyſch onon as thai tuke kepe,
Thar ſnowtis dowkand held vnder the deip.
Syne from the grond, a wonder thing to ſay,
With als feill virgyne facis vpſprang thai,
And throu the fludis, quhar thame lift, dyd fair,
Quhou mony ſteill ſtammyt bargis that ayr
Stude by the coſtis ſyde, or thai war fyryt.
Rutylianys wolx affrayit with myndis myryt;
Meſapus muſyng can withdraw on dreich,
Seand hys ſtedis and the horſſis ſkeich;
And eik the ryver brayt with hays ſovnd,
Quhill Tyberinus bakwartis dyd rebound,
As thocht hys curs dyd ſtop and ſtep abak.
Bot netheles, for all the feir thai mak,
The hie curage and forcy hardyment
Baid onamovyt in Turnus ſtowt entent,
So that baldly with hardy wordis on hie
Thar ſpretis raſyt, and rycht ferſly he
Gan thame repreve, that tuk for nocht affray.
Thir monſtruus takynnys at ȝe ſe, perfay,
Sekis miſcheif to the Troianys, ſaid he;
And by this way gret Jupiter, as ȝe ſe,
Hes now byreft thar help and confidens,
Quharby thai wont war to fle for defens:

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Now nowder Rutyliane fyre nor ſwerdis dynt
May thai withſtand, for all thar fors is tynt.
Sen that thai may not eſchape by the ſee,
Nor hes na maner hope away to fle,
The maiſt half of the Troiane help is loſt;
This land is in our power, feld and coſt;
So that thai ſal na wys eſchape our brandis,
Quhou mony thouſand douchty men of handis
Ar heir aſſemblyt, all Italyanys.
I compt na thing all thocht ȝon fant Troianys
Rakkyn thar fatis that thame hydder brocht;
All ſyk vayn ruys I feir as thing of nocht,
In cace thai prowd be of the goddis anſweris,
And thame avant tharof with felloun feris.
It may weill ſuffys, and eneuch, I wys,
Baith to thar fatis and Venus grantit is,
That evir thir Troianys in this coſt faſt by
Hes anys twichit the boundis of Italy.
My werdis eik and fatale deſtane
Be the contrar is grantit onto me,
Thys curſyt pepill tobet down with my glave,
For my deir ſpous, quham byreft me thai have:
Nor this ennoy alanerly twichis nocht
The twa Atrydes, that Troy to rewyne brocht;
I meyn the principal chiftanys, breder twa,
That is to knaw, Agamemnon and Menelay;
Ne ȝit allane this caus to armys ſteris
The pepill of Myce to move batale and weris;
Bot principaly this querrell myne I knaw.
Gif it had bene eneuch, as that thai ſchaw,

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At thai bot anys diſtroyit aucht tobe,
It war eneuch and mycht ſuffys, think me,
That thai haue faltit anys lang tyme befor;
Quhy dowbill thai thar treſpas mor and mor?
All thocht that women brocht thame to foly,
Ȝyt hait thai not wemen aluterly.
Quhat meyn thai be this myddill mantill wall?
This litill ſtop of dykis and fowſeis all?
Weyn thai this be a ſtrenth that may thame ſave?
Thar lyfe is now in juperte, thai raif,
Full neir thar ded thai ſtand: all men may knaw
Quhidder gif the wight wallys of Troy thai ſaw,
Belt by the hand of Neptunus, that ſyre,
Rent and bet down, and all the town in fyre.
Bot O ȝe walyt knychtis of renown,
Quham I behald with pykkis brekand dovn
Ȝon forteres, and now preſent with me
Aſſalȝeand this affrayt ſtrenth we ſe;
Ws nedis not Wlcanus armour heir
Aganys thir maſte fant Troianys in our weir,
Nor ȝit we myſtir not a thouſand ſchippis.
All thocht hail Tuſcany into falloſchippis
With thame adione, and cum on euery ſyde,
Lat thame nocht dreid that we, be nyghtis tyde,
Sall thyftuuſly Palladium ſteill away,
Nor ſla thar wachis ſlepand; na, perfay,
Dern in ane horſſis belly large and wyde,
Thame to diſſave, we ſall ws neuer hyde:
For we determyt haue by fors in fyght,
In plane batale, and on days lyght,

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With fyre and ſwerd ȝon wallys ombeſet.
So dowchtely we ſchape to do our det,
That thai ſall not beleif weir vndertane
Agane Grekis, nor pepill Pelaſgane,
Quhilkis in thar weris previt ſa ſpreitles men
That Hector thame delayt ȝeris ten.
Now, choſyn men, and walyt weriouris,
Sen the maiſt part of this days howris
Is gane, ſaid he, I hald it for the beſt
Eftir this gud journay ȝe tak ȝou reſt;
Do eys ȝour bodeis and ȝour hors quhil day,
Bot hald ȝou reddy for the batale ay.
In the meyn tyme, of the nycht wach the cure
We geif Meſapus, the ȝettis to diſcure,
And forto beit brycht fyris abowt the wallys.
Twys ſevin Rutilianys for al chance befallys
Was choſyn with knychtis forto wach the town;
Ilkane ane hundreth fallowys reddy bown
Of ȝoung gallandis, with purpour creſtis red;
Thar giltyn geir maid glitteryng euery ſted,
Quhar ſo thai walk, and rowmys ſtill and ſoft.
Thai ſtalk about, and wardis changis oft,
And ſum tyme, on the greyn herbys down ſet,
Thai byrll the wyne, and ilk man dyd hys det
Fortil ourturn goblettis of mettell bryght.
The ſchynand fyris our al the land keſt lycht;
And all the forenycht thir wachis ſikkyn way,
But ſleip, dyd ſpend in revale, gam, and play.

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CAP. IV.

Heir Nyſus carpis to his frend Eurilly,
Till vndyrtak ane aventur onfilly.

The Troianys, from thar fortres quhar thai ſtude
All thar deray beheld and vnderſtude,
And baith with armour and with wapynnys brycht
The towr hedys thai ſtuffyt all that nyght;
And feill tymys in haſty effeir for dreid
The portis viſſy thai, gyf ocht war neid,
And drawbriggis befor the ȝettis vpraſyt,
Junct to the wallys, at thai ſuld nocht be traſyt;
And euery man ſtud reddy in hys geir
Enarmyt weill, and in his hand a ſpeir.
Mneſtheus ſtern, and eik Sereſtus ſtowt,
Ful biſſy war to walk and go abowt,
Tyll ordinance forto put every thing;
For thame Eneas, at his departyng,
Had deput rewlaris to hys ȝong ſon deir,
And maſter capitanys of hys oft in weir,
Gyf ſo betyd ony aduerſyte,
Or aventour, befor hys returne.
Ane hail legioun about the wallis large
Stude wachyng, bodyn with bow, ſpeir, and targe:
The danger was by cuttys ſone decyde,
At euery corner quha, or quha, ſuld byde;
And euery man his curs abowt dyd ſleip,
Quhil that his fallow had his ward to keip.

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Niſus, Hirtacus ſon, that tyme was ſet,
As for hys ſtand, to byde and kepe the ȝet,
As he that was in armys bald and ſtowt,
Ane the maiſt valȝeant intill all that rowt;
Quham Ida hys moder, ane huntryce,
In falloſchip ſend with Ene ful wys:
To caſt dartis nane ſa expert as he,
Nor forto ſchoyt ſwyft arrowys half ſa ſle.
Euryalus, hys fallow, ſtude hym by,
Of all Eneas oft nane mair gudly,
Nor ȝit mar ſemly cled in Troiane armys,
Stowt, of hie curage, dredand for na harmys:
Hys floriſt ȝouth raveſt hys viſſage ȝyng,
Ȝit nevir ſchavyn, with pilis newly ſpryng.
To thir twa was a will in vnyte,
A luſt, and mynd in vniformyte:
Sammyn thai ȝeid to mete, to reſt, or play,
And baith togidder in batale ruſchit thai;
Now ſammyn eik thai war in ſtatioun ſet,
As baith in feir to kepe the common ȝet.
Niſus thus ſpekis, O brothir myne Ewrylly,
Quhiddir gif the Goddis, or ſum ſpretis ſylly,
Movys in our myndis this ardent thochtfull fyre,
Or gif that euery mannis ſchrewit deſyre
Be as his God and Genyus in that place,
I wait nevir how it ſtandis; bot this lang ſpace
My mynd movys to me, heir as I ſtand,
Batale or ſum gret thyng to tak on hand.
I knaw not to quhat purpos is it dreſt,
Bot be na way may I tak eys nor reſt.

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Behaldis thou not ſo ſurely, but affray,
Ȝon Rutylianys thame haldis glaid and gay?
Thar fyris now begynnys ſchyne full ſchire;
Sowpyt in wyne and ſleip baith man and ſyre
At quyet lugyng ȝondyr at thar will;
Queym ſilens haldis the large feildis ſtill.
Conſidir this profundly, I the pray,
Quhat ſuld I dreid, quhat thinkis thou, now ſay.
Baith common pepill and the heris bald
To bryng agane Eneas ful ſane thai wald;
Langyng ful ſair eftir hys hame cummyng,
And of hys mynd to haue ſure witteryng,
Thai all deſyre ſum attentik men be ſend.
Gyf, as I wald, thou had licens to wend,
Sen weill I knaw thy famus nobill dedis,
In ſik a cace, me think, na ma thar nedis,
Vndre ȝon moyte the way fund weill I ſe
To hald onto the wallys of Pallante.
  Ewrialus, ſmyte with hie fervent deſyre
Of new renown, quhilk brynt hym hait as fyre,
And half eſchamyt of this bodword glaid,
Thus til hys beſt belovyt fallow ſaid:
Niſus broder, in ſouerane actis hie,
For ony caus, quhou may thou refus me
With the to go in falloſchip as feir?
Suld I the ſend allane in ſik danger?
My fader, Opheltes, the quhilk all hys days
The weris hantit, nevir apon that ways
Inſtrukkit me, nor tawcht ſik cowardy.
Was I not lernyt to hant chevalry

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Amyd the Grekis brag, and Troiane weris?
Haue I me born with the, at thou afferis
Off my curage? the maiſt dowchty Enee,
And of fortoun to the laſt extremyte,
Haue I not followyt, refuſand na pyne?
Heir is, heir is, within this corps of myne,
A forcy ſpreit that doith this life diſpys,
Quhilk reputtis fair to wiſſyll, apon ſik wys,
With this honour thou thus pretendis to wyn,
This mortale ſtait and life that we bene in.
Niſus anſweris; forſuyth, my broder dyng,
Of the, God wait, ȝit dred I nevir ſic thing;
For ſo to think in faith onlefull wer.
So hail and feir mot ſalf me Jupiter,
And bryng me ſownd agane with victory,
As euer ȝit ſic conſait of the had I.
To wytnes draw I that ilk God, quod he,
With frendly eyn quhilk dois ws heir and ſe,
And in my mynd firſt movit this conſait.
Bot gif that ſo betyde, as weill ȝe wait
In ſic aventouris thar bene dangeris ſeir,
Be hard fortoun or aventour of weir,
Or goddys diſpoſitioun happin it fall,
My will was the to ſalue fra perrellis all:
Thy floriſt ȝouth is mair worthy to leif
Than forto put in danger of myſcheif.
I wald alſſo at hame ſum frend haue had
That gif at I war takyn and hard ſtad,
Or fra me reft the lyfe, and ſa withhald,
Quhilk my body or banys ranſon wald,

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And lay in grave, eftir our Troiane gys;
Or, gyf fortoun wald ſuffir on na wys
My body mycht be brocht to beriall,
Than to hys frend the ſeruyce funeral
With obſequeis to do for corps abſent,
And in my memor vp a tumbe to ſtent.
Ne wald I not alſſo that I ſuld be
Caus or occaſioun of ſic duyll, quod he,
To thy maiſt reuthfull mother, traſt and kynd,
Quhilk anerly of hir maiſt tendir mynd,
From all the other matronys of our rowt,
Hes followyt the, hir luffyt child abowt,
Ne for thy ſaik refuſyt not the ſee,
And gave na fors of Aceſtes cite.
The tother tho hym anſuerit ſone agane:
My frend, for nocht thou ſays ſik wordis vane,
Ingirand cacis ar of nane effek;
My firſt entent I liſt not change nor brek.
Haiſt ws, quod he. And tharwithall baith twa
The nixt wach thai walknyt quhar thai lay;
Quhilk gat on fut, and to thar rowmys went.
Eurialus, to fulfill hys entent,
With Nyſus furth can hald hys way onon,
And to the prynce Aſcanyus ar gone.

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CAP. V.

Quhou at the conſal the fornamyt two
Ontill Eneas purcheſt leif to go.

Apon the erth the othir beſtis all,
Thar biſſy thochtis ſeſſyng, gret and ſmall,
Ful ſownd on ſleip dyd cawcht thair reſt be kynd,
All irkſum laubour forȝet owt of mynd:
Bot the cheif ledaris of the Troiane rowt,
And flowr of fènſabill ȝyng men ſtern and ſtowt,
In the meyn tyme ſat at wys conſell
For common weill and materis hie befell,
Conſideryng wiſly quhat ado thar was,
Or quha ſuld meſſage beir to Eneas;
Amyddis thar tentis, in feild quhar thai ſtand,
With ſcheildis ſchrowd, apon thar ſperis lenand.
Tho Nyſus and Eurialus baith twane
Glaid of this caſt, ſeand thair tyme maſte gane,
Beſocht thai mycht be admittit to ſay
A gret mater of weght, quhais delay
Myght harm gret deill, and eik be thar avys
Thar erand was worth audiens and of price.
Aſcanyus firſt, ſeand thar haſty way,
Admittit thar deſire, and bad thame ſay.
Than this Niſus, Hirtacus ſon, thus ſaid:
Gentill Troianys, with equal myndis glaid
Reſſaue my wordis, for this thing, quod he,
Quhilk I ȝou tell may nocht confiderit be

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With ſik as ws, nor men ſa ȝong of ȝheris,
Bot to ȝour wiſdomys till avys efferis.
The Rutilianys, ourſet with ſleip and wyne,
Lyggis ſowpit, fordoverit, drunk as ſwyne:
To ſet apon thame, and await with ſkaith,
The place ſurely we haue eſpyit baith,
Quhilk reddy may ful eſely be get
In ȝondir forkyt way, ſtrekis fra the ȝet
Down to the ſeys coſt the nerreſt went;
Quhar the fyris faſt falȝeis, neir owt brynt,
So that the blak reik dyrknys all the air.
Gif that ȝe ſuffir wald, as I ſaid ayr,
That we mycht vſe this oportunyte
Quhilk fortoun has ws grant, ſone ſuld ȝe ſe
Eneas ſocht by ws at Pallantyne,
And hyddir brocht in ſchort quhile eftir ſyne,
With ryche ſpulȝe, and mekill ſlauchter maid.
We knaw the way thidder full weill, he ſaid,
And all the watyr of Tibyr vp and down;
In dyrk valeys oft we ſaw the town,
As we by cuſtum oft the huntyng hantit.
Agit Alethes, that na wiſdome wantit,
Bot baith was rype in conſale and in ȝheris,
Onto thir wordis digeſtly maid anſueris:
O kyndly Goddis of our natyve landis,
Vndre quhais myghtis all tyme Troy vpſtandis,
All thocht the weill tharof in dowt remanys,
Ȝit lift ȝou not diſtroy all the Troianys,
Ne thame ſo clene defait aluterly,
Sen ſa ſtowt myndis as we heir aſpy,

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And ſa bald reddy breiſtis gevin haue ȝhe
To thir ȝonkeris. And ſayand thus, can he
The rycht handis and ſchuldris of baith embrace,
With terys tryncland our his chekis and face.
O manly knychtis, quhat reward condyng
May ganandly be geif for ſyk a thyng,
Forſuyth I can nocht in my mynd devys;
Bot ȝour maiſt cheif ganȝeld and gyft to prys
The gret Goddis mot rendyr ȝou, ſaid he,
And ȝour awin vertu mot be renownee:
The remanent onone ȝe ſall reſſaue,
Sa that na wys ȝe ſal ȝour medis crave,
By the handys of reuthfull Eneas;
Or, gif he ſone from this lyfe happynnys paſs,
Aſcanyus, quhilk as ȝit is bot page,
Ȝong and fordward into hys hailſum age,
Sall render ȝour deſert, I tak on hand,
And ſik thankis, quhil that he is levand,
Sal nevir be forȝet nor do away.
  The ſammyn word onon, as he dyd ſay,
Furth of hys mowth Aſcanyus hes hynt:
I hecht forſuyth that deid ſall nevir be tynt,
For all my weil alanerly doys hyng
Apon my faderis proſper hame cummyng.
Nyſus, ſaid he, I ȝou pray and beſeik,
Be our Penates, kyndly goddis meik,
And be Aſſaracus goddis domeſticall,
Quham ȝe the cheif ſtok of our kynrent call,
And be the ſecret cloſettis or entre
Of the venerabill auld canus Veſte,

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Bryng hame my fader ſone, I ȝou exort:
All that pertenyng is to me, at ſchort,
Baith twychand conſale and commandment,
Or aventouris of fortoun, in ȝour entent,
In ȝour willys, I put all haill, quod he,
Bryng hame my fader that I may hym ſe;
For had we hym reſſauyt, I dar ſay,
Is no thing ſuld ennoy ws nor effray.
Twa ſiluer cowpys, wrocht rycht curyuſly
With figuris grave, and punſyt ymagery,
I ſall ȝou geif, the quhilk my fader wan
Quhen conqueſt was the cite Ariſban;
Twa charis rych, or treſtis quently fold,
And twa gret talentis of the fynaſt gold,
And eik the crafty ancyant flacconys two
Quhilkis to me gave the Sydones Dido.
And gyf, certis, as victouris ws betydis
To conquys Ital, as the fatys provydis,
Tharin to bruke the crown and ceptre wand,
And to diſtribut the pray, as lord of land;
Beheld ȝe nocht quhatkyn a curſour wyght,
Quhou prowd armour, weil gilt and burnyſt brycht,
That Turnus bair this ȝiſter nyght, quod he?
The ſammyn ſcheld, and helm with creſtis thre
Semyng of fyre all rede, and the ilk ſteid,
Fra this ſammyn hour, Nyſus, ſalbe thy meid;
I ſall thame ſort fra all the remanent.
And forthir eik my fader, of hys aſſent,
Twelf choſyn matronys ſall ȝou geif all fre,
Tobe ȝour ſclavys in captiuite,

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With all thar childryng and thar hail offſpryng,
Thar moblys, catal, rentis, and armyng;
And eik that feild and pryncipal peys of land,
Quhilk kyng Latinus hes now in hys hand.
And O thou wirſchipfull ȝong child, quhais age
Is to my ȝouthed in the nerreſt ſtage,
With all my hart I the reſſaue evin heir,
In all cacis as tendir fallow and feir.
But the, na glorius act in my materis
Salbe exercyt, nother in paix nor weris:
In euery thing, baith into word and deid,
The maiſt traft ſalbe geif the for thy meid.
Ewrialus maid this anſwer for hys ſyde:
That day ſal neuer cum, nor tyme betyde,
For my defalt onworthy ſall I be
Fortyll attene ſa ſouerane dignyte.
Lat fortoun ſend ws gude luk, gif ſcho leſt,
Or myſaventour, I ſal do my beſt:
Lo, this is all, na mair I may promyt.
Bot, abuf all thingis, a gift grant me ȝit,
That I beſeik the oft and monyfald:
Ane moder, cummyn of Priamus blude of ald,
Within this town I haue, quhilk ſilly wyfe,
Me forto follow not comptand hir lyfe,
The realm of Troy mycht not withhald, ſaid he,
Nor ȝit in Sycyll Aceſtes fair cite.
Now hir I leif onhalſyt as I ryde,
Of this danger, quhat ſo evir betyde,
All ignorant and wait no thyng, puyr wight:
To wytnes draw I heir this ilk gude nyght,

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And thy rycht hand, my lord and prynce maſte hie,
The wepand teris may I not ſuffir nor ſe
Of my deir moder, nor that rewthfull ſyght.
Bot I beſeik thy gentyll hart of ryght
Forto comfort that cayrfull creatur;
That deſolat wight to ſuccur ſchaw thi cuyr.
Grant this a thyng, and ſuffir that of the
This a gude hop I bair of town with me;
And far the baldar, quhat ſo fortoun ſend,
Ontill all dangeris glaidly ſall I wend.
The Troianys all for reuth, at ſpeke hym heris,
Smyte with compaſſioun, braſtis furth of terys,
With tender hartis menand Ewrialus;
Bot principaly luſty Aſcanyvs:
The ymage of hys faderly piete,
Prent in hys mynde, hym ſtrenys ſwa that he
Wepand anſwerd, and ſaid; my brother deir,
I promys all thou deſiris, out of weir,
For thy commancement and ſtowt begynnyng
Is ſa douchty I may the nyte na thyng.
Forſuyth this woman, quhat ſo evir ſcho be,
Fra thyne fordwart ſal moder be to me,
Wantyng na mar of my moder in plane
Alanerly bot Creuſa, hyr name;
And thus of ſik a byrth na litill blys
Sall hyr betyde, quhou evir eftir this
The chans turnys, owder to weill or wo.
Be this ilk hed I ſwere to the alſo,
By quhilk my fader wont was forto ſwere,
All that I haue onto the promyſt heir,

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Gyf thou returnys in proſperyte,
Failȝeand tharof, as Jove defend ſwa be,
To thy moder and onto thy kynred
Sall fully bene obſeruyt, in thy ſted.
Thus ſayd he wepand; and tharwith alſſua
Hys gyltyn ſwerd he hynt his ſchuldris fra,
Quham wonder craftely in the land of Creyt
Lycaon forgyt had, and wrocht it meyt
Within a burnyſt ſcheith of evor bone;
Thame baith togiddir he gaue Ewrill onone.
Syne Mneſtheus a buſtuus lyon ſkyn,
That rowch and weirlyke tawbart na thing thyn,
To Nyſus gave; and the traſte Alethys
With hym hes helmys coſyt, and gaue hym hys.

CAP. VI.

Furth haldis Nyſus and Eurillius baith tway,
And huge ſlauchter thai haue maid be the way.

Onon thai held enarmyt furth thar way:
Quham all the nobillys ȝyng and ald, perfay,
Convoyt to the portis, na thyng fayn,
Prayand full oft Jove bryng thame weil agane.
Bot principaly the freſch Aſcanyus ȝyng,
Abufe al otheris in hys commonyng
Schawand the wyſdome, conſait, and forſyght,
Of agit man, and eik the curage wight,

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Gave thame feill chargis and commandmentis
To beir hys fader, twychand hys ententis:
Bot with the wynd tha ſkatterit war on raw,
And all for nocht amang the clowdis flaw.
Furth iſchit thai, and by the fowcyis wentis,
In filens of the dyrk nycht, amangis the tentis
And perellus pailȝeonys, to thame ennemy,
Thai entrit ar, and caucht gret harm tharby:
Bot netheles, or ony ſkaith thai hynt,
The ded of mony was thar douchty dynt.
Apon the gyrs, ourſet witht ſleip and wyne,
Fordoverit, fallyn down als drunk as ſwyne,
The bodeys of Rutylianys heir and thar
Thai dyd perſaue; and by the coſt alquhar
The cartis ſtand with lymowris bendyt ſtrek,
The men lyggyng, the hamys abowt thar nek,
Or than amangis the quhelys and the thetis;
All ſammyn lay thar armour, wyne, and metys,
Baith men and cartis myddillyt all our ane.
With ane bas voce thus Nyſus ſpak agane:
Ewrialus, the mater now thus ſtandis,
Forto be ſtowt and forcy of our handis;
Thys is our paſſage, quhilk way we mon wend.
Thy part ſalbe to kepe and to defend
That nane onſet cum on ws at the bak;
Spy far about, tharto gude tent thou tak.
I ſall befor mak voyd paſſage and way,
And the convoy throu a large ſtreit away.
Reherſand this, onon he held hym clos,
So that na noys mycht thar be hard or voce:

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And tharwith eik with drawyn ſwerd in pres
He can aſſail the pompus Rhamnetes,
Quhilk lay, percace, ſlepand ſoft and ſownd
On prowd tapetis ſpred apon the grond;
A kyng he was, and a ſpa man, ſuyth to ſayn,
To Turnus kyng maſt traſt auguriane:
Bot with hys diuinatioun nor augury
The trake of deth ne cowth he not put by.
Thre of hys ſeruandis, that faſt by hym lay,
Ful rakleſly he kyllyt, all thocht thai
Amang thar ſperis lyggyng war infeir;
And quellyt ane to Remus was ſquyer.
The cartar ſyne, luggyng apon the ſtreit,
He hynt onon amang the horſſis feyt,
And with hys ſwerd hys nęk, hyngand on ſyde,
In twane hes hakkyt; and the ſammyn tyde
Thar lordis hed, I meyn this ſaid Rhamneyt,
Of ſmytis he, quhill all the bed wolx weyt:
Lyke a ded ſtok the corps wantand the hed
Lay bullerand, al beſprent with ſprayngis red,
And als the erth grew warm with teppet blude.
Attour he ſtekit hes eik, quhar he ſtude,
Twa forcy men, Lamus and Lamyrus,
And als the lykly ȝong child, Serranus,
That all the fornycht in ryot and in play
Had ſpendyt as he lyſt, and now he lay
With membris ſtrekit, and pleſand viſſage brycht,
Ourſet with god Bachus mekill of myght:
Ful happy and weill fortunat had he be,
In ſport and gam on the ſam wys gif he

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All the remanent of that nycht had ſpent,
Quhil the lycht day, and tyl hym ſelf tane tent.
Lyke as the empty lyoun, lang onfed,
Be nychtis tyde quhen all folk ſleip in bed,
Trubland the fald full of filly ſcheip;
The wod rage of hys hungir is ſo deip
That he conſtrenyt is ſik wys to fair:
He ryvis and he harlys heir and thar
The tendir beſtis, that for awfull feir
Of hys preſens dar nowder bleyt nor ſteir;
He rummyſis with bludy mowth and brays.
So dyd Ewrilly, and none other ways,
And na les ſlauchter maid he in the plane,
Of ire inflambyt in his wod brane.
A multitude of commonys of birth law,
By quhilk reſſon thair namys ar onknaw,
He ombeſet and put to confuſioun:
And Fadus ſyne, with Heſebus dang he down,
And Arabys alſo, onwarnyſtly;
And Rhetus eik, lay walkand hard thame by,
Behaldand all thar ſterage and deray;
Bot, of the ſtowt Ewrialus for affray,
Behynd a wyne bote or a pype hym hyd:
Quham Eurialus, as the cace betyd,
Keppyt on hys ſwerdis poynt, that all the blaid
Hyd in hys coſt vp to the hyltis glaid:
To ded he duſchis down bath ſtyf and cald,
And vp the purpour ſpreit of lyf he ȝald,
And blude and wyne mixt he can furth ſchaw,
At he laſt drank owt ȝeſkis in the ded thraw.

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And, by ſik ſlyght full brym, thus he enforcis
To mak huge ſlauchtir of onweldy corpeis,
Etlyng wightly to the nixt ſtude faſt by.
Thar as Meſapus feris all dyd ly,
And the laſt fyris almaſte quynchit owt,
The hors, per ordour, tyit weill abowt,
Etand thar meit he mycht behald and ſe:
Quham ſchortly Nyſus bad ſes and lat be;
For he perſauyt Eurialus by his feris
Had our gret luſt to ſlauchter, and dangeris
Perſauyt nocht quhilkis war apperand eft:
Deſiſt, quod he, this mater mon be left,
For the day lycht, quhilk is to ws onfrend,
Approchis neir, we may na langar lend.
Gret harm is done, eneuch of blude is ſched,
Throw owt our fays a patent way is red.
And ſayng thus, thai ſped thame on thar way:
Behynd thame, for vptakyng quhar it lay,
Mony brycht armour richly dyght thai left,
Cowpys and goblettis, forgyt fare, and beft
Of maſſy ſyluyr, lyand heir and thare,
Prowd tapyſry, and mekil precyus ware:
Saſf that Eurialus with hym turſyt away
The rial trappouris, and myghty patrellys gay,
Quhilkis war Rhamnetes ſtedis harneſſyng;
And, for the mair remembrance in takynnyng,
Ane rych tyſche or belt hynt he ſyne,
The pendentis wrocht of burnyſt gold maſte fyne,
Quhilk gyrdill ane Cedicus, that was than
Duryng his tyme ane the myghtyaſt man,

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Bereft a ſtrang Rutiliane, as thai tell,
Quham he venquyſt in ſingular batell,
And ſend it ſyne to ane Remulus hes he,
That duke was of the Tiburtyne cite,
In ſyng of frendſchip and ferm acquentans;
Thus athir abſent jonyt allyans;
Syne this ilk prynce, into hys legacy,
That tyme apon hys ded bed dyd he ly,
This gyrdill left to ȝongar Remulus,
Hys tendyr nevo, that is heir ſlane thus.
Euryll, as ſaid is, hes this jowell hynt,
Abowt hys ſydis it braſyng, or he ſtynt;
Bot all for nocht, ſuppos the gold dyd gleit:
Meſapus helm ſyne, for him wondir meit,
With ſchynand tymbret and with cryſtis hie,
Apon hys hed onon buklyt hes he.
Furth of the tentis with this bownyt thai,
And fra thar fays held the ſovyr way.

CAP. VII.

Quhou capitane Volſcens, cumand Turnus till,
Recontrit Nyſus and hys fallow Evrill.

In the meyn quhile, as this other army
Thus at the ſege gan in the feildis ly,
From Lawrentum, kyng Latinus cite,
War horſmen ſent to Turnus, forto ſe

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Quhat he pleſyt, and the kyngis entent
Tyll hym to ſchaw, thre hundreth men furthwent
With ſcheild on ſchuldir vndre capitane Volſcens;
And be this cummyn war to the diſtens
Neir to thar oft, and, as the cace dyd fall,
Thai held faſt vnder this new cite wall;
Quhar as on far towart the left hand thai
Turnand thar curs bakwart perſauyt tway:
For the brycht helm in twynkland ſtarny nycht
Mythis Eurilly with bemys ſchynand lycht,
Quhilk he, onwar, perſauyt nocht, allace!
And as thai ſcars war thus aſpyit on cace,
Volſcens the capitane, from amyd his rowt,
Said, ſtand fallowis; and cryis with a ſchowt:
Quhat is the caus of 3our cummyng, ſaid he,
That rydis thus enarmyt? quhat 3e be,
And quhidder ar 3e bown, 3e ſchaw ws plane.
The tother twa maid nane anſuer agane;
Bot in the woddis hyis at the flicht,
Aſſurit gretly in dirknes of the nycht.
The horſmen than prekis, and faſt furth ſprentis
To weil beknawin pethis, and turnys wentis
Baith heir and thar; ſone ombeſet haue thai
The owtgatis all, thai ſuld nocht wyn away.
The wod was large, and rowch of buſkis ronk,
And of the blak ayk ſchaddowis dym and donk,
Of breris ful, and thyk thorn ronnys ſtent;
Scarſly a ſtrait rod or dern narow went
Tharin mycht fundyn be that men mycht pas,
Quharthrou Eurialus gretly cummyrrit was:

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Quhat for myrknes, thik buſkis, branch, and breir,
And weght alſo of the new ſpulȝeit geir,
Tharto the hafty onſet and affray
Maid hym gang will in the onknawin way.
Nyſus was went, and by this chapyt cleir
Hys ennemys, onwar quhar was hys feir:
And as he ſtude at that ſted, eftir ſyne
From Alba cite clepit was Albyne,
Quhar, for the tyme, this forſaid Latyn kyng
Hys hors at paſtour held in ſtabillyng,
He blent abowt to ſe hys frend ſo deir,
Bot all for nocht, thar was na man hym neir.
Ewrill, quod he, allace onhappely
In quhat part of this land the left haue I?
Or quhar ſall I the ſeik? O wailaway!
Tharwith this ilk wilſum perplexit way
Bakwart he held, euery futſtep agane,
Throw the dern wod diſſaitfull and onplane;
Quhil, at the laſt, amang rank buſkis he
Errit by the way, becaus he myght nocht ſe.
The hors ſtampyng and the dyn he heris,
The wordis and the takynnys come to hys erys
Of thame quhilk at perſewit hym at the bak.
A lytil ſpace eftir tent gan he tak,
And hard a ſcry: harknand quhat that ſuld be,
Eurilly takyn in handys dyd he ſe;
Quham the diſſaitfull onbekend dern way,
The myrk nycht, and the hafty dowtſum fray,
Betraſyt had, that all the mekill rowt,
Or he was war, hym lowkyt rownd about.

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Full gret debait he maid, as that he mocht;
Ourſet he was, defens was all for nocht.
Quhat mycht than filly Nyſus do or ſay?
Be quhat fors or wapynnys dar he aſſay
Forto deliuer hys tendir couſyng deir?
Suld he or not aventour hym ſelf heir,
And ruſch amyd hys ennemys in that ſted,
To procur in haiſt by wondis ane honeſt ded?
Vpraſys he onon hys arm bakwart,
To thraw a gevillyng, or a caſtyng dart,
And, lukand vpwart towart the cleir moyn,
With afald voce thus wys he maid hys boyn:
O Latonya, Goddes of mekill myght,
Maſtres of woddis, bewte of ſternys brycht,
Be thou preſent, and ſend me thy ſupple,
Addres my wark, be direćtrix, ſaid he:
Gif euer that Hirtacus, my fader deir,
Offrit for me ſum gift at thy alter;
Or gif that I of my huntyng and pray
Ekyt thy honour ony maner way,
Or, at thy ſtandart knoppit poſt of tre,
Thy haly tempillys rufe, or bawkis hie,
Gif evir I hung or fixit ony thyng,
Wild beſtis hed, wapynnys, or armyng;
Thoil me to trubbill this gret rowt of men,
Do dres my dartis in this wilſum den,
So that my ſchote and myſſour may go rycht
Throw the dyrk ayr and filens of the nycht.
Thus ſayand, with all fors of hys body
The grundyn dart he leyt do glyde in hy.

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The fleand ſchaft the nycht ſchaddoys devydis,
And rycht forgane him on the tother ſydis
It ſmate Sulmonys ſcheild, hang on his bak,
Quharin the querral al in ſchuldir brak;
Bot with the dynt the rynde is revyn ſwa,
Hys hart pipis the ſcharp hed perſyt in twa.
Down duſchis he in ded thraw all forloſt,
The warm blude furth bokkand of his coſt,
And for the cald of deth hys lungis lap,
With ſobbys deip blawys with mony clap.
Hys ferys lukis about on euery ſyde,
To ſe quharfra the grundyn dart dyd glyde.
Bot lo, as thai thus wondrit in effray,
Thys ilk Nyſus, worthin provd and gay,
And baldar of this chance ſwa with hym gone,
Ane other takill aſſayt he onon,
And with a ſownd ſmate Tagus, but remede,
Throu athir part or tymplis of his hed;
In the harn pan the ſchaft he hes affixt,
Quhil blude and brane al togidder mixt.
The felloun capitane, Volſcens, neir wod wendis,
Seand na man quham of to get amendis:
He mycht do ſtanche his ire, and ſyth his thocht,
For quha that threw the dartis ſaw he nocht.
Thou, not the les, quod he, that ſtandis by,
With thy hait blude for baith twa ſal aby
The pane for this myſcheif; and, with that word,
He ran apon Euryll with drawyn ſword.
Than Niſus, dredand for his fallow kynd,
Begouth to cry, all wod and owt of mynd,

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Nor na langar in dern hym hyde he mycht,
Nor of his frend behald ſa reuthfull ſyght:
Me, me, ȝe ſla; lo, I am heir, he ſaid,
That dyd the dede; turn hidder in me ȝour blaid
And ſwerdis all, O ȝe Rutilyanys!
All be my ſlycht now ȝour feris ſlane is:
That ſilly innocent creatur ſo ȝyng
Myght, nor ȝit durſt, on hand tak ſic a thing:
Be hevynnys he, and all the ſtarnys, I ſwer,
That ws behaldis with thar bemys cleir.
Sik wordis ſaid he: for on ſic maner,
And ſa ſtrangly, his frend and fallow deir,
That ſa myſchancy was, belovit he,
That rather for hys life him ſelf liſt de.
Bot thar was na remedy nor abaid:
The ſwerd, wightly ſtokit, or than was glaid
Throu owt hys coſt: allace, the harmys ſmart!
That mylk quhite breiſt is perſyt to the hart.
Down ded ruſchit Eurialus right thar,
The blude bruſchand outour his body fair,
And on hys elbok lenand a litill on wry,
Hys hed and hals bowys he hevely.
Lyke as the purpour flour in fur or ſewch,
Hys ſtalk in two ſmyt newly with the pleuch,
Dwynys away, as it doith faid or de;
Or as the cheſbo hedis oft we ſe
Bow down thar knoppis, ſowpit on thar grane,
Quhen thai be chargyt with the hevy rane.
Bot Nyſus than ruſchit amyd the rowt,
Amangis thame all ſekand Volſcens the ſtowt,

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And on Volſcens alanerly areſtis;
Thocht rownd about with ennemys he preſt is,
Quhilk heir and thar onon at euery ſyde
Hym ombeſet with warkand woundis wyde.
Bot netheles thame ſtowtly he aſſalit,
Not amovit, as na thing him had alit:
And euer his ſchynand ſwerd about him ſwang,
Quhil at the laſt in Volſcens mouth he thrang,
As he, forgane him ſtandand, cryit and gapit.
Allace, quhat reuth was it he not eſchapit!
For he deand bereft his fa the life;
Stekit and hurt ſa oft with ſpeir and knyfe,
Fell down abuf his frendis ded body,
Quhar beſt him likit ded to reſt and ly.
O happy baith, O fortunat and dyng!
Gif myne endyt or ſtile may ony thing,
Nevir day nor proces of tyme ſal betyde,
That ȝour renown ſal owt of memor ſlyde:
Quhil the famyl and offpring of Ene
The ſtane immovabill of the Capitolie
Inhabitis, and ſa lang as Romanys bald
The monarchy of the empyre ſal hald.
The ſchameful victouris, thir Rutilyanys,
The pray and ſpreth, and other geir that ganys,
Joyſyng but obſtakil, Volſcens ded body
Onto the tentis wepand bair in hy.
And na les murnyng hard thai in that ſted
For Rhamnetes, fund hedles, pail, and ded,
Togidder with ſamony capitanys,
And gret herys, ſo wrachitly as ſlane is;

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Serranus ȝyng, and the gentill Numa,
And nobill corpſis brytnyt mony ma.
Gret pres flokkit to ſe the bodeis ſchent,
Sum men ȝit throwand half ded on the bent;
Of recent ſlauchter and the hait effray
The feld abowt all warmyt quhar thai lay,
That all with ſpait was blandyt and on flude
In bullyrrand ſtremys of the fomy blude.
The ſpulȝe led away was knaw full rycht;
Meſapus rich hewmet ſchynand brycht,
The goldyn gyrdill, and trappouris prowdly wrocht,
With mekill ſwete and labour agane brocht.

CAP. VIII.

Ewrillys moder hir ſonnys deth bewalis,
And quhou Rutilianys the cyte firſt aſſalis.

Be this Aurora, levand the ſafron bed
Of hir lord Tithone, had the erth ourſpred
With new cleirnes, and the ſon ſcheyn
Begouth defund hys bemys on the greyn,
That euery thing worth patent in the lyght:
Turnus, enarmyt as ane douchty knyght,
Till armys ſterys euery man abowt,
In plait and maill full mony forcy rowt
Prouocand to the bargane and aſſay:
Ilk capitane hys folkis ſettis in array,

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And gan thar curage kyndill in ire to fyght,
Be ſchamefull murmur of this ȝifter nycht.
And forthir eik, ane miſerabill thing to ſe,
Ewril and Nyſus hedys, on ſperis hie
Fixit, thai raſyt haldand to the wall,
With huge clamour followyng ane and all.
The forcy and the ſtowt Eneadanys,
That for the tyme in this cite remanys,
The bront and fors of thar army that tyde
Endlang the wallis ſet on the left ſyde;
For on the rycht hand cloſyt the ryver;
Thai held the forfront quhar thar was danger,
Kepand the braid fowſeis and towris hie:
And as thai ſtand ful doloruſly, thai ſe
The twa hedys ſtikkand on the ſperis,
A miſerabil ſyght, allace! onto thar feris;
Thar facis war our weil bekend, baith twa,
The blaknyt dedly blude droppand tharfra.
In the meyn quhile, throw the drery cite
The weyngit meſſenger, Fame, dyd ſwyftly fle,
And ſlippand come to thy moder, Ewrilly.
Than ſuddanly that wrachit wight onfilly
Al pail become, as na blude in hir left,
The naturale heit was from the banys reft.
Furth of hir hand the ſpynnyng quheil ſmate ſche,
The ȝarn clewis, ſpyndill, and broche of tre,
All ſwakkit our, and full onhappely
Furth fleys ſcho with mony ſchowt and cry,
With wepyng, and with wifly womentyng,
Ryvand hir haris, to the wallys can thring

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All wod enragit, and with a ſpedy pays
Dyd occupy tharon the formaſte place,
Takand nane hed, na ȝit na maner ſchame,
Swa amangis men to ryn, and rowp or raym;
Na maner feir of perrel ſeys ſche,
Nor mynd of dartis caſt that faſt dyd fle.
And as that from the wall hyr ſonnys hede
Behaldis ſche, wofull, and will of rede,
With hir petuus rewthfull complantis ſayr
The hevynnys all ſcho fillyt and the ayr.
O my Ewryll, lamentabilly ſcho cryis,
Sall I the ſe demanyt on ſyk wys?
O thou, the latter quyet of myne age,
Quhou mycht thou be ſa cruell in thy rage
As me to leif alyve, thus myne allane?
O my maiſt tendir hart, quhar art thou gane?
Na licens grantit was, nor tyme, ne ſpace,
To me, thy wrachit moder, allace, allace!
Quhen thou thy ſelf onto ſik perellis ſet,
That I with the mycht ſamekill laſer get
As forto tak my leif for evir and ay,
Thy laſt regrait and quethyng wordis to ſay.
Ichane, allace! intill ane oncouth land,
Nakyt and bair thy fair body on ſand
To fowlys of reif and ſavage doggis wild
Sall ly as pray, myne awin deir only child!
Nor I, thy moder, layd not thy corps on beir,
Nor with my handis lowkyt thyne eyn ſo cleir,
Nor wyſche thy wondis to reduce thy ſpreit,
Nor dreſt the in thy lattir clathis meyt,

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The quhilkis I wrocht, God wayt, to mak the gay,
Full biſſely ſpynnand baith nycht and day,
And with ſic wobbis and wark, for the, my page,
I comfort me in myne onweldy age,
And irkyt not to laubour for thy ſake.
Quhar ſall I ſeik the now? allake, allake!
Or in quhat land lyis now, maglyt and ſchent,
Thy fair body, and membris tyrvit and rent?
O deir ſon myne, O tendir get, quod ſche,
Is this the comfort at thou dois to me,
Quhilk hes the followyt baith our ſeys and landis?
O ȝe Rutilianys, ſteik me with ȝour brandis;
Gyf thar be rewth or piete in ȝour banys,
Do ſwak at me ȝour dartis all atanys:
With ȝour wapynnys firſt ȝe ſal me ſla.
O thou gret fader of Goddis, can ſcho ſay,
Haue reuth apon me, wrach of wrachis all,
And on my catyve hed thou lat dovn fall
Thy thundris dynt of wildfyre fra the hevin,
Law vndre hell tharwith to ſmyte me evin;
Sen that this langſum cruel life I ne may
Conſume nor endyng be nane other way.
With this regrait the Troiane myndis all
War ſmyte with reuth; endlang the large wall
The duylfull murnyng went and womentyng:
Thar hie curage, to tel a wondyr thyng,
That oneffrayt was batale to ſuſtene,
Wolx dolf and dull the petuus ſycht to ſene.
Bot as ſcho thus kyndillis ſorow and wo,
Ane Ideus, and A&or, Troianys two,

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At the command of Illyoneus paſt,
And ȝyng Aſcanyus wepand wonder faſt,
And hynt hyr vp betwix thar armys ſquar;
Syne hamewart to hir lugyng thai hyr bair.
Bot than the trumpettis weirly blaſtis abundis,
With terribill brag of braſyn bludy ſoundis;
The ſkry, the clamour, followys the oft within,
Quhill all the hevynnys bemyt of the dyn.
The Volſcenaris aſſemblyt in a ſop,
To fyll the fowſeis and the wallis to ſlop,
All ſammyn haſtand with a pavys of tre
Heſyt togidder abuf thar hedys hie;
Sa ſairly knyt that maner embuſchment
Semyt tobe a clos volt quhar thai went.
Ane other ſort preſſyt to haue entre,
And clym the wallis with leddyrris large and hie,
Quhar as the army of the Troiane ſyde
Was thynnaſt ſcattyrrit on the wallis wyde,
And brycht arrayt cumpany of the men
War dividit or ſloppit, at thai mycht ken
The weirmen not ſa thyk in ſyk a place.
Bot the Troianys, that oft in ſik lyke cace
Be lang vſage of weir war lernyt and kend
Quhou thai thar town and wallys ſuld defend,
All kynd of wapynnys and dartis at thame ſlyngis,
And dang thame down with pikkis and poyntit ſtyngis;
Down weltyng eik of huge weght gret ſtanys,
Be ony way gif tharby for the nanys
Thai mycht on fors diſſevyr that punge,
Quhilk thame aſſalȝeit thekit with pavys he:

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For weill thai knew thar fays al maner of teyn
Vndir that volt of targis myght ſufteyn,
Sa lang as thai ſammyn onſyverit war.
Bot now thai mycht thar ordour hald na mar:
For the Troianys, or evyr thai wald ces,
Thar as the thikaſt rowt was and maiſt pres,
Ane huge weght or hepe of mekill ſtanys
Ruſchys and weltis down on thame atanys,
That diuers of Rutilianys lay thar ondyr;
The laif ſkalyt on brede; brok was in ſondir
The covertouris and ordinance of thar ſcheldis.
Fra thens, the hardy Rutilianys in the feildis
Preſſyt na mar in hydlys forto fyght,
Bot thame enforcis now with all thar myght,
With gangeis, arrowys, and with dartis ſlyng,
Thar famen from the wallys forto dyng.
And at ane other ſyde with felloun feir
Mezentyus the grym, apon a ſpeir,
Or heich ſtyng or ſtour of the fyr tre,
The blak fyre blefis of reik in ſwakkis he:
And Meſapus, the dantar of the horſſys,
Neptunus ſon, with hys menge enforcis
Tyl vndermynd the dike and rent the paill;
Leddyris he axis the wallys to aſſaill.

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CAP. IX.

Quhou Turnus ſet the ȝet towr into fyre,
And maid gret ſlauchter of Troianys in his ire.

Calliope, and O ȝe Muſys all,
Inſpire me til endyte: on ȝou I call
To ſchaw quhat ſlauchter and occiſioun,
Quhou feill corpſis thar war brytnyt doun
By Turnus wapynnys and hys dartis fell;
Quham euery man kyllit and ſend to hell:
Help and aſſiſt to revolue heir with me
The extreme dangeris of that gret melle.
ȝhe bliſſyt wightis, forſuyth, ramembris weill
Sik thyngis, and quhar ȝou lyſt may reveill.
Thar ſtude a towr of tre, huge of hyght,
With batellyng and kyrnellys all at ryght,
Set in ane neidfull place neir by the ȝet,
Quham to aſſailȝe, ourcum, and down bet,
With hail pyſſance all the Italianys
At vtir power ombeſet atanys:
And by the contrar, on the tother ſyde
Alkynd defencis can Troianys provyde;
Threw ſtanys down, and fillys heir and thar,
At euery part or oppyn fenyſtar
The grundyn dartis leyt down fle thikfald.
Turnus the prynce, at was baith darf and bald,
Ane byrnand bleis leyt at the fortres glyde,
And feſtynyt the fyre hard to the towris ſyde,

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Quhilk with the wyndis blaſt, thar as it ſtak,
Vpbleſyt in the burdis and the thak,
And ſpreddis wide amangis the geſtis gret;
The byrnand low conſumyt all throu hete.
Within thai ſchuddrit for the fell effray;
Bot all for nocht to pres to wyn away,
Na laſer was the danger to eſcape:
For as thai ran abak, and can thame ſchaip
Fortill withdraw towart the tother ſyde
Quhar as the fyre was not ȝit ourglyde,
And hurlyt all togidder in a hepe,
Tho with thar ſwechtis, as thai reill and leipe,
The byrnand towr down rollys with a ruſche,
Quhill all the hevynnys dyndlyt of the duſch.
Down weltis the men half ded with brokyn banys,
The huge heip thame followit all atanys,
On thar awyn wapynnys ſtikkand he and he,
Sum ſtekit throu the coſt with ſpilys of tre
Lay gaſpand, of thame all that ſcarſly tway,
Ane Helenor, and Lycus, gat away:
Of quhom the formeſt, this ilk Helenor,
Now in hys floriſt ȝouth, was get and bor
Betwix Meonyus kyng, in prevyte,
And Lycynya the boynd wench wondir ſle,
Quhilk hym to Troy had ſend that hendyr ȝer,
Onkend, in armour forbodyn for wer;
Delyver he was with drawin ſwerd in hand,
And quhite target, onſemly and evill farrand.
Thys Helenor, ſeand hym ſelf in dowt
Amyd thouſandis enarmyt of Turnus rowt,

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Behaldand graithly apon athir hand
Arrayt oftis of Latyn pepill ftand;
Lyke the wild ragyt beft, quham huntaris ftowt
Hes ombefet with thyk range all abowt,
Seand be na meyn that fcho mycht evaid,
Apon the wapynnys rynnys with a braid;
Slyppis hir felf, and with gret fors hir beris
Apon the poyntis of the huntyng fperis:
Nane othir wys, this ilk gong Helenor,
Thus ombefet behynd and als befor,
Amyd hys fays rufchys reddy to de,
Quhar thikkaft was the pres thar etlys he;
Quhilkis, but abaid, alffone hes hym flane
As fpark of gleid wald in the fey remane.
Bot Lycus, fpedyar far on fut than he,
Throw owt the oftis and armyt men can fle,
And to the wallys wan, and vp on hyght
Enforcis hym to clym with all hys mycht,
And forto gryp fum of hys feris handis:
Quham Turnus, lanffand lychtly our the landis,
With fpeir in hand perfewys forto fpill,
And quhen he hes ourtane him at his will,
Thus dyd hym chyde; O catyve wytles knaip,
Quhat wenyt thou our handis to efchaip?
And tharwith drew hym doun, quhar he dyd hyng,
And of the wal a gret part with hym bryng.
Lyke as the egill, Jovis fquyer, ftraucht
Within hys bowand clukis had vp clawcht
A gong cygnet, or quhite fwan, or a hair,
Tharwith refurfyng heich vp in the ayr;

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Or as a ravanus bludy wolf throu ſlycht
Hyntis in hys gowl, fürth of the fald be nycht,
The litill tendyr kyd, or the ȝong lam,
With feill bletingis ſocht by the gait, hir dame.
Rutilianys for joy than raſyt a ſchowt,
And faſt invadys the cite all abowt;
With hepys of erd the fowſy do thai fyll:
Sum otheris preſyt with ſchydis and mony a ſyl
The fyre bleſys abowt the ruf to ſlyng.
Bot Ilioneus that tyme dyd doun dyng
With a gret quhyn, or roch of cragy ſtone,
Ane Lucetyus, and brak hys nek bone,
As that he dyd approche towartis the ȝet,
The hait flammys of fyre tharin to ſet:
Liger a Troiane from the wall alſo
Doun bet a Rutiliane hait Emathio:
A Phrigiane eik, Aſylas, ſtern and ſtowt,
All tofruſchit Choryneus withowt,
Quhilk was in dartis caſtyng wonder ſle;
On far to ſchute ſcharp ſlanys and lat ſle
Nane mar expert than this Emathio:
Ceneus ourquhelmyt Ortygius alſo;
And this Ceneus, quhilk than gat the maſtry,
Belyve Turnus with a dart ded gart ly:
And down dyngis alſſo this ilk Turnus
Ithis, Clonyus, and eik Dioxippus,
Promulus als, and buſtuus Sagaras,
And ſyne the huge byg Troiane, hait Idas,
Standand forto defend the towris hie:
Capys, a Troiane, bet doun Pryverne,

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Quham Themyllas with a ſcharp caſting dart
Had newly hurt and wondyt in ſum part;
And he hys hand plat to the wound in hy,
Hys ſcheild beſyde hym ſwakkand fulychly,
So that the fedderit arrow furth dyd glyde,
And nalyt hys hand plat to the left ſyde:
The ſchaft and hed remanyt in hys coſt,
Be dedly wound the lyfe thus hes he loſt.
Arcens, Arcentis ſon, ſtude on the wall,
In brycht armour ful ſemly ſchynand all,
Hys mantill of the purpour Iberyne,
With nedill wark bruſyt rych and fyne,
Of viſſage was he pleſand forto ſe;
Hys fader Arcens ſend him with Enee:
Foſtyrrit he was and vpbrocht tendirly
Within hys moderis hallowyt ſchaw, faſt by
The flude Symethus into Sycill land,
Quhar as the plentuus fat altar dyd ſtand
Of the placabill Goddis, Palycy hecht.
Ane gret ſtaf ſlung byrrand with felloun weght
Hynt Mezentius; hys ſcheild ſyne by hym lays;
The ſtryngis thrys abowt hys hed aſſays,
And this ilk Arcens ſtandyng hym forgane
Hes ſmertly with a ledyn pellok ſlane:
Hys harn pan and forhed al to claif,
Quhil at the led in ſondir brak and raif,
That he ourtumlys ſpeldit on the ſand.
Thus gret ſlauchtir was maid fra hand to hand.

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CAP. X.

Heir ȝyng Aſcanyus the ſtrang Numanus ſlew,
Quhilk wordis owtragyus to the Troianys ſchew.

Aſcanyus this ilk tyme, as is ſaid,
That wont was with his ſchot bot to invaid
The wild beſtis, quhilkis cowth do nocht bot fle,
Firſt heir in bargane leyt ſwyft arrowys fle;
And by hys handis ſlew ſtrang Numanus,
That was to ſurname clepit Remulus,
Had laitly Turnus ȝyngaſt ſyſtir wed,
As for hys ſpows, and brocht ontill hys bed.
This ilk Numanus Remulus, in that ſted,
Befor the frontis of the batell ȝeyd,
Furth ſchawand mony diuers ſawys ſeir,
Baith ganand and onganand forto heir,
Rycht prowd and hely in his breiſt and hart
That newlyngis of the kynrik was a part
To him befall; his gret eſtait this wys
Wouſtand he ſchew with clamour and lowd cryis:
Aſchame ȝe nocht, Phrigyanys, that twys taik is,
Tobe incloſyt amyd a fald of ſtakis,
And be aſſegit agane ſa oft ſys
With akyn ſpilis and dikis on ſik wys?
Schame ȝe not to prolong ȝour lyvis? ſaid he.
Thir venquyſt cowart wightis behald and ſe,
That dar our ſpouſage into batale craif!
Quhat wild dotage ſo maid ȝour hedis raif?

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And tharwithall hys lycht and fenzeit goſt,
Fra tyme the ſchip was chargyt fra the coſt,
No langar ſekis hyrnys hir to hyde,
Bot flaw vp in the ayr the ſammyn tyde,
And al diſſoluyt into a dyrk clowd.
The meyn ſeſſon, can fors of wyndis lowd
Turnus far furth amyd the deip ſey dryve:
He dyd behald abowt hym tho belyve,
All ignorant quhat wys this chance was wrocht,
And of hys lyfe ſalvyng na thyng he rocht;
With handis junct vphevit towart hevin,
Syk wordis he furth braid with drery ſtevyn:
Almychty fader of the hevynnys hie,
Has thou me reput on ſic wys tobe
Confuſyt in this ſchame for myn offens?
And will I ſuffyr ſyk torment and pennans?
Quhidder am I dryue, and from quhens am I cumyn?
Quhat maner eſchewyng or fleyng haue I nummyn?
In quhat eſtait ſall I return agane?
Sall I evir ſe the wallys Lawrentane,
Or evir eft my tentis ſall I ſe?
Quhat may zon oft of men now ſay of me,
Quhilkis my querrell and me followit to feild,
Quham now, allace! lo, fechtand vnder ſcheild
Zondir, ſchame to ſay the harm, ſa wikkytly
Reddy to myſchews deth beleft haue I?
Lo, I behald thame fleand paill and wan,
And heris the granyng of mony douchty man
In my defalt falland fey to ground.
Quhat ſal I do? allace the wofull ſtond!

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Or quhilk land, thocht a thouſand tymys I ſtervit,
May ſwelly me ſa deip as I haue ſervyt?
Bot, O ȝe wyndis, rather haue mercy,
On rowkis and on craggis by and by
Do ſwak this ſchyp, ſen heir na erth I ſe,
And haue of wrachit Turnus ſum pyete,
Quhilk of hys fre will, ſtad in this maner,
Beſekis ȝow with all hartly prayer;
Do warp my body on the ſchaldis onkend,
Far furth on Syrtys at the warldis end,
Quhar Rutilyanys me nevir fynd agane,
Sa that na fame nor rumour may remane
Eftir my deth of this ſchaymfull treſpas.
And, ſayand thus, in mynd dyd he cumpas
Full mony chancis rolland to and fro,
Quhidder gif he ſuld, for proper lak and wo,
Into this fury ſmyte hym with hys brand,
And thryſt the bludy blaid in with hys hand
Throw owt hys rybbys, and ſched his hart blude;
Or than to ſwak hym ſelf amyd the flude,
Swymmand to ſeik the nerreſt coſtis bay,
In feild agane the Troianys to aſſay.
Athir way till aſſay thrys preſyt hes he:
And thrys hym ſtyntis Juno, queyn maſt hie,
Havand compaſſioun of this ȝong man bald,
And can aſſwage hys mynd, and hand withhald.
Furth held the ſchip, ſlydand owt our the ſludis,
With proſper wynd and followand tyde ſa gude is,
Quhill he is careit ſuyrly throw the ſee
Tyll Ardea, hys faderis auld cite.

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Or quhat onthrifty God in ſic foly
Hes ȝou bywavit heir till Italy?
Heir ar not the ſlaw weirmen Atrydes,
Nor the fenȝear of fair ſpeche Vlixes.
Bot we, that bene a pepill derf and dour
Cumyn of kynd, as keyn men in a ſtour,
Our ȝoung childring, the firſt tyme born thai ar,
Onto the nixt rynnand flude we bair,
To hardyn thar bodeis and to mak thame bald
With the chil froſtis and the watyr cald:
Our childir ȝyng exercis biſſely
Huntyng with hundis, hornys, ſchowt, and cry,
Wild deir throw owt the woddis chais and mait.
To dant and reyn the horſſis ayr and layt,
That is thar game and ſport thai hant on raw,
Or with thar bowys ſchute, or dartis thraw.
Our ȝong ſpryngaldis may all laubouris endur,
Content of litill fuyde, I ȝou aſſur,
Of ȝouth thai be accuſtumat tobe ſkant,
The erd with plewch and harrowys forto dant,
Or than in batal bettis citeis down.
In euery age with irne grath ar we bown,
And paſſand by the plewys, for gad wandis,
Broddis the oxin with ſperis in our handis:
Nor ȝit the ſlaw nor febill onweldy age
May waik our ſpreit, nor mynys our curage,
Nor of our ſtrenth to altyr ocht or pair.
The ſteill helmys we thrift on hedis hair;
Beſt likis ws all tyme to rug and reif,
To dryve away the ſpreth, and tharon leif.

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Zour pantit habittis dois of purpour ſchyne;
Zour hartis lykis beſt, ſo I dyvyne,
In idilnes to reſt abuf al thing,
To tak zour luſt, and go in karellyng:
Zour cotys hes traland ſlevys our zour handis,
Zour foly hattis trappouris and braſyng bandis.
O verray Phrygiane wifis, daſyt wightis!
To call zou men of Troy that onrycht is;
Ze be onworthy to ſa hie ſtyle to clame.
On Dyndyma top go, and walk at hame;
Quhar as the quhiffill rendris ſoundis ſeir,
With tympanys, tawbronys, ze war wont to heir,
And bos ſchawmys of turnyt buſchboun tre
That grew in Berecyntia montane hie,
Onto the moder of Ida dedicat,
Callys eftir zou to dans, and nocht debait:
Zeld zou to men, and leif al zour armyng,
Rendir zour ſwerdis, and all wapynnys reſyng.
Aſcanyus zyng, byrnand for proper teyn,
Sa gret owtrage of wordis mycht not ſuſtene,
Herand ſa hie avant of pompus pryde,
And ſik diſpyt blawyn owt apon hys ſyde.
Hys bow with horſis ſennonys bend hes he,
Tharin a takill ſet of ſovir tre,
And taſand vp his armys far in twyn,
Thus onto Jove lawly dyd begyn
To mak hys firſt petitioun and prayer:
Omnipotent hie Jupiter, me heir
Aſſiſt to this hardy commancement!
My ſelf onto thy templis ſal preſent

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Solempnyt gyftis, maſte gudly may be get,
And eik befor thyne altar ſall I ſet
A ȝoung bullok of cullour quhite as ſnaw,
With goldin ſchakaris hys forhed arrait on raw;
The beſt ſalbe full tydy, tryg, and wight,
With hed equale till hys moder on hyght,
Can all reddy with hornys fuyn and put,
And ſcrape or ſkattyr the ſoft ſand with his fut.
The fader of hevin exceppit hys prayer,
And, on that part quhar the lift was maiſt cleir,
Towart the left hand maid a thundyrryng:
All ſammyn ſoundyt the dedly bowys ſtryng.
Quhyrrand ſmertly furth flaw the takill tyte,
Quyte throw the hed the Remulus dyd ſmyte;
The grundyn ſteill outthrowch hys tympillys glaid.
Hald on thy ways in haiſt, Aſcanyus ſaid,
Thy ſelf to loif, knak now ſcornfully
With prowd wordis all at ſtandis by.
Sik boydword heir the twys takyn Troianys
Sendis for hanſell to Rutylianys.
Thus far ſpekis Aſcanyus, and na mair:
Bot the Troianys raſyt a ſcry in the ayr
With rerd and clamour of blithnes, man and boy,
That to the ſtarnys thar curage ſprang for joy,
Aſcanyus extolland abuf the ſkyis.
And, as thai mak this ryot on ſik wys,
Down from the regioun of the hevin tho
The brycht curland haryt Appollo,
Apon a clowd ſittand quhar he wald,
The oſtis of Italianys can behald,

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And eik new Troys cite, with cheir glaid
Till Iulus the victor thus he ſaid:
Eik and continew thy new vailȝeand dedis,
Thou ȝong child; for that is the way the ledis
Vp to the ſtarnys and the hevynnys hie,
O thou verray Goddis offſpring, quod he,
That ſal engendir Goddis of thy ſeyd.
In the, be verray reſſon and of neid,
All batalys, quhilkis by werd ar deſtinate
Agane Aſſaracus hows to move debait,
Salbe appaſit, and to quyet brocht.
This litill town of Troy, that heir is wrocht,
May nocht withhald the in ſik boundis lyte.
And ſayand thus, from the heich hevin als tyte
Diſcendis he, movand the hailſum ayr,
And to the child Aſcanyus ſocht rycht thar:
Hys figur changit that tyme as he wald
In lyknes of ane Butes, hayr and ald,
That purſevant tofor and ſquyer had be
To Troiane Anchyſes, fader of Enee,
And traſty kepar of hys chalmyr dur;
Now had Ene committ to hym the cur
For tyll attend apon Aſcanyus ȝyng.
Lyke to this ancyent Butes in al thyng
Furth ſteppys Phebus, baith in voce and hew,
With lokkis quhite and armour na thing new,
Rouſty, and with a felloun ſound clattring,
And ſic wordis ſpak to Iulus ȝyng,
That otherwys is hayt Aſcanyus,
With ardent mynd of bargane deſyrus:

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Eneas verray douchty ſon and ayr,
It may ſuffice, the nedis do na mair,
Sen, thou onhurt, with thy ſchote in this ſted
The ſtrang Numanus thou hes dung to ded:
This firſt loving and eik hie renownee
The ſouerane Apollo grantys the,
Nor na diſdene at the ſal haue, ſuthly,
Tobe hys peregall intill archery.
Leif of my child, and of ſic batale ces;
Na mair at this tyme; draw the owt of pres.
On this wys carpys the brycht Appollo,
And in the myddis of hys ſermond tho
He vanyſt far away, I wait neuer quhar,
Furth of this mortal ſycht in the ſchire ayr.
The nobillys, and the Troiane capitanys trew,
Be thir takynnys the God Appollo knew,
And hard hys arrowys clatterand in hys cace.
Tharfor thai haue withdraw furth of that place
Aſcanyus, at brycht Phebus mychty charge,
And wald no langar thoill hym go at large,
All thocht to feght he had defyre and joy;
Hame to hys innys dyd thai hym convoy:
Syne to the bargane hes thame ſped agane,
In oppyn perrellys, dangeris, and all pane,
Thar perſonys and thar lyvys for thar town
Offerand, and for defens maid thame bown.

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CAP. XI.

Quhou Pandarus and Bitias, brethir twane,
Keſt vp the ȝettis, and thar was Bytias ſlane.

Endlang the wallys kyrnellys euery ſtand,
The bruyt and clamour rays fra hand to hand;
Thar buſtuus bowys keynly do thai bend,
Scharp querrellis and caſtyng dartis furth ſend,
Quhilk thai with lyamys and thwangis lang owt threw:
Sa thik the ganȝeis and the ſlanys flew,
That of ſchaftis and takillys all the feildis
War ſtrowit, and the large planys ourheldis.
On bos helmys and ſcheldis the weirly ſchote
Maid rap for rap, reboundand with ilk ſtot.
Scharp and awfull increſſis the bargane,
Als violent as euer the ȝet doun rane
Furth of the weſt doith ſmyte apon the wald,
In O&ober, quhen the twa ſternys cald,
That clepyt beyn the Kyddis, firſt vpſpryngis;
And als thik as the hail ſchour hoppys and dyngis
In furdys ſchald, and brays heir and thar,
Quhen trublit beyn the hevynnys and the ayr
With ſtormy tempeſt and the northyn blaſtis,
Quhill clowdis clattris, and all the lyft ourcaſtis.
Pandarus and Bytias, twa brethir germane,
By Alcanor engendryt, that Troiane,
Quham Hybera, the wild foreſteres knaw,
Bred and vpbrocht in Jovys haly ſchaw,

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Sa byg ȝong men thai war, ſa gret and wight,
That equale ſemyt thame tobe of hight
With fyr treis of thar landis or hillys;
And tharto eik ſa egyr of thar willis
At thai the port, quhilk be Eneas charge
Was commandyt to kepe ſtekit, all at large
Has warpyt oppyn onbreid to the wall,
And baldly dyd thar fays clepe and call
To entyr, gyf thay durſt, and thame aſſay:
Sa gret confidens in thar fors had thai.
And thai within ſtude by the ȝet, that tyde,
Quhilk oppin was on the rycht and left ſyde,
As thai had towris beyn baith gret and ſquar,
Enarmyt with thar wapynnys brycht and bair,
The hie tymbrettis of thar helmys ſchane:
Lyke to behald as buſtuus akis twane
Beſyde the beyn ryver Atheſys grow,
Or flowand fludis bankis of the Pow,
Vpſtrekand thar byg croppys to the ayr,
And onſned branchis wavand heir and thar.
Alſſwith as the Rutylianys dyd ſe
The ȝet oppyn, thai ruſch to the entre:
Quercens formaſt, and Equycoly,
A luſty knycht in armys rycht ſemly,
Wight Tynarus, fers myndyt to aſſaill,
And bald Hemon, with curage marcyall.
Bot thai with all thar complicis in fyght
War dung abak, and conſtrenyt tak flyght,
By Troiane rowtis, or than in that ſtryfe
Quha that abaid loſt in the port thar lyfe.

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Tho brymmar grew thar fers mudis within,
So that the Troianys can flok and ſammyn ryn
Towart that place, and maid felloun debait;
So bald thai wolx that in the plane gait,
Iſchand without the portis on the land,
Thai durſt recontyr thar fays hand for hand.
A meſſynger to Turnus come that tyde,
That wondir ferſly at ane othir ſyde
The town aſſalȝeis; and thar he til hym ſchew
Quhat hait ſlauchter hys fays maid of new,
And ſik a port had all wyde oppyn ſet.
Hys firſt purpos he left, and to that ȝet,
With felloun ire movit, furth ſprent he tho,
Towart the Troianys and prowd brethir two:
And firſt hes ſlane byg Antyphates,
That him on cace met formeſt in the pres,
Son to the buſtuus nobill Sarpedon,
In purches get a Theban wench apon:
Hym ſmate he down with the caſt of a dart;
The fleand ſchaft Italian to his hart
Glydand, throw owt the ſchire ayr duſchit ſone,
The ſtomok perſyt, and in the coſt is done.
The how cavern of his wond a flude
Furth bruſchit of the blaknyt dedly blude;
So deip the grundyn ſteill hed owt of ſycht is,
Ful hait and warm it feſtnyt in his lychtis.
Syne Meropes and Erymanthus he
And Aphydnus ſlew with his hand al thre;
And eftir that, with a ſtern mynd full teyn,
Slew Bytias, for al his glowrand eyn:

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Bot that was nother with dart, ſwerd, nor knyfe;
For na ſik wapyn mycht him haue reft the lyfe;
Bot with ane hydduus byſſand fyry ſpeir,
That clepit is Phalarica in weir,
Quhilk with ſa vehement fors this Turnus threw
That as the thundris dynt at him it flew:
Quham nowder ſcheld of twa bull hydis thik,
Nor ȝit the dowbill malyt traſte hawbrik,
All gilt with gold, mycht it reſiſt nor ſtynt:
The buſtuus body down duſchit of the dynt,
Quhil all the erd to granyt with a rattill;
The hydduus ſcheild abufe him maid a brattill:
Lyke as the hie pillar of marbill ſtone
Standand apon the coſt Euboycon,
Vmquhile beſyde Bais, the rych cite,
With gryſly ſwecht down duſchit in the ſee;
Quhilk was of ald of maſſy ſtanys a byng,
And by the ſludis ſik wys doun was dyng,
Hys fall drew down the cite quhar it ſtude,
And ruſchit in a fer way in the ſlude:
The ſeys mixt ourran, and all ourhed
Blak ſlyke and ſand vp poplit in the ſted;
Quhill of the feirfull ſovnd the ilandis twa
Trymlyt, Inaryme and eik Prochita;
Quhilk Inaryme, at Jupiteris command,
Full hard bed is to Typheus the gyand.
At this tyme Mars, the God armypotent,
Ekyt the Latynys fors and hardyment,
With felloun ire prikland ſo thar myndis,
That as hym lyſt he turnys ſo and wyndis;

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And makis the Troianys tak the flycht gud ſpeid,
On them he keſt ſik feir and ſchamfull dreid.
The Latyn pepill flokkis on euery ſyde
Quhen thai beheld the port ſa oppynyt wyde,
Seand thai had a rowm to fecht at will;
The God of ſtryfe thar curage ſteris thartill.

CAP. XII.

Quhou Turnus the byg Pandarus ſmat doun,
Lyke a wod lyoun paſt within the town.

Pandarus, ſeand hys brotheris corps at erd,
And on quhat wys thus fortune with thame ferd,
And quhou the chance of batale ȝeid al wrang,
Full forcyly with hys braid ſchuldris ſtrang
He thriſtis to the levys of the ȝet,
And cloſyt queym the entre, and furth ſchet
Without the port a gret ſort of hys feris,
In hard bargane amyd the mortal weris;
And of hys ennemys ſum incloſyt he,
Reſſavand all at thrang to the entre.
A fuyll he was, and wytles in a thyng,
Perſauyt not Turnus, Rutilian kyng,
So violently thryng in at the ȝet;
Quham he onwar within the cite ſchet,
Lyke as ane rageand wild tyger onſtabill
Amang the febill beſtis onfenſabill.

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Sone as Turnus hym hes incluſyt ſeyn,
A glowand new lyght bryſtis from hys eyn,
Hys armour ryngis or clattris horribilly;
Hys cryſtis trymlyt on hys hed in hy,
That in hys ſanguane bludy ſcheild als ſtraucht
Keſt ſchynand fyry bemys lyke fyre flaucht.
All ſuddanly, affrayit Eneadanys
Hys face onfrendly perſauit and byg banys.
The hydduus Pandarus than hym ſelf furth ſchew,
That wonder fervent in hys furour grew,
Hys broderis ſlauchter to revenge in will,
Thus aufternly he ſpekis Turnus ontill:
Thys is not queyn Amatais cheif cite,
Suld the be geif into dowry, ſaid he;
Nor ȝit the myddis of Ardea cite bald,
Thi faderis burgh, Turnus, doith the withhald:
Thou ſeys thy fays ſtrenth and wallys wyde;
ȝeild the for thy, thou may eſchape na ſyde.
Turnus agane, with curage blyth and glaid,
Nocht abaſyt, ful baldly to hym ſaid:
My frend, begyn, gif thou hes hardyment,
And mach with me allone apon this bent;
And hand for hand, gif at it be thy will,
Thou ſal ſchaw Pryam heir thou hes fund Achill.
The tother tho a huge ſpeir of haill tre,
With bark and knottis altogidder, leyt fle
In al his fors; bot the dynt dyd no deir;
Nocht bot the ayr was wondyt with the ſpeir:
For wikkyt Juno, the ald Saturnus get,
Choppyt by the ſchaft, and fixt it in the ȝet.

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Ha! quod Turnus, ſa ſal thou not aſtart
Thys wapyn now in faith or we depart,
Nor on ſik wys eſchape this bytand brand,
Quhilk my gret fors thus rollys in my hand:
For he that aw this ſwerd, and wond ſal wyrk,
Is not ſa faynt, ne ſa ſone ſall nocht irk.
And with that word, ſtandand on hys typtays,
Hevyng hys ſwerd, heich hys hand dyd rays;
Down with the dynt duſchit the ſteil blaid keyn
Amyd hys forhed, hard betwix hys eyn,
Hys berdles chekis or hys chaftis rownd
In ſondyr ſchorn hes with a gryſly wound:
Sa felloun ſownd or clap maid this gret claſche,
That of hys huge weght, fell with a raſche,
The erd dyndlyt, and all the cite ſchuke.
So large feild hys gowſty body tuke,
That fer onbreid ourſpred was all the plane,
Hys armour ſparkyt with hys blude and brane:
Baith to and fra, apon hys ſchuldris tway,
Hys hed clovyn in equale halfis lay.
Of dreidfull raddour trymlyng for affray,
The Troianys fled right faſt and brak away:
And gif Turnus had than incontinent
Ramembryt hym, and kauch in mynd to rent
The lokkis vp, and oppyn the ȝettis wyde,
So that hys feris without the port that tyde
Mycht haue entryt, and cummyn in the cite,
The laſt day of the batale that had be,
And latter finale end to the remanys
Of Phrigiane folkis and pepil Troianys.

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Bot ſic ardent hie furour martyall,
And of ſlauchter deſire inſaciable,
Draif hym to follow thame that hym gaynſtandis:
And firſt he kyllit Phalarys with his handis,
And ane other, that Gyges hecht, alſſua,
Of quham the howchys bath he ſmate in twa;
Syn ſperis rent and hynt vp all on raw,
And at the ſlearis bakkis faſt dyd thraw,
That wondir was to ſe hym quhar he went,
For Juno ekyt hys ſtrenth and hardyment.
Syne ane Hales onto the corpſis ded
In cumpany he ekyt in that ſted;
And Phegeas doun brytnys in the feld,
Spetit throw owt the body and hys ſcheld;
Alchandrus ſyne, and the prowd Halyus,
Nemonas eik, and keyn Prytanyus,
Quhilkis myſknew Turnus was within the wall,
And to the bargan dyd thar feris call,
Apon the grund onon al ded he layd,
In bargan full expert: ſyne dyd invaid
With ſchynand ſwerd, hard at the dykis ſyde,
Ane Lynceus, the quhilk the ſammyn tyde
Reſiſtys, as he myght, with fell afferis,
And eftir help cryis apon hys feris;
Bot with a ſtrake he ſmate hys nek in twa,
Baith helm and hed flaw far the body fra.
And, eftir thir, ane Amycus he ſlew,
That bayn had beyn to wild beſtis enew;
Was nane other mair happy nor expert
To graith and til invnct a caſtyng dart,

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And with vennom to garnys the ſteil hedis.
By Turnus handis the ilk tyme done to ded is
Eolus ſon, hait Clytius, the heynd,
And Creteus alſo, was the Muſys frend;
Creteus, poet to Muſys famyliar,
That in hys mynd and breiſt all tymys bar
Sangis and geſtis, muſyk and harpyng;
Apon hys ſtryngis playd he mony a ſpryng,
Lays and rymys on the beſt awys,
And euermar hys maner and his gys
Was forto ſyng, blaſon, and diſcryve,
Men and ſtedis, knychthed, wer, and ſtryve.

CAP. XIII.

The Troianys ſet on Turnus dyntis rude,
Quhill at he fled, and lap into the flude.

At laſt Mneſtheus and ſtrang Sereſtus,
The Troiane capitanys, herand quhow that thus
Thar pepill ſlane war doun, dyd convene;
Thar feris fleand pail and wan haue thai ſene,
And thar cheif ennemy cloſyt in thar wallys.
Mneſtheus on thame clepys thus and callys:
Quhar ettill ȝhe to fra hyne? quhidder wald ȝhe fle?
Quhat other wallys ſeik ȝhe, or cite?
Quhar haue ȝe other ſtrenth or forteres?
O citeſanys, behaldis heir expres

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Nane bot a man ſtandand ȝou aganys,
Cloſyt within ȝour dykis and wallys of ſtanys,
Onrevengit, ſa gret occiſioun
And huge ſlauchter ſal mak within ȝour tovn,
Or ſa feill valȝeand ȝyng capitanys kend,
Onreſiſtit, thus down to hell ſall ſend!
O maſte onworthy cowartis, ful of ſlewth,
Of ȝour onſelly cuntre haue ȝhe na rewth,
Nor piete of ȝour ancyent Goddis kynd?
Think ȝhe na lak and ſchame into ȝour mynd,
To do ſa gret owtrage to ſtrang Enee,
In hys abſens thus catyfly to fle?
The Troianys by ſik wordis as he ſaid
In curage grew, and fermly all abaid,
Abowt thar faman flokkand in a rowt.
Turnus a litil, thocht he was ſtern and ſtowt,
Begouth frawart the bargane to withdraw,
And ſattil towartis the ryveris ſyde alaw,
Ay peys and peys, to that part of the tovn
Was cloſyt with the ryver, rynnand dovn.
Troianys, that ſeand, the mar apertly
Aſſalȝeit hym with mony ſchowt and cry,
And thikkyt faſt abowt hym inveroun.
As quhen abowt the awfull wild lyoun,
With thar invaſibill wapynnys ſcharp and ſquar,
Ane multitude of men bilappyt war;
And he full fers, with thrawin wlt, in the ſtart,
Seand the ſcharp poyntis, recullys bakwart:
Bot, forto gif the bak, and fle away,
Nowder hys greif nor curage ſuffir may;

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And, thocht he wald, for all hys mekill mycht,
Agane ſamony men and wapynnys brycht
To pres fordwart may he cum na ſpeid.
Nane other wys Turnus, at ſik a neid,
Steppys abak with huly pays full ſtill,
Hys mynd ſcaldand in greif and egir will:
And forthir eik amyd hys fays he
Twys ruſchit in, and ſchuddrit the melle;
And twys alſo that onrebutit knycht
Endlang the wallys put thame to the flycht.
Bot al togidder, intyll ane convyne,
Apon hym haill the town aſſemlyt ſyne,
Nor Saturnus get, Juno, in that fyght
Agane thame durſt him miniſter ſtrenth nor mycht;
For Jupiter had from the hevynnys fair
Send dovn Iris, quhilk dwellis in the ayr,
Onto hys ſpous and ſiſter thar at hand
Ful ſcharp chargis bryngis and command,
Les than Turnus, quhou evir the chance befallis,
Withdrew hym fra the fatale Troiane wallys:
Quharthrow this valȝeand campioun ȝong and keyn
Nowder with his ſcheild ſa mekil mycht ſuſtene,
Nor ſic defens mak with his hand, as ayr.
With dartis at him ſwakkit heir and thar
On ſik wys is he quhelmyt and confundyt,
That euer in ane hys bos helm rang and ſoundyt,
Clynkand abowt hys halfheddis with a dyn:
Hys ſovir armour, ſtrang, and na thyng thyn,
Is brokkyn and byrſyt with feill ſtonys caſt;
So thik war dyntis, and ſtrakis ſmyt ſo faſt,

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That of his helm down bettyn war the creſtis;
Sa ſair the boſys of hys target preſt is,
Hys ſcheild na langar mycht ſik rowtis ſuſtene;
The Troianys, with this Mneſtheus, in thar teyn
Dowblys thar dyntis at hym with ſperis caſt,
As it had bene the hydduus thundris blaſt.
Our all hys body furth ȝet the ſwait thik,
Lyke to the trynland blak ſtremys of pyk;
Ne gat he laſer anys hys aynd to draw:
The febillit brath ful faſt can beit and blaw
Amyd hys wery breiſt and lymmys laſch.
Than at the laſt, al ſuddanly, with a plaſch,
Harnes and al togiddir, quhar he ſtude,
Him ſelf he ſwakkis and lap into the flude.
With giltyn ſtremys hym keppyt the ryver,
And bar hym vp abuf hys wallis cleir;
Syne blithly careit to hys feris bedene,
All blude and ſlauchter away was weſchyn clein.

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THE PROLOUG OF THE TENTH BUKE.

He plaſmatour of thingis vniuerſall,
Thou renewar of kynd, that creat all,
Incomprehenſibill thy warkis ar to conſave,
Quhilk grantyt hes to every wight to haue
Quhat thing maſt ganys onto hys governall.

Quhou mervellus beyn diviſions of thy gracis,
Diſtribut ſo to ilk thing in all placis!
The ſon to ſchyne our all, and ſchaw hys lyght,
The day to laubour, for reſt thou ordanyt nycht;
For diuers cauſys ſchupe ſeir ſeſſonys and ſpacis.

Freſch veir to burgioun herbys and ſweit flowris;
The hait ſymmyr to nurys corn all howris,
And breid all kynd of fowlys, fyſch, and beſte;
Herviſt to rendir hys frutis maſte and leſte;
Wyntir to ſnyb the erth with froſty ſchowris.

Not at thou nedyt ocht, all thyng thou wrocht,
Bot to that fyne thou maid all thing of nocht,
Of thy gudnes tobe participant;
Thy Godhed na rychar, nor ȝit mar ſkant,
Nowthir now nor then, ſet thou ws wrocht and bocht.

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Thy maiſt ſupreme indiuiſibill ſubſtans,
In ane natur thre perſonys, but diſcrepans,
Regnand etern, reſſauys nane accident;
For quhy? thou art rycht at this tyme preſent
It at thou was, and evir ſal, but varians.

Set our natur God hes to hym vnyte,
Hys Godhed incommixt remanys perfyte,
The ſon of God havand verray naturis twane
In a perſon, and thre perſonys all ane
In deite, natur, maieſte, and delyte.

The Son the ſelf thing with the Fader is;
The ſelf ſubſtans the Haly Gaiſt, I wys,
Is with thame baith; thre diſtinct perſonage,
Ar, war, and be ſall, euer of ane age,
Omnipotent, a Lord, equale in blys.

Quhilk ſouerane ſubſtans, in gre ſuperlatyve,
Na cunnyng comprehend may nor diſcryve;
Nowther generis, generat is, nor doith proceid,
Allane begynnar of euery thing, but dreid,
And in the ſelf remanys etern on lyve.

The Fader, of nane generat, creat, ne boir,
Hys only Son engendris evirmor;
Not makis, creatis, bot engendris all way
Of hys ſubſtans; and all tyme of baith twa
Procedis the Haly Gaiſt, equal in glor.

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Of baith, from ane begynnyng, procedis he;
So bene the warkis of the Trinite
Maiſt excellent, and wondirfull to conſave:
Ȝit thame to traſte the mair meryte we have,
That be na manys rayſon prevyt may thai be.

The Fader knawys hym ſelf, quhilk knawlege ſpredis
Be generatioun etern, that evir bredis
Hys Son, hys word and wyſdom eternall:
Betwix thir twa is luf perpetuall,
Quhilk is the Haly Gaiſt, fra baith procedis.

Not at the Faderis natur mynyſt is,
Of hys ſubſtans he generis his Son in blys;
Ne ſo the Son of hys kynd is ybor,
That he a part hes tharof, and na mor;
Bot all he gevys hys Son, and all is hys.

The ilk thing he hym gevis, that he remanys:
Thys ſyngill ſubſtans indifferently thus ganys
To thre in ane, and ilk ane of the thre
The ſammyn thing is in a maieſte,
Thocht thir perſonys be ſeuerall in thre granys.

Lyke as the ſawle of man is ane, we wait,
Havand thre poweris diſtinct and ſeparate,
Vnderſtandyng, rayſon, and memor:
Intelligens confideris the thing befor,
Rayſon diſcernys, memor kepis the conſait.

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As thai beyn in a ſubſtans knyt all thre,
Thre perſonys ryngnys in a Deite.
We may tak als ane other ſimylytude,
Groſly the ſammyn purpos to conclud;
Flame, lycht, and hait, bene in a fyre we ſe.

Quhar euer the low is, lycht and heit bene thar;
And had the fyre bene byrnand euermar,
Evyr ſuld the flambe engendrit haue hys lyght,
And of the byrnand low the flambys brycht
Perpetualy ſuld heit haue ſprung alquhar.

So generis the Fader the Son with hym etern,
From baith procedis the Haly Gaiſt coetern.
Thus rude exemplys and figuris may we geif;
Thocht, God by hys awin creaturis to preif,
War mar onliknes than liknes to diſcern.

Frend, farly nocht, na caus is to complene
Albeit thy wyt gret God may nocht attene;
For, mycht thou comprehend be thyne engyne
The maiſt excellent maiefte dyvyne,
He mycht be reput a pretty God and meyn.

Conſider thy raiſon is ſo febill and lyte,
And hys knawlage profund and infynyte;
Conſider quhou he is onmenſurabill:
Hym, as he is, to knaw thou art not habill;
It ſufficis the beleif thy creid perfyte.

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God is, I grant, in all thing nocht includyt;
Gevis all gudnes, and is of nocht denudyt;
Of hym hes all thing part, and he nocht mynyſt;
Hail he is alquhar, not diuidit, ne fynyſt;
Without all thing he is, and nocht excludit.

O Lord, thy ways beyn inveſtigabill!
Sweit Lord, thy ſelf is ſa ineſtimabill,
I can write nocht bot wondris of thy mycht,
That lawyt ſa far thy maieſte and hyght
Tobe born man intill ane oxis ſtabill.

Thow tuke mankynd of ane onwemmyt maid,
Incloſyt within a virginis boſum glaid,
Quham all the hevynnys mycht nevir comprehend;
Angellis, ſcheiphyrdis, and kyngis thy Godheid kend,
Set thou in cryb betwix twa beſtis was laid.

Quhat infynyte excellent hie bonte
Abufe thy warkis all, in wonderfull gre!
Lord, quhen thou man wrocht to thyne awyn ymage,
That tynt him ſelf throu hys fulych dotage,
Thou man becam, and deit to mak hym fre.

Maid thou not man firſt preſident vnder the,
To dant the beſtis, fowlys, and fyſch in ſee,
Subdewit to him the erth, and all tharin;
Syne paradice grantit hym and all his kyn,
Gave him fre will, and power nevir to dee?

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Enarmyt him with raiſon and prudence;
Only bad hym kepe thyne obediens,
And to hym ſuld all creaturis obey?
Bitter was that fruyt for his offſpryng, and fey,
Maid deth onknawin be fund, and lyfe go hens.

O thyne ineſtimabill luf and cheryte!
Becam a thrall to mak ws bondis fre,
To quykkyn thy ſclavys tholyt ſchamfull ded maſte fell.
Bliſſyt be thou virginal frute, that hereit hell,
And pait the pryce of thre forbodin tre!

Thocht thou large ſtremys ſched apon the rude,
A drop had bene ſufficient of thy blude
A thouſand warldis to haue redemyt, I grant;
Bot thou the well of mercy wald nocht ſkant,
Ws to provoik to lufe the, and be gude.

Our all this ſyne, thyne infynyte Godhed,
Thy fleſch and blude in form of wyne and bred,
Tobe our fuyd of grace, in plege of glor,
Thou heſt ws geif, in perpetuall memor
Of thy paſſioun and dolorus paynfull ded.

Quhat thankis dew or ganzeld, Lord benyng,
May I, maiſt wracht ſynfull catyve indyng,
Rendir for this ſouerane peirles hie bonte?
Sen body, ſaule, and all, I haue of the,
Thou art my pryce, mak me thy praye condyng.

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My makar, my redemar, and ſupport,
Fra quham all grace and gudnes cumis at ſchort,
Grant me that grace my myſdedis til amend,
Of this and all my warkis to mak gud end:
Thus I beſeik the, Lord, thus I exort.

From the begynnyng and end be of my muſe:
All other Jove and Phebus I refus.
Lat Virgill hald hys mawmentis to him ſelf;
I wirſchip nowder ydoll, ſtok, nor elf,
Thocht furth I write ſo as myne autour dois.

Is nane bot thou, the Fader of Goddis and men,
Omnipotent eternal Jove I ken;
Only the, helply Fader, thar is nane other:
I compt not of thir paygane Goddis a fudder,
Quhais power may nocht help a haltand hen.

The ſcripture clepys the God, of Goddis Lord;
For quha thy mandat kepys in ane accord
Bene ane with the, not in ſubſtans, bot grace,
And we our Fader the clepys in euery place:
Mak ws thy ſonnys in cherite, but diſcord.

Thow haldis court our criſtall hevynnys cleir,
With angellis, ſanctis, and hevynly ſpretis ſeir,
That, but ceſſyng, thy glor and lovyng ſyngis:
Manifeſt to the, and patent, bene all thyngis;
Thy ſpows, and queyn maid, and thy moder deir.

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Concord for ever, myrth, reft, and endles blys,
Na feir of hell, nor dreid of ded, thar is
In thy ſweit realm, nor na kynd of ennoy,
Bot all weilfair, eys, and euerleſtand joy;
Quhais hie pleſance, Lord, lat ws neuer mys! Amen.

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THE TENTH BUKE OF ENEADOS.

CAP. I.

Quhou Jupiter the court of goddis dyd call,
And Venus makis complaynt amangis thame all.

On breid, or this, was warp and maid patent
The hevynly hald of God omnipotent.
The kyng of men and fader of goddis all
Ane conſale or a ſeſſioun maid do call,
Amang the ſpretis abufe and goddis gret,
Within hys ſterrit hevyn and mylky ſet:
Quharfra, amyd hys trone ſittand full hie,
Our all the erd he mycht behald and ſe
The Troianys caſtellys, and the pepill Latyne.
Down ſat the Goddis in thar ſegis dyvyne,
The faldyn ȝettis baith vp warpyt braid;
Firſt Jove hym ſelf begouth, and thus he ſaid.
O hevynly wightis, of gret power and mycht,
Quhou is betyd ȝour myndis bene ſa lycht,
That ȝour decreit fatal and ſentens hie
Retretit thus and turnyt bakwartis ſuld be?

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Or quhy with frawart myndis now of layt
Aganys 3our reſſonabill oraclys 3e debait?
My will was not at the Italianys
In batale ſuld concur contrar Troianys.
Quhat maner diſcord be this at we ſe,
Expres agane our inhibitioun? ſaid he:
Quhat dreid or reuerens thame, or thame, hes movyt
To ryn till armys, and raſys weir controvit?
Or hes ſic wys perſuadyt to bargane,
With bludy wapynnys rent, and mony ſlane?
Haiſt not the ſeſſon to provoke nor prevene;
Of batale cum ſal detfull tyme bedene,
Heireftir, quhen the fers burgh of Cartage
To Romys boundis, in thar feirfull rage,
Ane huge myſcheif and gret qualm ſend ſall,
And thyrll the hie montanys lyke a wall:
Than war juſt tyme in wreth to mak debait,
Than war the tyme to rug and reif thus gait.
Now of ſic thingis leif and deſiſt; with me
Glaidly do makis frendly amyte.
A few wordis on this wys Jupiter ſaid;
Bot not in quheyn wordis him anſwer maid
The freſch goldyn Venus: O thou, quod ſche,
Fader of all, O eternal powſte,
Regnand abufe all men, and Goddis eik,
To the I cum, the rewthfully beſeik,
Sen thar nane other maieſte bene, ne glor,
That in ſik neid may help ws to implor.
Thow ſeys quhou, with boſt and felloun feir,
The Rutilianys makis gret derray and ſteir;

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And quhou Turnus, pranſand on ſemly ſtedis,
Throw owt the oſtis rydis in ſteill wedis;
And quhou orpyt and prowdly ruſchis he
Amyd Troianys, be fawour of Mars, quod ſche.
The ſtrenth of wallys, nor the portis ſchet,
May nocht ſalf Troianys; lo, within the ȝet,
Amyd the clos muralȝeis and paill,
And dowbill dikis, quhou thai thame aſſaill,
Quhill the fowceis of blude rynnys on ſpait:
Eneas abſent of this na thing wait.
Quhidder gif that thou liſt ſuffir neuermar
Thar ſege ſcalit, nor thame fre of dangar?
Behald agane abowt new Troys wall,
Ȝit bot begyn to byg, and not clos all,
Quhou inveroun muſteris thar ennemyis:
Ane other oſt and ſege abowt thame lyis,
And newly, lo, Tedeus ſon, not far
From Arpos cite into Calabar,
To wery Troianys movis, Diomed.
I feill agane my wondis newly bleid;
And I, thy blude, thi get, and douchter ſchene,
Ȝit mortale wapynnys mon thoil eik and ſuſtene!
Gyf the Troianys, but thy benevolens,
Or repugnant to thy magnificens,
Hes ſocht onto the coſt of Italy,
Lat thame be punyſt and thar cryme aby;
And I ſall ſuythly ſtand content for me,
Thou mak thame na kynd help nor ȝit ſupple.
Bot gif thai followit haue for thar behufe
Sa feill reſponſis of the Goddis abufe,

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With ſyndry admonitiouns, charge, and redis
Of the infernal wightis and ſpretis that ded is,
Than wald I knaw the caus or reſſon quhy
That ony mycht pervert or ȝit bewry
Thy commandmentis? how, or quharfor, may thai
New fatys mak, and the ald do away?
Quhat nedis to rehers, quhou on the coſt
Of Scycilly thar ſchippis brynt war loſt?
Or quharto ſuld I dwel, to ſchaw ȝou thus,
Quhou be the God of tempeſt, Eolus,
The rageand wyndis ſend war our alquhar,
Or Iris catchit throw clowdis of the ayr?
Now movyt eyk bene fendlych wightis affrayt:
Befor, only that chance was onaſſayt;
Bot now Ale&o newly is furth ſent
Into the ovir warld, that fell torment,
With Bacchus fury enragit by and by,
Walkand throu all citeis of Italy.
Na thyng I paus on the empyre, quod ſche,
Allthocht we hoip had at ſic thing ſuld be,
Quhen fortoun ſchew tharof ſum apperans:
Lat thame be vi&our quham thou lyſt avans.
And gif na realm in this warld remanys,
Quhom thy ſtern ſpous liſt geif to the Troianys,
I the beſeik of Troy by the rewyne,
By that ſubuerſioun rekand, and huge pyne,
Suffyr that ȝyng Aſcanyus mot be
Salf fra all wapynnys, and of perrell fre;
And, at the leſt, in this ilk mortall ſtryve
Suffir thy nevo to remane alyve.

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As for Ene, forſuyth, I mak na cair:
Thoill hym in onkowth ſtremys, as he was ayr,
Be dryve, and warpyt euery ſey abowt,
To follow furth in danger and in dowt
Quhat curs and went at fortoun lyſt hym ſent;
Mot it ples the fader omnipotent
That I may bot defend ȝon litill page,
And hym withdraw from this fers weris rage.
I haue in Cipyr the cite Amathus,
And the hie ſtandand burgh that hayt Paphus,
And eik the ille yclepyt Cythera,
The hallowyt hald als of Idalya,
Quhar, rendryt vp all armys in that ſtede,
Duryng hys age he ſobir lyfe may led.
And command eik with gret fors and maſtry
The burgh of Cartage down thryng Italy;
Fra thyne ſal na thing reſiſt nor gaynſtand
Contrar citeis of Tyre or Affrik land.
Quhat proffit has it done, or avantage,
Of Troys batale to haue eſchape the rage,
And throw amyd the Grekis fyrys eik
Haue fled away, and throw the ſey haue ſeik,
Sa feill dangeris bywent and ourdryve
Our ſtreym and landis; gyf that thus belyve
Troianys hes ſocht till Itaill, to vpſet
New Troys wallys, tobe agane doun bet?
Had not bene bettir thame in thar natyve hauld
Had ſyttin ſtill amang the aſſys cauld,
And lattyr ifillys of thar kynd cuntre,
Or barrand ſoyll quhar Troy was wont tobe,

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Than thus, fra ded to ded, from payn to payn,
Be catchit on, and euery day be ſlane?
Reſtor, I pray the, to thai wrachit wightis
Xanthus and Symoes, ſludis quhilk of rychtis
Was wont tobe thar propyr herytage:
O fader, ſuffir the fey Troiane barnage
To ſeik agane quhat hard myſchance befallys
To Troy or Ilion with thar brokyn wallys.

CAP. II.

To Venus complaynt Juno fra end till end
Maid haſty anſuer, hir actioun to defend.

The queyn Juno than, but mair abayd,
Prykkyt with felloun fury thus furthbrayd:
Quhy doys thou, ſaid ſcho, to me ſik offens,
Conſtrenyng me brek clos profund ſylens,
And with thy wordis, quhar ayr I was koy,
Prouokis to publys and ſchaw myne hyd ennoy?
Quhat maner man, or quhilk of goddis, lat ſe,
To move batale conſtrenyt hes Ene,
Or to engyre hym ſelf to Latyn kyng
As mortal fa, within hys proper ryng?
I geif the cace, to Italy ſocht he
Of the fatys by the autoryte,
Provokyt tharto be the wyld dotage
Of wod Caſſandra in hir fury rage:

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Lat ſe, for all this, gyf that anys in ſport
To leif hys ſtrenthis we dyd hym exhort;
Or forto put hys lyfe in ony danger;
To ſayll, or ſubmyt hym to wyndis ſeir?
Lat ſe, gyf we hym cauſyt to walk at large,
And till ane bab commyt the batellis charge,
And governance haill of hys cite wallys?
Lat ſe gyf we, how evir the chance befallys,
Perſuadyt hym forto commove and ſteir
Other quyet pepill with hym to rays the weir,
Or till adione vp frendſchip and ally
With Tyrrhene pepill and folk of Tuſcany?
Quhat God amovit hym with ſic a gawd
In hys dedis to oys ſik ſlyght and frawd,
Or quhilk of our hard poweris wrocht ſic thyng?
Quhar was Juno with all, this lady ȝyng?
Or quhar was ſche alſo quhen, ȝiſtir nycht,
Irys was ſend down throu the clowdis brycht?
Is this a thing full onleſum, but let,
Thocht Italianys with flambys ombeſet
The new cite of Troy vpryſand, lo?
And is it not full gret diſpyt alſo
That, in hys natyve land and faderis ryng,
Turnus remane, or pretend tobe kyng,
Quhamto the God Pylumnus grandſchir is,
And haly nymphe Venylia moder, I wys?
Quhat! thinkis thou leſum is at Troianys infeir
Violens to mak with brandis of mortall weir
Agane Latynys, ſyk onkowth heritage
Tyll occupy and ſubdew in bondage,

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And thar catale in ſpreth to dryve away?
Quhat! haldis thou leſum als, I pray the ſay,
From otheris to withdraw ſa thyftuuſly
Thar eldfaderis and maiſt tendyr ally,
Or, from betwix thar breiſt and armys tway,
Thar treutht plyght ſpowſys forto reif away?
To cum and beſeik trewys in ſtrange landis,
With ſyng or takyn of paix born in thar handis;
And, netheles, to mak reddy for weir,
Purvay thar ſchippis, provide armour and geir?
To ſalf Ene, hes thou not power and mycht
From Grekis handis hym to withdraw be ſlycht,
And ſet in ſted of that man, light as lynd,
Owder a clowd or a waiſt puft of wynd?
And eik thou may tranſform the ſchippis, quod ſche,
Intil alſmony Goddeſſis of the ſee:
Bot, be the contrary, Rutilyanys offpryng
We ſuld ſupport, that is forbodyn thyng!
Thy ſon Ene, myſknawyng this deray,
As thou allegis, is abſent now away:
And quhat iniurys, abſent mot he remane,
And ignorant for ay of this bargane?
Thow has Paphos, thyne is Idalia,
And thyne mot be the ile of Cithera:
Sen thou hes all thir at command and will,
Lat other folkis in paix and reſt dwell ſtyll.
Quharto aſſalzeis thou a ſtrang cite,
That hes bene oft exercyt in melle,
And lyſt invaid pepill with hartis kene?
I can not fynd quhat occaſioun ȝe meyn.

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Haue we etlyt the Phrigyane febill geir
Down from the grund to welt our into weir?
Quhidder was it we, or than Parys, that faltyt,
That wrachit Troianys by Grekis war aſſaltit?
Quhat was the caus, that Europ and Aſya
To rays the weir in armys war ſa thra
Aganyſt otheris, and thar auld allyans
With thiftuus reif to brek on ſic myſchans?
Was I not governour and cheif ledar thar,
The tyme quhen that the Troiane adulterar
Ombeſegyt the cite of Spartha,
And the queyn Heleyn reft and brocht awa?
Or quhidder gif I evir into that weir
Mynyſterit dartis, wapynnys, or ſic geir?
Or ȝit that bargane ſtuffyt or bet, lat ſe,
With Cupydis blynd luſt and ſubtilite?
Than had bene honeſt tyme, and ganand baith,
Till haue previdit for thy frendis ſkaith:
Now, al to layt, with thyne iniuſt complantis
Aganyſt ws thou ryſis, and attantis
Forto warp owt thy vane wordis chydyng,
Quhilk certis may avale the in na thing.
With ſiclyke wordis Juno fra end to end
Gan hir querrell ſuſtene and als defend;
And all the hevynly wightis dyd quhyſpir and rown,
In opynyonys full diuers, vp and down:
Lyke as firſt, or wyndis blaſt be perſave,
The ſwouch is hard within the woddis waif,
With fraſyng ſoundis quhiſland, ȝit onknaw
Quharof cumis this bruyt owt throw the ſchaw;

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All thocht it be to maryneris a ſyng,
Of wyndis blaſt to follow ſur taknyng.
The Fader than omnipotent maiſt hie,
That our all thingis hes ſouerane maieſte,
Begouth to ſay; and, quhen he ſpak, all ceſſyt:
The hevynly heich hows of Goddis was pecyt;
The erthis grund ſchuke trymlyng for feir,
And ſtill, but movyng, ſtud the hevynys cleir;
The wyndis eik thar blaſtis lowynt ſone;
The ſey calmyt hys ſludis playn abone.
Reſſaue, quod he, my ſawis, and tak tent,
And thir my wordis within ȝour myndis emprent.
Sen that algatis ȝit may not ſufferit be
Latynys confidir with Troianys and Ene,
Nor ȝe can nocht mak end of ȝour debait,
I ſall me hald indifferent, the meyn gait,
And as for that, put na diuerſyte
Quhiddir ſo Italianys or Troianys thai be;
Quhow evir this day the fortoun with thame ſtandis,
Bruke weill thar chance and werd on athir handis,
Lat ich of thame hys hoip and fortoun ſew:
Quhidder ſo the fatys hes determyt of new
Troianys tobe aſſegit with Italianys
To thar myſcheif, or wraik of the Troianys,
Quhilkis with frawart admonytions ſa lang
Peraventour hes errit and gane wrang;
Nowder Troianys nor Rutilianys freith will I.
Lat athir of thame thar awin fortoun ſtand by,
And bruke thar wark thai haue begun; but faill,
Kyng Jupiter ſalbe to all equale.

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The fatis ſal provyd a way mair habill.
And with that word, fortill hald ferm and ſtabill
Hys godly aith and promys ſworn hes he,
Be Stix the flude, Pluto hys broderis ſee,
Be that ilk pykky layk with brays blak,
And laithly golf, to kepe all that he ſpak;
And, til afferm hys aith, at hys lykyng
The hevynnys all maid trymbill, for a ſyng.
Thus endit was the conſale, and al doyn,
And Jupiter rays fra hys goldyn troyn:
Quham hevynly wightis amyddis thame with joy
Ontill hys chymmys ryall dyd convoy.

CAP. III.

Quhou the Troianys defendis thar cyte,
Eneas abſent ſekand mair ſupple.

Duryng this quhile, all the Rutilianys ſtowt
The cite portis lappit rownd abowt,
Forto down bet the Troianys, euery ſyre,
Inveroun all the wallys with hait fyre.
Eneas barnage, at myſchefis huge
Thus ombeſet, and ſegyt but refuge,
Incluſyt war but hop to wyn away,
And ſobyrly at defens, as thai may,
On the hie towris hedis ſtud on raw:
Ful thyn the cirkyllys of the wallys law

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Thai mannyt abowt; for in the firſt front ſtude
Jaſyus, Imbraſus ſon, and eik the gude
Tymetes, ſon of ſtrang Icetoan,
And by thame alſſo the Aſſaracus twane,
The eldar Thybrys with Caſtor full wroth;
Brethir germane to kyng Sarpedon boith,
Quham Clarus had, and Hemon, ferys twa,
Followyt from the hie realm of Lycya.
Ane Agmon of Lyrneſya faſt tharby
Preſys with all the fors in hys body
A felloun ſtone to welt the wallys tyll,
Quhilk ſemyt be a gret part of a hyll;
Na les of ſtatur than hys fader Clytyus
Was he, nor ellys hys brother Mneſtheus.
With dartis thai aſſaill the cite faſt,
And thai defend with ſlungis and ſtane caſt;
Sum preſys thik the wyld fyre in to ſlyng,
The arrowys flaw ſpangand fra euery ſtryng.
The Dardane child, the ȝyng Aſcanyus,
Principall thocht and cuyr of Dame Venus,
Amyd the rowtis, in covert quhar he ȝeid,
Thar mycht be ſeyn in hys freſch luſtyhed,
Lyke as ane gem, with hys brycht hew ſchynyng,
Departis the gold ſet amydwart the ryng,
Or in the crownell pyght, or rych hynger,
Quhilk doys the nek array, or the hed ger;
And mair ſemly than evir bane to ſe,
Craftely cloſyt within the box of tre,
Or than amyd the blak terebynthyne
Growys by Orycia: and, as the geit dois ſchyne,

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Hys curland lokkis hyngis down weill dek
About hys ſchuldris our hys mylk quhyte nek;
Ane circulet of plyabill gold ſo bryght
Abuf hys haris apon hys hed weil pyght.
Thow Iſmarus, of magnanymyte
Fulfyllit, eik thar myght men the ſe,
Invn&and venemus ſchaftis the ilk tyde,
Addres dartis, and wyrk wondis full wyde;
Cummyn of the gentill blude of Meony,
In Lyde cuntre born thou was, faſt by
The plentuus ſulze quhar the goldyn ryver
Pa&tolus warpys on grund the gold vre cleir.
Reddy at hand was Mneſtheus wight,
Quham the renowne of this ȝiftir nycht,
For that he Turnus our the dychys drave,
Full prowd maid in hys curage our the laif:
With hym was Capys thar alſſo, quham by
The town Capua is namyt in Champany.
Thus ather party into hard barganyng
Stude at debait, quhill Eneas the kyng,
With all hys ferys, baith day and mydnycht
Slydis throw owt the ſalt famys lyght.
For eftir that fra kyng Evander he
Departit was, as heir abufe ſaid we,
And entrit in amyd the Tuſcane tentis,
The kyng he ſocht, and tald hym hys ententis,
Hys name to hym reherſyng, and hys blude;
And hys deſyre, fully to conclude,
Hes ſchawyn planely, twychand quhat he ſocht,
And quhat ſupple alſſo with hym he brocht;

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And tald quhat army prowd Mezentyus
Had convenyt, and how the bald Turnus
So violent and fers was in hys will,
Exhortyng hym to tak gude heyd heirtill;
And how inſtabill was all warldis chance,
All manis ſurte hyngand in ballance:
And onto this hys requeſt and prayer
Adionyt hes on ful gudly maner.
Thar was na mair delay, bot Tarchon kyng
Al reddy was to fulfyll hys lykyng,
With moblys and all ryches at command,
And vp gan knyt thar fordward and cunnand
Of amyte and perpetuall ally:
Than of the fatys fre, in thar navy,
At command of the Goddis, pepill Tuſcane
Ar entrit in thar ſchyppys euerilkane,
Submytting thame ontill a ſtrange duke.
Eneas barge than furth the vayage tuke
Befor the laif, as almeral of the flote,
And in hir ſtevyn kervyn full weil, God wot,
The lyonys that the Phrygyane armys bene;
Abufe the quhilkis porturat fair and greyn
Was Ida foreſt, to fugytyve Troianys
Thar beſt belovyt wod and natyve wanys.
In hyr was ſet the gret prynce Eneas,
That with hym ſelf can mony thing cumpas
Twychyng the chancis of batal in that tyde:
Pallas adionyt ſat by hys left ſyde,
And he at hym dyd wyſly aſk and ſpeir
The curs and namys of the ſtarnys cleir,

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Quhilk in the ſtyl hevyn ſchynys on the nycht;
Now ſperis he, franand with all hys myght,
To knaw Eneas wandryng be the ſee,
And quhou huge payn he had on landis dre.

CAP. IV.

Heir comptis Virgill the pepil of Tuſcane,
Quhilkis with Eneas com to the bargane.

Zhe Muſys now, ſweit Goddeſſis ychone,
Oppyn and onclos zour mont of Helycon:
Reveil the ſecretis lyand in zour mycht,
Entone my ſang, addres my ſtyle at rycht,
To ſchaw quhat pyſſance, oſtis, and army,
At this tyme from the boundis of Tuſcany
In falloſchyp com with the prynce Ene,
And ſtuffyt ſchippys of weir ſet to the ſee.
Fyrſt, prynce Maſſycus cummys with hys rowt,
Into hys barge Tygrys, with ſtelyt ſnowt,
Sowchand throw owt the ſludis quhar ſcho went,
A thowſand ſtowt zong men of hys talent
Vndir hym ledyng, for the batale bown,
From Cluſyum com vmquhile, that nobell town,
And fra the Tuſcane cite of Coſa;
Baith caſtyng dartis and ſlanys vſyt tha,
With arrow caſys and other quavyrris lycht,
And mortal bowys buklyt for the fyght.

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Sammyn furth ſalys Abas; and hym by
Hys barnage ſtud enarmyt rychely;
Hys weirlyke ſchip our the fludis ilkane
Of God Appolloys goldyn ſtatw ſchane:
The rych cyte of Populonyas,
Hys natyve cuntre, quharof born he was,
Sax hundreth men of armys in wer expert
With hym hes ſend; and the ile in that part
Illua callyt, within the Tuſcane ſee,
Sa rych of ſteill it may nocht waſtyt be,
Thre hundreth eik hes ſend with hym to pas.
The thryd capitane, worthy Aſylas,
Of Goddis eik and men interpretur,
Of euery ſpayng craft that knew the cuyr,
Quhat the hart pypis and beſtis entralys ment,
Quhat ſignyfeit the ſtarnys, quhar thai went
Thar rycht curſis abufe the hevynnys hie,
And euery byrdis vocis weil knew he,
And quhat betaknyt, ſchynnyng from the hevyn,
Thyr fyry blaſtis, or this thundris levyn;
A thouſand men aſſemlyt with hym ledis,
With awful ſperis and ſcharp grundyn hedis:
Quham the Hetruſcane cite, Pyſa gude,
Inhabyt firſt from Alpheus that flude,
Send tyll obey hym as thar capitane.
Syne followys Aſtur, the ſemlyaſt of ane,
Aſtur, maiſt ſovyr horſman forto ſeik,
Of variant cullour was hys armour eik;
Thre hundreth walyt men with hym he led.
All of a will, furth to the batal ſped

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The folkis alhail dwelt in the cite ſweit
Of Agelyn, otherwys callyt Cerete,
And thai that dwellys in tha feldis, I wys,
Endlang the bankis of flude Mynyonys,
Or intill ancyent Pyrgus town alſſua,
Or inhabytys the cyte Grauyſſa,
Ful contagius of tempeſt and grews ayr.
Suld I the pretermyt, ſen thou was thar?
I meyn the, Cygnus, of Lygurianys
The cheif ledar, amang other capitanys
Ane the maiſt forcy into batal ſted.
Ne wil I not forȝet, ſuld I be ded,
The, ſtrang Cupauus, with thy few menȝe,
Fra quhais tymbret ryſys apon hie
The luſty ſwannys fedrame, brycht and ſcheyn:
The cryme and caws of all ȝour woful teyn
Was luf and amouris, or pompus array
Schrowd in ȝour faderis connyſans al to gay.
For, as thai tell, quhil doloruſly Cygnus
Maid hys complant amang the ſcroggy bus
Of poppill tre branſchis lang and ſquar,
Quharin the twa ſyſteris tranſformyt war,
And gan bewail Phaeton, hys beſt belovyt;
Quhil that he ſang and playt, as hym behwyt,
The dolly tonys and lays lamentabill,
With ſic regrate to comfort and aſtabill
Hys hevy amorus thochtis ennoyus,
In quhite canos ſoft plumys joyus
Became ourheld, in lyknes of a ſwan,
And led hys age na mar furth lyke a man,

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Bot tuke hys flycht vp from the erd in hy,
And with a ſwouchand voce ſocht in the ſky.
Hys ſon, this tyde, havand hys falloſchippys
Diſtribut equaly into ſyndry ſchippys,
Amang the navy and the flote at large,
With ayris rollys furth hys buſtuus barge,
Clepyt Centaurus, and ithandly ſyne he
Dryvys throu fludis of the ſtormy ſee:
Byg of ſtatur ſtude he lyke to feght,
Boſtand the ſtreme with ballaſt of huge weght,
And with hys lang and lufty ballyngar
Ourflydis the deip fludis in thar fair.
The nobill Ocnus from hys natyve land
A fair army aſſemlyt brocht at hand,
Son of God Tibris, the Tuſcane ryver,
Beget apon Manthus the lady cleir,
That was baith nymphe and famus prophetes:
Thys Ocnus was the ilk man quhilk expres
Of Mantua the cite dyd he wall,
And eftir hys ſaid moderis name can call
Mantua, myghty of ald ancyſtry
And forfaderis: bot hys geneology
Was not of ane kynrent cummyn all;
For that town had thre clannys principall,
And, vnder euery clan or trybe of tha,
War other ſobyr famyllis twys twa:
Mantua eik was cheif and principal hed
Till all thir pepill wonnyng in that ſted,
Takand thar fors and hardyment ilkane
From the lynage and nobill blude Tuſcane.

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Mezentius, throu hys auld tyrranny,
Furth of this cite aganyſt hym in hy
Fyve hundreth men till armys maid do ſteir;
Quham Myncyus, the freſch rynnand ryver,
That from the lowch of Bennacus iſchis down,
And is ourheldyt all with redis brovn,
Hes careit to the braid ſeys large
Within thar weirly ſchip and awfull barge.
Furth held the ſtowt and degeſt Auleſtes,
Quhilk with gret ſtrenth of rowaris in that pres,
Raſyng thame on thar thoftis for the nanys,
The ſludis ſmate with hundreth arys at anys,
Quhil that the famy ſtowr of ſtremys le
Vp weltis from the braid palmys of tre.
The mekill howk hym bair was Tryton callyt;
For in hir foreſtam was the monſtre ſtallyt,
With watry trumpe fleyand the ſludis gray:
Quhar as ſcho ſalyt, men mycht ſe hym ay
With byrſy body porturyt, and viſſage
All rowgh of harys, ſemyng of cullage
In mannys form fra hys coſt to hys crown;
Bot from hys belly, and thens fordwart dovn,
The remanent ſtraucht lyke a fyſchis tayll,
In ſymylitude of huddon or a quhaill;
Vndre the breiſt of this ilk byſnyng thyng
The ſey wallys bulrand makis murnyng.
Sa mony walyt capitanys, nobill men,
In help of new Troy, with ſchippys thrys ten,
Slydis throw the ſalt ſtremys of the ſee
With ſtelyt ſtevynnys and bowand bylge of tre.

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CAP. V.

Eneas ſchippis, tranſlait in Nymphis of ſee,
Tald hym quhou Turnus aſſegit the cyte.

Be this declynyt was the days lyght;
The moyn intill hyr waverand cart of nycht
Held rollyng throw the hewynnys myddil ward;
As Eneas, the Troiane prynce and lard,
For thochtis mycht na wys hys membris reſt,
Sa mony curys in hys mynd he keſt,
Bot ſat in proper perſon, and nane other,
To ſteir hys carvell and to rewle the ruther,
And forto gyde the ſalys takand tent.
Onone, amyd hys curs, thar as he went,
Recontyris hym hys falloſchip in hy
Of Nymphis, quham of ſchippys and his navy
The haly moder, clepyt Cybele,
Maid to becum Goddeſſys in the ſee:
All ſammyn ſwam thai, hand in hand yfeir,
And throw the wallys faſt dyd ſewch and ſcheir,
Als feill in numbyr Nymphys throw the flude,
As laitly with thar ſtelyt ſtevynnys ſtude
Of Troiane ſchippys by the coſtis ſyde.
A weil far way, as our the ſtreme thai glyde,
Thar kyng thai knaw, and all in carralyng
About hys ſchyp went circulyt in a ryng.
Amangis quham, in ſpeche the maiſt expert,
Cymodocea to the wail aſtert,

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And with hir rycht hand can the eft caſteill
Do gryp onon, that all hir bak ilk deill
Abuf the ſey watir dyd appeir:
Beneth the calmyt ſtremys fair and cleir
With hir left hand craftely ſwymmys ſche;
Syne on this wys ſpekis till Enee,
That of this wonderus mervell knew na thing:
Walkis thou or not, thou verray Goddis offſpryng,
Our prynce and maſter Eneas? now awaik,
Takill thy ſchippys, and thy ſchetis ſclaik.
We beyn thy navy and thy flote, quod ſche,
Bowyt ſum tyme of fyr and bych tre,
Grew in the haly top of mont Ida,
And now, as preſent thou behald ws may,
Nymphes we beyn, and ſalbe euermor.
For, as ȝon faithles Turnus by the ſchor
Invadyt ws with glavys and with fyre,
On fors conſtrenyt for the flambys ſchire,
Thy cabillys we in ſundyr brak in haiſt,
To ſeik the throw the ſey, as we war chaiſt:
And than the moder of Goddis, Cybele,
Havand of ws compaſſioun and piete,
In this figour has ws all tranſlait,
For euermar to be deificat,
As Goddeſſys, quhar ſo ws lykis beſt,
Amangis the fludis forto leif and left.
Bot thy deir child, ȝyng Aſcanyus ſtowt,
Beſegyt is, and cloſyt rownd abowt
With wallys, fowcy, and trynſchis, ather ſyde,
Amyd dartis or quarrellys faſt doys glyde,

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And dreidfull hoſtis of ſtern pepill Latyne,
By weir enforſyng to diſtroy all thyne.
Evandrus horſmen, clepyt Arcadanys,
Mydlyt ſammyn with Hetrurianys,
Quham in thy help thou ſendis by the land,
Thai placis now, quhar as thou gaue command,
Can occupy, abydand thy cummyng:
Bot Turnus hes determyt, as certane thing,
Gret garnyſonys to ſend betwix thame ſone,
That ȝour hoſtis ſall not togidder joyn.
Get vp, haue done, and ſone in the mornyng,
Alſſwyth as the brycht day begynnys to ſpryng,
Thy ferys haill thou fyrſt to harnes call,
And with thy ſcheild invynſibill tharwithall
Thy ſelvyn ſchrowd, quham mychty God of fyre
To the, as ane maiſt ſouerane lord and ſyre,
Has wrocht and gevyn, and with gold ſa brycht
The bordouris has ourgylt and forgit at rycht.
Gyf thou belevys not my ſawys invayn,
The lyght of day to morn, I ſchaw the playn,
Huge hepys ſal behald in feld dung down
Of Rutilianys by fell occiſioun.
Thus ſaid ſche; and, departand with a ſkyp,
By hir rycht hand ſche ſchowys furth the ſchyp,
As ſcho that was in that craft rycht expert;
And throw the wallys on the tother part
Glydys away undir the fomy ſeys,
Als ſwyft as ganȝe or feddyrrit arrow fleys,
That ſtryvys forto pyngill with the wynd:
The remanent hir followys faſt behynd.

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Anchiſes ſon, the gret Troiane Ene,
Awondris, onwyttyng quhat this mycht be;
And, netheles, hys curage dyd avance
With this ilk fatale augury or chance:
Syne ſchortly, lukand to the hevyn abone,
On this maner can pray and maid hys boyn.
O blyſſyt moder of the Goddis, quod he,
That hallowyt art in the montane Ide,
Quhamto the toppys of mont Dyndymane,
And eik the towryt citeis mony ane,
With renyt lyonys ȝokkyt to the char,
Ful tendyr bene and hartly euermar;
Be thou in batall now my preſident,
Be my protectrix, dewly takand tent
At this orakyll be haſtyt to our weill;
O haly Goddes, with happy fute of ſeill
Cum and aſſiſtis to thyne awyn Troianys.
No mor he ſpak, bot, with that word atanys,
In the meyn quhile vpſpryngis the brycht day,
Chaſand the clowdis of the nycht away.
And fyrſt Eneas gan hys ferys command
Thar baneris to diſplayt and follow at hand,
Thar curage eik and curace to addres,
And graith thame for the batail all expres.
For he, be than, hys Troianys mycht behald;
And of the eft ſchyp into hys town and hald
Men mycht hym ſe, and knaw, quhar at he ſtude,
Hys ſchynand new ſcheild from amyd the flude
Into hys left hand raſyt hie on hyght.
The Troianys from the wallys of that ſycht

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War ſa reioſyt, vp tha raſyt a cry
That rerdis to the ſtarnys in the ſky.
The hoip of hys returnyng hait as fyre
Dowblyt thar curage, and vpraſyt thar ire,
That with thar handis faſt thai dartis flyng,
With ſic a dyn of clamour and crying,
And trumpys blaſt raſyt within the town
Sik maner bruyt, as thocht men hard the ſovn
Of crannys crowplyng, fleand in the ayr
With ſpedy fard in randoun heir and thar;
As from the flude of Trace, hait Strymone,
Vndre the dyrk clowdis, oft we ſe,
Thai fle the weddris blaſt and rak of wynd,
Thar glaidſum ſoundis followand thame behynd.
Bot quhat mycht meyn this affeir and deray
A gret farly and wondyr was, perfay,
To Turnus, kyng of Rutuleis, that tyde,
And the Italiane dukis hym beſyde:
Quhill thai at laſt beheld towart the coſt,
And ſaw the navy cum and mekill oft,
Semand the ſey of ſchippys all our flet.
The creiſt or ſchynand tymbret, that was ſet
Abufe Eneas helm and top on hyght,
Keſt byrnand flambys with a glytterand lycht;
And eyk the goldyn boys of hys bukleir
Large fyry ſtremys on breid ſchew fair and cleir:
Lyke as the comete ſtern ſanguynolent,
With hys red cullour tryſt and violent,
Schynys ſum tyme apoun the donk nycht;
Or frawart Syrius, that fervent ſtar brycht,

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Quhilk with the ſcaldand heyt at hys ryſyng
Byrnys the erth of drowth, and is the ſyng
Pretendand tyll all mortale folk, I ges,
Contagyus infirmyteis and ſeiknes,
That with hys ſchrewyt lyght canicular
Infekkyt all the hevynnys and the ayr.
Bot Turnus hardy ſtalwart hie curage,
For all this feir, demynyſt nevir a ſtage,
Quhilk manfully ſchup thame to withſtand
At the coſt ſyde, and dyng thame of the land,
That on na wys thar thai ſuld arryve;
And with glaid ſemlant gan his folk belyve
Exortyng forto rays thar ſpretis on hie,
And with hys wordis forthirmar eik he
Gan thame repreif of thar ſa haſty feir.
Lo! now preſent, ſays he, is cummyn heir
The mater quhilk ȝe lang deſyrit haue;
The tyme is now to gryp in hand ȝour glaif;
The tyme of batale reddy is at hand,
Quhar ſtrenth beis ſchawyn in ſtalwart ſtowr to ſtand.
Now euery man ramembir on his ſpows,
Thynk on thar natyve land and dwellyng hows:
Reduce ȝe now onto ȝour mynd, ilkane,
The worthy actis of ȝour eldris bygane,
Thar lovabyll fame, and ȝour awyn renowne;
And lat ws formeſt haiſt ws to the ſee,
And thar recontyr our fays, or thai land,
Quhill as thai firſt ſet fut apon the ſand,
With ſlyde to cummyn, half deil in effray,
Or thai thar fut ſteppis ferm, and tak array.

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Hap helpis hardy men, be myne avys,
That weil dar tak on hand ſtowt interprys.
Thus ſaid he; and tharwith in hys thocht
Devyſis quham maiſt ganandly he mocht
Led with hym, to reſiſt and meit his fays,
Or quham he ſuld not from the ſege vprays,
Bot ſtyll remane to ferm and clos the town,
The wallys and the trynſchis enveroun.

CAP. VI.

Eneas fra the ſchippis landit his oſt,
And Turnus thame aſſalit at the ſey coſt.

In the meyn ſeſſon, the Troiane Ene
Begouth hys folkis from thar ſchippis hie
On bryggis and on plankis ſet on land:
Mony abaid the ebbyng of the ſand,
Quhill the ſwarf fard wallys abak dyd draw,
Than in the ſchaldis dyd thai leip on raw;
And ſum with ayris into coggis ſmall
Etlyt to land. But tho amang thame all
The prynce Tarchon can the ſchor behald,
Thar as hym thocht ſuldbe na ſandis ſchald,
Nor ȝit na land bryſt lyppyrryng on the wallys,
Bot quhar the flude went ſtyll, and calmyt all is
But ſtowr or bullyr, murmour or movyng;
Hys ſtevynnys thydder ſteryng gan the kyng,

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And on this wys hys ferys dyd exort:
Now, O ȝe walyt flour of weir, at ſchort,
Bend vp ȝour ayris ſtyth, and rays ȝour ſchippys,
Haiſt owr the flude, bair to the ſchor with ſkyppys,
And with ȝour ſtelyt ſtevynnys, ane and all,
Thys ground onfrendly to ws and innimicall
Do ſcheir and cleif in ſundyr lyke a ſtok,
Lat euery barge do prent hir ſelf a dok:
Na fors I not in ſik port by this meyn
To brek the ſchyp, ſa we the land atteyn.
Fra Tarchon had thir wordis ſaid, but mair
Hys feris ſtartis ilk man till ane ayr.
The ſtowrand famy bargis dyd rebound,
Inrowand faſt towart the Latyn grond,
Quhyl that thar ſtammys tuke the bankis dry,
And thar kelys ſtak in the ſlyke faſt by,
But ony harm or danger, euery one.
Bot ſa tyd not onto thy ſchyp, Tarchon:
For in the ſchald ſcho ſtoppys, and dyd ſtand
Apon a dry chyngill or bed of ſand,
A lang tyme all to ſchakyng with the flude;
Quhill fynaly, thar rokkand as ſcho ſtude,
To bryſtis ſcho, and ryvys all in ſondyr,
Warpyt the men amyd the faym thar vndir;
The plankis, hechis, and mony brokyn ayr,
That on the ſtreym went flotand heir and thar,
Maid to thar landing gret impediment,
And ſlyddry glar ſo from wallys went
That oft thar feyt was ſmyttyn vp on loft:
Bot finaly, all drowkyt and forwrocht,

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Thai ſalwyt war, and warpyt to the coſt.
Than na delay of ſleuth, nor feir, ne boſt,
Withheld Turnus, bot with hys haill armee
Aganyſt Troianys by the coſt of the ſee
He dyd array all ſammyn in that ſtound.
The trumpettis blew thar bludy weirlyke ſownd:
And fyrſt, in ſyng of gud luk in the weris,
Ene the rowtis of the lauboreris,
Or rurall huſbandis, invadis and ourſet,
And hes the Latyn commonys haill doun bet,
By ſlauchter fyrſt of thar chiftane, Theron,
Amang all otheris the biggaſt man of one,
Quhilk ſet apon Eneas or he wyſt:
Bot he throw owt hys ſyde hys ſword hes thryſt,
Perſyt the ſtalwart platit ſcheild of ſteill,
And throw the ſchynand hawbrek euery deill;
The giltyn mailȝeis makis hym na ſted,
For in the coſt he tholys dynt of ded.
Syne ſmate he Lychas, and hym hes al to torn,
That of hys ded moderis waym was furth ſchorn,
And onto Phebus God was conſecrait,
And was ſa chancy in hys ȝong eſtait
That he the ſwerd eſchapit by hys hap;
Bot not at this tyme ſo the dedis clap.
And not far thens this douchty Eneas
Kyllyt the dowr and ſtalwart Cyſſeas,
And put to deth the buſtuus Gyas ſtrang,
That with hys burdoun down haill rowtis dang:
Thar ſtrenthy handis helpyt thame na thyng,
Nowder Hercules wapynnys nor armyng

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Mycht thame defend, nor ȝit thar ſyre, that heght
Melampus, and companȝeon was in feght
To Hercules in hys ſair journeis feill,
Quhil he in erth was levand and in heill.
And lo, as Pharon cryis and dois rowſt
With haltand wordis and with mekill wouſt,
Eneas threw a dart at hym that tyde,
Quhilk, as he gapyt, in hys mowth dyd glyde.
And thou alſo, the fey Greyk, Cydon,
Quhilk ſtrangly luffyt thir ȝong childer ichone,
As thou the ȝyng Clytius dyd perſew,
Quhais ȝallow berd begouth to ſpryng of new,
And was alhaill thy new luſt and deſyre,
Be the rycht hand of this ilk Troiane ſyre
Thar had bene maid end of thy amouris greyn,
And wrachitly had lyin ded, I weyn,
War not the brethir of the clan Phorcanys
Apon Eneas aſſemblit all atanys:
In numbyr ſevyn thai war, and dartis ſevin
Alſammyn thai keſt, forcy as fyry levin;
Of quham ſum dyd, but harm or other deir,
Stot from hys ſcheild, his hewmet, or hed geir;
And ſum, that wald haue hyt hys corps in hy,
Venus hys haly moder choppyt by.
Than to the traiſt Achates ſaid Ene:
Reik me dartis and caſtyng ſperis, quod he,
That in the Grekis bodeis fixit ſtude,
Quhilum in Troys planys bedyit with blude;
And my rycht hand ſall thraw thame ſo ilkane
On Rutulanys, that nane ſal fle invane.

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A buſtuus ſchaft with that he grippyt has,
And incontrar hys aduerſaris gan tays,
Quhilk flaw towartis Meonyus faſt by:
Owt throw the ſcheild platit with ſteill in hy
Duſchyt the dynt, and throw the corſlettis glydis,
Gyrd throw the coſt perſyng baith the ſydis.
Onto hym ſtartis Alcanor, hys brothir,
To beir hym vp, quhen that he ſaw hym ſchuddir,
With hys rycht arm, bot throw hys gardy ſone
The grundyn hed and bludy ſchaft ar done,
Furth haldand the ſelf randoun as it went;
The ryght arm, from the ſchulder al to rent,
Apon the mankyt ſennonys hyngis by,
As impotent, quyte lamyt, and dedly.
Than Numytor furth of hys brotheris corps
Ruggis the trunſchoun, and with all hys fors
It ſwakkis at Ene; bot he na mycht
Had till attane ne wond the nobill knycht:
Ȝyt with the dynt the gret Achates thee
He hurt and ſtrenȝeit has a litill wee.
With this come Clawſus, full of vaſſalage,
Confidand in hys ȝouth and floriſt age,
The Curytanys with hym brocht in the pres,
And with a lang ſtyf ſpeir ane Dryopes
Smate in the hals, vnder the chyn, ſa ſair
That hym byreft was in the place rycht thar
Baith voce and ſpreit of lyfe; and that na wondir;
For hys nek bayn and throte war carf in ſondir,
That doun he duſchys with a felloun rerd,
Quhil that hys forret raſchit on the erd,

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And of hys mouth, a petuus thing to ſe,
The lopprit blude in ded thraw voydis he.
Thre otheris ſyne this ilk Clawſus has ſlane,
Born into Trace of the clan Boryane;
And thre com fra the cite of Idas,
And other thre of cite Iſmaras,
By diuers chancis put he al to ded.
Aleſus hym recontris in that ſted,
And all the barnage com from Aurunca,
That auld cite; and thame followys alſſua
To that melle the ſon of Neptunus,
That is to knaw, the worthy Meſapus,
Quhilk into horſman craft was maiſt expert.
Now preſys this ſyde, and now ȝonderwart,
To reill abak and to expell in fyght
Thar aduerſaris, and mak thame tak the flycht:
Thus by the coſt Auſonya that tyde
Hard wolx the batale apon athir ſyde.
As thocht ſum tyme amyd the large ayr
The contrar wyndys ſtryvys heir and thar,
With brethfull blaſtis in thar equale mychtis:
Nane lyſt obey tyll other, all ſa wight is;
Nowder thai amang thame ſelf, nor ȝit the clowdis,
Ne ȝit the rageand ſeys, quhilkis ſa lowd is;
So that the bargane lang ſtandis in dowt,
Quha ſalbe victor, and quha vnderlowt:
Sa forcyly remanys the elementis
Contrary otheris to thar awin ententis.
Nane other wys the Troiane hoſtis in feild,
And Latyn rowtis ȝokkit vnder ſcheild,

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Metys in the melle: jonyt ſammyn than
Thai fewtyr fut to fut, and man to man.

CAP. VII.

Quhou Pallas confortis his oſt of Archadye, Quhilkis gave the bak and tuke purpos to fle.

Bot quhen that Pallas at ane owtyr ſyde
Perſavyt hys Arcad army that tyde
In ſic a place had takyn land attanys,
Quhar as a burn had warpyt rowand ſtanys,
And buſkis with the brays down had bet,
That thai war in ſa hard myſcheif ourſet,
As men nocht vſyt forto go feght on fute,
And than, conſtrenyt, knew nane other buyt,
For ſcharpnes of that ſted, bot leif thar hors;
That weil perſauyt he how that on fors
Thai gave the bak, and ſchupe to tak the flycht,
The Latynys followand thame in all thar mycht:
Than, quhile with prayer, now with wordis ſowr,
Thar curage he enflambis to the ſtowr,
Quhilk maner havyng is ſuyth, as is the creid,
As vtir poynt remedy at ſik a neid.
My ferys, ſays he, quhidder do ȝe fle?
I ȝou beſeik, be ȝour gret renowne,
And be ȝour forcy dedis done of ald,
And by ȝour pryncis fame, Evander bald,

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And be the oftis and mony victorys
That ȝe in weir and batale wan feill fys,
And be my gude beleif and hoyp, that now
With haill confidens reftis fixt in ȝow,
As to atteyn onto my faderis glore,
To ondertak fik dedis done before;
Do nevir, for fchame, onto ȝour felf that lak,
To lyppyn in fpeid of fute and gyf the bak.
With fwerdys dynt behuffis ws, perfay,
Throw amyddis our ennemys red owr way.
Quhar ȝondir fop of men thikkis in a rowt,
Ȝondir is the paffage quhar we mofte wyn owt;
Ȝondir ȝour noble cuntre wyl ȝe pas;
Ȝon way to wend exhortis ȝour duke Pallas.
Heir is na power of dyvynyte,
Nor Goddis mycht gaynftandyng ws, quod he:
Nane other bargane haue we in thir fyghtis
Bot agane dedly and with mortale wightis:
Alfmony mortale bodeis heir haue we,
And als feill handis to debait the melle.
Behaldis, quhou the fey with obftakill gret
Incluſys ws, and at our bak can bet;
On land is left ws heir na place to fle:
Quhat! wald ȝe ryn to Troy owt throw the fee?
Thus faid he, and furthwith, or he wald ces,
Amyd hys fays ruſchit in the pres,
Quhar as the rowtis thikaft war in ftowr.
And firft of other, to hys fatale howr,
Hym metys Lagus, a Rutilyane;
Quham fyrft ourrollyt with a mekill ftane,

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Throw gyrd hys coſt ſyne with a caſtyng dart,
Perſyng hys rybbys throuch, at the ilk part
Quhar beyn the cupplyng of the ryg bone,
And the ilk ſchaft ſtak in hys cors onone.
Pallas it joggillit, and furth drew in hy:
Quham ane Hyſbon, ſtandand neir tharby,
Wenyt to have kawcht, bot the gryp he falyt;
For as onwar he ſtowpyt, and devalyt,
Wod wroth for wo of this myſchews ded
Of hys deir fallow, in the ilk ſted
Pallas hym keppyt ſyk wys on hys brand
That all the blaid, vp to the hylt and hand,
Amyd hys flaffand longis hyd has he,
On ſik maner that na man mycht it ſe.
Syne Pallas ſet apon Anchemolus,
And Sthenelus, that of the kyng Rhetus
Prynce of Marrubyanys, ancyent pepill, beyn;
The quhilk Anchemolus was that ilk, I weyn,
Defowlyt hys faderis bed inceſtuuſly,
And had forlayn hys awyn ſtepmoder by.
And ȝe alſſo, ſtowt gemel brether twa,
Childer and ſonnys onto hym Dawcya;
Tymber, I meyn, and thy brother Laryde,
Amyd the feild Rutiliane dyd abyde;
ȝe war ſa lyke in form and ſymylitude
Nane mycht decern betwix ȝou quhar ȝe ſtude;
Quhilk maner errour, or ſik myſknawyng,
To fader and mother is oft pleſand thyng,
Seand thar childer reſembill ane lyknes:
Bot at this tyme has Pallas, as I ges,

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Markyt ȝou ſwa with ſic rude differens,
That by hys keill ȝe may be knaw fra thens.
For ſwa ſtud with the, Tymber, thou art ded,
Evandrus ſwerd hes ſwepyt of thy hed;
And thy rycht arm of ſmyttyn, O Laryd,
Amyd the feild lyis the beſyde,
And half lyfles thi fyngyrris war ſterand,
Within thy neif doys gryp and faik the brand.
Than ſchame and dolour, mydlit baith ourane,
Baldis the pepill Arcad eueryane
To the bargane aganyſt thar ennemys,
For Pallas wordis maid thar curage rys,
And eik, for thai beheld befor thar eyn
Hys douchty dedis, thai hym love and meyn.
For Pallas than throw gyrd Rheteus the kyng,
As he on cace glaid by on char fleyng:
Na mair ſpace was of tary ne delay
That Ilus deth prolongit the ilk day;
For as agane the, Ilo, with fell feir
Pallas addreſſyt had a ſtalwart ſpeir,
Rhetheus ſtart in betwix, and cawch the dynt,
As he on cace was fleand fers as flynt
From thy handis, the maiſt forcy Teucras,
And thy brother Tyres, that by the was:
Ourweltis Retheus in ded thrawys atanys,
And with hys helys ſmayt the Rutilian planys,
Tumlyt from hys hie cart chargit quhar he ſat,
And on the grund rebundis with a ſquat.
And lyke as ſum tyme in the ſymmyris drowth,
Quhen wyndis ryſys of the north or ſowth,

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In ſeir placis the hyrd, at hys deſire,
Amang the ſcroggy rammell ſettis the fyre;
Wlcanus hoſtis of brym flambys red
Spredand on breid, vpbleſys euery ſted;
Than he that ſet the kyndillyng glaid and gay
Behaldis quhou that the low doys mak deray,
Bleſand and crakand with a nyce reuery:
Non other wys, the Archadanys in hy
All ſammyn ſocht in feild with all thar mycht,
And maid debait to help Pallas in fyght.
Bot tho Aleſus, keyn into batale,
Thame to recontyr etlys, and aſſaill,
And gan hym ſelf weil ſchrowd vnder his ſcheild;
Syne manfully ruſchit amyd the feild,
Quhar that he ſlew ane Ladon, and Pheres,
And Demodocus eftir in the pres:
As hym Strymonyus by the gorget grippyt,
With hys brycht brand hys rycht hand he of quhyppyt;
And Thoas ſyne ſa ſmayt apon the hed
With a gret ſtane, quhil mixt of blud all red
The harnys poplit furth on the brayn pan.
Thys ilk Aleſus fader, as witty man,
Forto eſchew hys ſonnys fatys ſtrang,
Hyd hym prevely the thik woddis amang:
Bot, fra the auld Aleſus lay to de,
And ȝeldis vp the breth with wawland E,
The fatale ſyſteris ſet to hand onon,
And can this ȝong Aleſus ſo diſpon,
That by Evandrus wapynnys, the ilk ſtownd,
He deſtinat was to caucht the dedis wond.

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Towart quham Pallas bownyt has ful ſone,
And in hys renk on this wys maid hys boyn:
Now grant, thou God and fader Tyberyne,
Gude chance and fortoun to this hed of myne
The quhilk I tays apon this caſtyng ſpeir,
That it may throw Aleſus body ſcheir;
And ȝon harnes, cote armour, and ſpulȝe brycht,
Quhilk now ſa weirly ſchynys on ȝon knycht,
Sall hyng apon ane ayk faſt by thi bra.
The God hys aſkyn hard, as he dyd pray:
For quhil Aleſus onaviſytly
Cled with hys ſcheild Imaonus, hym by,
That was to hym hys frend and fallow deir,
Hys breiſt ſtud nakyt, but armour or geir,
Quharin he Pallas dedly ſchaft reſſauyt.
Bot Lawſus, wilfull hys ſyde to haue ſavyt,
As he that was a gret part of the oſt,
And lyſt not ſuffir, with ſik feir na boſt,
Or ſlauchtir maid be Pallas and deray,
At his cumpanȝeis ſuld caucht mair affray,
Ruſchit in the melle; and firſt in hys teyn
Slew Abas, that gret bargane dyd ſuſtene.
The thikaſt ſop or rowt of all the pres,
Thar as maiſt tary was, or he wald ces,
Thys Laſus al to ſparpillyt and invadys:
Down bettyn war the barnage of Archadys;
Down bettyn eik war the Hethruryanys;
And ȝhe alſo, feil bodeis of Troianys,
That war not put by Grekis to vtyrrans.
Than all the oſtis ſemlyt with ſpeir and lans,

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The chiftanys all jonyt with hail poweris,
The hyndmaſt wardis ſwarmyt all yferis;
So thik in ſtaill all marryt wolx the rowt,
Oneys mycht ony turn hys hand abowt
To weild hys wapyn, or to ſchuyt a dart.
Full douchtely Pallas on the ta part
Inforcis hym to greif hys fays that tyde;
Lawſus reſiſtis on that othir ſyde.
Thar agis was not far indifferent,
And of maiſt ſemly ſtatur, quhar thai went,
Thai war excellent of bewte baith tway;
Bot ſo it ſtude, at fortoun, walloway!
Wald nother ſuffir to hys realm reſort.
And, netheles, to meyt ſammyn at ſchort,
As into feild to preif thar hardyment,
The governour of hevyn omnipotent
Lyſt na way thoill: for, belyve eftir this,
To athir of thame thar dedly fatys, I wys,
To ane far grettar aduerſar remanys,
As heir onon doys follow vnder anys.

CAP. VIII.

Quhou that fers Turnus has ȝong Pallas ſlane,
For quham hys folkis makis gret dolour and mayn.

Duryng this fervour of the bargane ſwa,
The haly nymphe, clepit Juturna,

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Hir brother Turnus dyd monys and exhort
To ſuccur Lawſus, and hys folk ſupport;
The quhilk Turnus, as in hys ſpedy char
The myd rowtis went ſloppand heir and thar,
Beheld hys ferys debatand with Pallas:
Lo, now is tyme to defiſt, and lat pas
All ſic bargane, quod he; ceſſis in hy;
For I will ſet on Pallas anerly;
Only to me, and to nane other wight,
The victory pertenys of ſik a knycht;
Glaidly I wald hys fader ſtude heirby,
This interprys to dereyn and aſpy.
Thus ſaid he, and hys feris at command
Voydit the feild, and all plane left the land.
Than ȝong Pallas, ſeand Rutylianys
Withdraw the feild ſa ſwith, and rovm the planys,
At the prowd byddyng of thar prynce and kyng,
Amervellit full gretly of this thing,
And farly can on Turnus to behald,
Our all hys buſtuus body, as he wald,
Rollyng hys eyn, and all hys corps in hy
With thrawyn luke on far begouth aſpy;
Syne movyng fordwart, with ſic wordis on hie,
To anſwer Turnus ſpeche, thus carpys he:
Owthir now, quod he, for ay be lovyt I ſall
Of rych kyngly ſpulȝe triumphall,
Quhilk heir I ſall rent from myne aduerſar,
Or than ſalbe renownyt evirmar
Of ane excellent end moiſt gloryus.
Do wa thy boſt and mannance maid to ws:

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For my fader, quhom thou deſyris beſyde,
Reputtis all elyke, quhou evir the chance betyde.
And ſayand thus, amyd the plane furth ſtartis:
The blude congelyt abowt Archadyane hartis.
Turnus down lepys from hys twa quhelit char,
And bownys faſt towartis his aduerſar.
Lyke as ane lyoun from the hillys hycht,
Amyd the valle had ſcharply gottin a ſycht
Of ſum prowd bull, with hys horn in the plane
Addreſſand hym reddy to mak bargane,
Cummys bradand on the beſt faſt in a lyng;
On ſiclyke wys was Turnus tocummyng:
And quhen that Pallas ſaw hym cum ſa neir
He mycht areke to hym a caſting ſpeir,
Formaſt he bownys to the jonyng place,
Gyf ſa betyd that fortoun, of hir grace,
Hys interprys for ſtowt ondertakyng
Wald help, or hym ſupport in ony thing,
As he that ȝong was, and of ſtrenth all owt
Na wys compeir to Turnus ſtern and ſtowt;
And to the gret Goddis in hevyn abone
Apon this maner prayand ſaid he ſone:
I the beſeik, thou myghty Hercules,
Be my faderis geſtnyng, and the ilk des
Quhar thou ſtrangear was reſſauyt to herbry,
Aſſiſt to me, cum in my help in hy,
To perform this excellent fyrſt journe;
That Turnus in the ded thraw may me ſe
Bereif fra hym hys bludy armour red,
And, ȝaldand vp the breth in the ilk ſted,

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Mot with hys eyn behald me hym befor
In hie tryumphe, with ourhand as victor.
Gret Hercules the ȝong man hard onon,
And from the boddum of hys hart can gron,
Hydand hys ſmert for rewth of Pallas ȝyng,
Seand the fatys wald haue hys endyng;
And for ennoy ſalt terys, all in vayn,
Furth ȝettyng our hys chekis thyk as rayn.
Tho Jupiter, hys curage to aſtabill,
Thus to hys ſon ſpak wordys amyabill.
Tyll euery mortale wofull wight, perfay,
Determyt ſtandis the fixit lattir day;
Ane ſchort and onrecoverabill term is ſet
Of lyfe, quhen all moſt neydlyngis pay that det:
Bot, to prolong thar fame by nobill dedis,
Fra vertuus wark that cumys and procedis.
Quhou mony ſonnys and deir childryn, ſaid he,
Of goddis kyn, vnder Troy wallys hie
War done to ded, and brytnyt blude and bone!
So that amangis all otheris Sarpedon,
My tendir get, my kyn, and blude, lyis ſlane.
Forſuyth alſo, I ſay the into plane,
The fynale fayt awatis Turnus in feild,
The dait and methis approchis of hys eild.
On this wys ſpak gret Jove to Hercules;
And, with that word, hys eyn towart the pres
On the Rutilian feild addreſſis he.
And, the ilk ſtownd, ȝong Pallas lattis fle
With mekill fors at Turnus a gret ſpeir,
And ſyne onon hys brycht brand burnyſt cleir

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Hyntis furth of the ſcheith to mak debait.
The ſchaft flaw towart Turnus, and hym ſmait
Apon the ſchulder, abuf the gardis hie
That ryſys vmaſt tharvpon we ſe,
And throw the bordour of the ſcheild ſwa perſyt,
Quhill fynaly in ſum deill it traverſyt,
And hurt a part of Turnus byg body.
Than Turnus ſmyttyn, full of felony,
A buſtuus lance with grundyn hed ful kene,
That lang quhile tayſyt he in proper teyn,
Leyt gyrd at Pallas, and thus wys ſaid he:
Conſider ȝoungkeir, gyf our lancis be,
Bettir of tempyr and mair penytratyve.
And, with the word, the ſchaft flaw furth belyve,
So that the ſcharp poynt of the brangland ſpeir
Throw owt amyddis of the ſcheild can ſcheir,
Perſand ſa mony platis of irne and ſteill,
And ſa feill plyis of bull hydis ilk deill,
All ſammyn cowchit in hys target ſtrang,
The buſtuus ſtrake throw all hys armour thrang,
That ſtyntit na thing at the fyne hawbryk,
Quhil throu the coſt thyrlyt the dedly pryk.
Pallas, nocht ſchrynkand for the mortale dynt,
Invane the hait ſchaft of hys wond hes hynt;
For al togidder by the ſammyn way
The blude and ſawle paſſys hyne bath tway.
Apon hys wond onon he ruſchis down:
Abuf hym rang hys harnes with a ſovn:
And that onfrendly erth inimycall,
That in hys deth he ſuld not ſcryk nor call,

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As was the gys, with bludy mowth bait he.
Turnus, abufe hym ſtandand, carpys on hie:
O ȝhe pepill of Arcaid, takis tent,
And my wordis do rehers and preſent
To kyng Evander, ſayand hym playnly,
That hys ſon Pallas to hym ſend haue I
In ſik array as that he hes deſervyt;
And, of my gentrys, wil he be preſervit
To all eſtait and honour funerall,
With all ſolace pertenyng beryall
Of tumbe and of entyrment, as efferis.
Na lytill thyng, perfay, into thir weris
Hes hym bycoſt the frendſchip of Ene.
And, ſayand thus, with hys left fut hes he
Pallas ded corps ourwelt, or euer he ſtent,
And ſyne abowt hys ſydis ſone has rent
Hys goldyn gyrdill, paſand a gret deill,
Quharin was gravin craftely and weill
Of Danavs douchteris the iniquyte,
Quhou that the fyfty ȝong men, ſchame to ſe,
War fowlly murthuryt on the firſt nycht,
As thai war ſpowſyt to thar ladeis brycht;
The chalmeris portyrit war byſprent with blude:
Quhilk hiſtoreis Eurition, warkman gude,
Had carvyt weill and wrocht full craftely
In weighty platis of the gold maſſy;
Of quhais ſpulȝe now is Turnus glaid,
Joyfull and blyth that he it conqueſt had.
O mannis mynd, ſo ignorant at all
Of thingis tocum and chancis quhilkis may fall!

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Vpheit ſone in blynd proſperyte,
Can not be war, nor myſſour hald with the!
The tyme ſall cum quhen Turnus ſall, perfay,
Hait and wary this ſpulȝe and this day,
Deſyrand he mycht by for mekill thing
That he had nevir twichit Pallas ȝyng.
Abowt the corps aſſemblit tho his feris,
With mekill murnyng and huge plente of terys;
Apon a ſcheild Pallas body thai laid,
And bair hym of the feild, and thus thai ſaid:
O Pallas, quhou gret dolour and wirſchyp
To thy fader, and all hys falloſchip,
Sall thou rendir and bryng hame, ſaid thai:
This was to the in weyrfar the firſt day,
Quhilk firſt in bataill dreſſyt the to go;
The ilk for ay has the bereft tharfro!
And, not the les, thy ſwerd leiffis in the planys
Gret hepys ded of the Rutilianys.

CAP. IX.

The rich Magus na ranſon mycht reſkew,
And preiſt Hemonydes, baith Eneas ſlew.

Tho nane incertane rumour nor demyng,
Bot ſovyr boydword cam thar, and warnyng,
Ontill Eneas of this gret myſchance,
Schawand quhou that his folkis ſtud in ballance,

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As bot in litill diſtans all from ded;
The tyme requiryt forto ſet remeid,
And ſuccur Troianys quhilkis had tane the flycht.
Than, as wod lyon, ruſchit he in the fight,
And all quham he arekis nerreſt hand
Without reſkew dovn mawis with his brand;
The bytand blaid abowt hym inveroum
Amyd the rowtis reddis large rovm.
Enragit and inflambit thus in ire
Throw owt the oſtis Turnus, that prowd ſyre,
Quhilk had this new flauchtir maid, ſocht he:
Ay prentand in hys mynd befor hys E
The gudly Pallas, was ſa ſtowt and ȝyng,
And the gret gentryce of Evander kyng;
The cheir and feſt hym maid bot a ſtranger;
Per ordour all thing, quhou and quhat maner
He was reſſauyt, and tretit thankfully;
Syne of hys band of frendſchip and ally
With athis ſworn and interchangit handis,
Remembryng tho his promys and cunnandis.
Amovit in this heit, or euer he ſtynt,
Four ȝong men quyk he hes in handis hynt,
That born was of the cite hecht Sulmon;
Alſmony ſyne he takyn has onon
Bred and vpbrocht beſyde the flude Vfens,
Quham that he etlys forto ſend from thens
To Pallas lykewalkis and obſequeis,
To ſtrow his funeral fyre of byrnand treis,
As was the gys, with blude of preſoneris,
Eftir the ald rytis into mortale weris.

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Syne hynt Eneas a perellus lance in hand,
And it addreſſis far furth on the land
To ane Magus, that ſubtell was and ſle,
And jowkit in vnder the ſpeir has he;
The ſchaft ſchakand flaw furth abufe hys hede;
And he Eneas in that ſamyn fled
Abowt the kneis grippyt humylly,
With petuus voce ſyne thus begouth to cry:
Be thy deir faderys goft I the beſeik,
And be that gude beleif quhilk thou has eik
Of Aſcanyvs vpryſyng to eſtait,
Thys filly ſawle of myne, ſa faynt and mayt,
Thow ſalf to my a ſon and fader deir.
I haue a hows, rych, full of mobillis ſeir,
Quharin bedelvyn lyis a gret talent,
Or charge of fyne ſiluer, in veſchell quent
Forgyt and punſyt wonder craftely;
Ane huge weght of fynaſt gold tharby,
Oncunzeit zit, ne nevir put in wark:
Sa thou me ſalf, thy pyſſans is ſo ſtark,
The Troianys glory nor thar victory
Sal na thyng change nor dymynew tharby,
Nor a puyr ſawle, thus hyngand in ballance,
May ſik diuiſioun mak nor diſcrepans.
Thus ſaid this filly Magus, all invane.
Quhamtill Eneas anſweris thus agane:
Sa mony talentis of fyne ſiluyr and gold,
Quhilkis thou reherſand heir befor hes told,
Do kepe onto thy ſmall childyr and ayris;
Lat thame bruke weill, I conſent it be tharis.

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All interchange and ranſonyng, perfay,
In this batale Turnus hes done away,
Now laitly ſlayand ȝong Pallas, allace!
That rewthfull harm, and that myſchews cace,
Felys baith Aſcanyus and my faderis goſt,
For thai na litill thyng tharby hes loſt.
Thus ſayand, by the helm hym grippys he
With hys left hand, and faſt as he mycht dre
Writh down hys nek, quharin, but mair abaid,
Hys bludy brand vp to the hyltis ſlaid.
Not far thens ſtude Hemonydes allane,
Preſt onto Phebus and the thrynfald Dyane,
On quhais hed wympillit holy garlandis
With thar pendentis lyke to a mytyr ſtandis,
Hys habyt as the ſcheyn ſon lemand lycht,
And all hys armour quhite and burnyſt brycht;
Quham Eneas aſſalyt myghtyly,
And gan do chays owt throw the feld in hy,
That fleand ſtummyrryt and to grond went ſone:
The Troiane prynce down lowtis hym abone,
And with hys brand hym brytnys at devys,
In maner of ane offerand ſacryfys.
The large ſchaddow of Eneas in feild
Dyd haill the ded corps of this preiſt ourheld.
Sereſtus ſortis vp hys armour gay,
And on hys ſchuldris careit hes away,
To hyng as trophe or ſyng victoriall
Tyll Mars the God, quhilk Gradyus is call.

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CAP. X.

Quhat douchty chiftanys of the Latyn land
That day Eneas kyllit with hys hand.

Ceculus, diſcendit of Wlcanus blude,
And Vmbro eyk, the ſtalwart chiftane rude,
That cum was fra the montanys Marſyane,
The bargane ſtuffis, relevand in agane.
Bot Eneas, diſcend from Dardanus,
Ganſtandis thame, ful brym and furyus,
And onto ane, hecht Anxurus, in the feild
Of ſtrak the left arm all dovn with the ſcheld;
Quhilk had maid ſum gret vant, ſpekand prowdly,
Wenyng that in hys ſawys by and by
Thar had bene gret effect and hardyment,
As thocht he wald extoll in hys entent
Hys manhed to the hevyn and ſtarnys hie,
And promys to hym ſelf, for hys bonte,
Agit cannos hayr and lang proces of ȝeris:
Lo, now he lyggis law, for all hys feris!
Syne baldly with glaid curage, as I ges,
Agane Eneas can Tarquytus dres,
In ſchynand armour wonder prowd and gay,
Of Dryope born, the nymphe or ſchene may,
To Fawnus wonnyng in the woddis greyn;
And, to recontyr Ene inflambyt in teyn,
Keſt hym ſelvyn: bot the tother, but feir,
Buyr at hym mychtyly with a lang ſpeir

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Throw owt hys ſcheild of pays and hawbrik fyne,
That to the grond gan dovn hys hed declyne;
All thocht he than full humylly hym beſocht,
And ſchupe to ſay mekill, all was for nocht.
Hys pallat in the duſt bedowyn ſtude,
And the body baithit in the hait blude
Ene ourweltis, ſayand thir wordis withall,
With trublit breiſt and mynd inimicall:
Now ly thow thar, that wenyt the ſo wight
That thou was feirfull ontill euery wight.
Thy beſt belovyt mother ſall the not haue
To erd, as cuſtum is, nor delf in grave,
Na do thy bonys honour with ſik cuyr
As thame to lay in ſadyrris ſepultur;
Bot ſalbe left to the wild beſtis fuyd,
Or than the ſpait watir of this flude
Sal bair the in the deip, and thar on raw
With empty throtis ſal thy banys gnaw
Thir ſey monſtreys in thar wod rage,
And lape thy blude thar hungar to aſſwage.
Syne, but delay, Antheus and Lycas,
Quhilkis that of Turnus firſt ward ledaris was,
Perſewys he, and alſo Numa bold,
And Camerthes, brycht ſchynand all of gold,
Son of the manly Volſcens capitan;
In all the fertill grond Auſonyane
The richaſt man, and kyng was this Volſcens
Of Amyclys the cite of ſilens.
And lyke as Egeon, the kyng of gyandis,
Quhilk had, thai ſay, ane hundreth armys and handys,

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And fyfty mowthys, of quham the fyre dyd ſchyne,
As he into the batale gigantyne
Incontrar Jovis thundir and fyre flaucht
With alſmony ſcharp drawyn ſwerdis fawght,
Clatterand in bargane with ſamony ſcheildis:
The ſammyn wys, enragent throw the feildis
Went Eneas, as victor with ourhand,
Fra tyme that anys bedyit hys burnyſt brand
And wet he had in hait Rutiliane blude.
So that alſſo, in this ilk fury wod,
He draif at Nypheus amyd the breſte bane,
Set in hys fourquhelit chariot allane:
Bot fra the hors on far dyd hym aſpy
Sa grym of cheir ſtalkand ſa buſtuuſly,
For feir thai ſtart abak, and furth can ſwak
The duke Nypheus wyd oppyn on hys bak,
And brak away with the cart to the ſchor,
With ſtendis feill and mony bray and ſnor.
The ſelf ſtound, amyd the pres fut hoyt
Lucagus entyris in hys chariote,
With quhyte hors drawyng wonder luſtely,
Hys brother Lyger ſittand neir hym by;
Thys Lyger led the rengeis with hys hand,
Bot bald Lucagus ſwakkis a burnyſt brand.
Eneas mycht nocht ſuffir nor ſuſtene
Of thame ſic fervour in thar felloun teyn,
Bot ruſchit furth, and with a gret ſpeir
Forganyſt thame can into ſycht appeir;
Quhamto this Liger carpys apon he:
Thou ſeys nocht Dyomedis ſtedis heir, ſaid he,

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Nor ȝit Achillis char perſavis draw,
Thooht athir venquyſt the in feild, we knaw;
Nor ȝit the Troiane planys behaldis thou:
The end of thyne age and of bargane now
Salbe maid in thir landis on this grond.
Sic wordis vayn and onſemly of ſovnd
Furth warpys wyde this Lyger fulychly:
Bot the Troian barroun onabaſitly
Na wordis preſſis to rendir hym agane,
Bot at hys fa leyt fle a dart or flayn,
That hyt Lucagus; quhilk, fra he felt the dynt,
The ſchaft hyngand into hys ſcheild, but ſtynt
Bad dryf hys hors and char al fordwart ſtrecht,
As he that hym addreſſit to the fecht,
And ſtrekit furth hys left fut in hys char:
Bot ſone Eneas ſpeir was reddy thar,
Beneth hys ſchynand ſcheild reverſyt law,
So that the grondyn hed the ilk thraw
At hys left flank or leiſk perſyt tyte,
Quhill clar owt our the charyot is he ſmyte,
And on the grond weltis in the ded thrawys.
Quham on this wys with ſowr wordis and ſawys
The petuus Eneas begouth to chyd:
Lucagus, ſaid he, forſuyth as at this tyde
Na ſla curs of thy horſſys onweldy
Thy cart has rendryt to thyne ennemy,
Nor ȝit na vayn wrathys nor gaiſtis quent
Thi char conſtrenyt bakwart forto went,
And malgre thyne withdraw thi fays gryppys;
Bot lo now, of thy fre will, as thou ſkyppys

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Owtour the quhelys of thy cart, God wait,
Levand the renys and hors all deſolat.
Thys beand ſaid, the horſis renys he hynt.
The tothir fey brother, or evyr he ſtynt,
Lap fra the cart, and kneland petuuſly,
Vphevand hys bayr handis, thus dyd cry:
O Troiane prynce, I lawly the beſeik,
Be thyne awyn vertues and thy thewys meyk,
And be thy parentis maiſt of renowne,
That ſik a child engendryt hes as the,
Thow ſpair this wofull ſylly ſawle at leſt,
Haue rewth of me, and admyt my requeſt.
With wordis feill as he thus can requer,
Ene at laſt on this wys maid anſwer:
Syk ſawys war langer furth of thy mynd.
Sterve the behuffis, les than thou war onkynd
As for to leif thy broder deſolait
All hym allane, na follow the ſam gait.
And tharwithall the hyrnys of hys goſt
He rypyt with the ſwerd amyd hys coſt,
So tyll hys hart ſtoundis the pryk of deth:
He weltis our, and ȝaldis vp the breth.
Thys Dardane prynce as victor thus in weir
Sa mony douchty corpſis brocht on beir,
Amyd the planys reddand large gait,
As doys a rowtand ryver red on ſpait;
That for hys dyntis wolx hys fays agaſt,
As for the feirfull drumly thundris blaſt.
Quhil fynaly Aſcanyus the ȝyng page,
And the remanent of Troian barnage,

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Quhilk war, as ſaid is, beſegyt invane,
Thar ſtrenth hes left, and takyn hes the plane.

CAP. XI.

Juno rycht quaynthy cauſys Turnus to fle,
Ane ſenzeit figour perſewand of Ene.

The ilk ſtound, of hys awyn fre volunte,
Jove callys Juno, and thus carpys he:
O thou my ſyſtir german and my feir,
My beſt beluffyt ſpows, moſt leif and deir,
Thyne opynyon has not diſſauyt the,
As thou belevyt: now may thou not ſe
Quhou Venus doys ſufteyn and fortyfy
The Troiane rowtis and pyſſans by and by?
Nane actyve handis, nor ſtowt myndis, I weyn,
Nor bodeys reddy all perrellys to ſuſtene,
Haue thai, thou may ſe be experiens.
Quhamto Juno, with humyl reverens,
Anſweryt; my ſweit and maſt gudly huſband,
Quharto lyſt the renew my ſorow at hand,
As cayrfull wight, that lykis nocht ſic bourdis?
All efferd of thy fatal dreidfull wordis
I am beſtad: bot war I now, I weyn,
Als ſtrangly belovyt as I ſum tyme haue bene;
Thocht zit, God wait, accordyt ſo tobe
Baith to myne honour and thy dignyte;

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I ſay, war I beluffyt as I was ayr,
Thou Jove almyghty ryngand euermar
Suld not deny me ſa ſobyr a thyng,
Bot at I mycht withdraw, at my lykyng,
Furth of the feild Turnus, and hym ſave
Onto hys fader Dawnus, that our the lave
Belovyt hym, as rayſoun wald, quod ſche.
Now ſall he peryſch, and now ſal he de,
And ſched hys gentyll blude ſa pacient,
In grews panys be Troianys tort and rent:
And netheles hys kyn origynall
Is renownyt of godly ſtok ryall,
Diſcendit of our ſeid and hevynly clan,
Fra God Pylumnus to rekkyn the ferd man;
And eik, thou wait, full oft with large hand,
With mony oyſtis, and ryght fair offerand,
Thy templys and thyne altaris chargit has he,
In wirſchyp of thy myghty maieſte.
The ſouerane kyng of hevyn etherial
In few wordis maid anſwer thus at all:
Gif thow aſkis a reſput or delay,
Bot for a tyme, or tyll a certane day,
Of thys evident deth of Turnus ȝyng,
Deſyrand I ſuld grant the ſik a thyng,
All thocht he mortale be rycht ſone we knaw;
I leif the to remove hym and withdraw,
And from this inſtant perrellus hard fayt
Steill hym away, and gyde hym by the gait:
For ſo lang ſpace ȝyt reſtis at will of me
To lenth hys lyfe, quhilk I the grant, quod he.

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Bot gif ſa beys, that vndre thy requeſt
Mair hie pardon lurkis, I wald thou ceſt:
For gif thou wenys that all the victory
Of the batale, and chancis by and by,
May be reducyt and alterat clar agane,
A myſbyleve thou fofteris all invane.
To quham Juno on this wys ſaid wepyng:
Quhat harm mycht fall, thocht be ſum takyn or ſyng
Thow ſchew thy mynd, and grantit that, quod ſche,
Quhilk be thy wordis of fatale deſtane
Now grunſchis thou to geif or to conceid?
That is to ſa, quhat fors, thocht thou in deid
Waldyſt appreif and ratyfy agane
That Turnus lyfe a lang tyme ſuld remane?
Bot now approchis to that innocent knycht
A feirfull end; he ſal to ded be dicht,
Or than my ſawys ar voyd of veryte.
And O, wald God, at rather ſa ſuld be
That I diſſavyt war bot with fals dreid,
And at thou liſt, as thou has mycht in deid,
Thy fatale promys and thy ſtatutis ſtrange
In bettir purpos to tranſlait and change!
Fra ſcho thir wordis had ſaid, the ilk tyde
Dovn from the hevyn ſcho leyt hir ſelvyn ſlyde,
Befor hyr dryvand a tempeſtuus wynd,
And all abowt, befor and eik behynd,
Within a clowd of myſt circulyt cleyn:
So throw the air bownyt furth this queyn
Towart the Troiane hoſtis in the planys,
And to the tentis ſocht of Lawrentanys.

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Thys Goddes than furth of ane boys clowd
In lyknes of Ene dyd ſchaip and ſchrewd
A voyd figur, but ſtrenth or curage bald,
The quhilk wondyrus monſtre to behald
With Troiane wapynnys and armour grathis ſche,
With ſcheild, and helm, and tymbret ſet on hie,
Be ſemlant lyke Eneas godlyhed;
And tharto ekis ſcho in euery ſted
Quent fengeit wordis, fant and contyrfait,
With voce, but mynd, or ony other conſait;
And fengeis eik hys concernans and pacis;
Syklyke as that, thai ſay, in diuers placis
The wraithis walkis of goiſtis that ar ded,
Or as the ſlepy dremys, fra ſted to ſted
Fleand in ſwevyn, makis illuſionys,
Quhen mennys myndis oft in dravillyng gronys:
And all befor the forfront of the feild
Richt haltandly, as curageus vnder ſcheild,
Muſturis this ymage, that with dartis keyn
Aggrevyt Turnus, and dyd hym chyde in teyn,
Prouocand hym to bargane and tyl ire.
And Turnus tho als hoyt as any fyre
Thys figur dyd invaid, and tharat he
In gret diſpyte a quhirrand dart leyt fle:
Bot this ilk ſchaddo, as ſum deill addred,
Turnyt abowt, and gaif the bak and fled.
Then Turnus, wenand Ene had tane the flycht,
And al awondryt of that ſelcouth ſyght,
Within hys mynd a vayn comfort kawch he,
And cryis lowd; quhidder fleys thou now, Ene?

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Leif nevir, for ſchame, thus diſſolait and waiſt
Thy new allyans promyſt the in haiſt,
Of Lavynya the ſpouſyng chalmyr at hand,
And all this ilk regioun and this land,
Quhilk thou ſa far has ſocht owt our the ſe:
My rycht hand ſal the ſayſyng geif, quod he.
With ſik wordis he ſchowtand dyd perſew,
And ay the glymmyrand brand baith ſchuke and ſchew,
Na thyng perſavand quhou this myrth and blys
Away quyte with the wynd bewavit is.
On cace thar ſtude a mekill ſchip that tyde,
Hyr wayl jonyt til a ſchor rokis ſyde,
With plankis and with bryggis layd on land,
The entre reddy grathit weill thai fand;
In the quhilk ſchip Oſynyus kyng, I wys,
Come laitly from the cite of Cluſys.
Thydder went this wrath or ſchaddo of Ene,
That ſemyt, all abaſyt, faſt to fle,
And hyd hyr dern vndre hychis tharin.
Na ſlawar Turnus haſtis hym to ryn,
That but delay he ſpedis to this ſchyp,
Ran owr the bryg, and inwith burd can ſkyp;
And ſcars was entrit in the forcaſtell,
Quhen Saturnus douchter ſaw hir tyme befell:
Than ſoyn the cabyll in ſondir ſmytis ſche,
And fra the ſchor draif the ſchip throu the ſee.
Bot Turnus abſent thus that ſammyn howr
Eneas ſeyrſſys throw amyd the ſtowr,
And in hys renk quham euer he met lay ded;
Full mony a man he kyllit in that ſted.

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And tharwithall hys lycht and ſengeit goſt,
Fra tyme the ſchip was chargyt fra the coſt,
No langar ſekis hyrnys hir to hyde,
Bot flaw vp in the ayr the ſammyn tyde,
And al diſſoluyt into a dyrk clowd.
The meyn ſeſſon, can fors of wyndis lowd
Turnus far furth amyd the deip ſey dryve:
He dyd behald abowt hym tho belyve,
All ignorant quhat wys this chance was wrocht,
And of hys lyfe ſalvyng na thyng he rocht;
With handis junct vphevit towart hevin,
Syk wordis he furth braid with drery ſtevyn:
Almychty fader of the hevynnys hie,
Has thou me reput on ſic wys tobe
Confuſyt in this ſchame for myn offens?
And will I ſuffyr ſyk torment and pennans?
Quhidder am I dryue, and from quhens am I cumyn?
Quhat maner eſchewyng or fleyng haue I nummyn?
In quhat eſtait ſall I return agane?
Sall I evir ſe the wallys Lawrentane,
Or evir eft my tentis ſall I ſe?
Quhat may ȝon oſt of men now ſay of me,
Quhilkis my querrell and me followit to feild,
Quham now, allace! lo, fechtand vnder ſcheild
Ȝondir, ſchame to ſay the harm, ſa wikkytly
Reddy to myſchews deth beleft haue I?
Lo, I behald thame fleand paill and wan,
And heris the granyng of mony douchty man
In my defalt falland fey to grond.
Quhat ſal I do? allace the wofull ſtond!

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Or quhilk land, thocht a thouſand tymys I ſtervit,
May ſwelly me ſa deip as I haue ſervyt?
Bot, O ȝe wyndis, rather haue mercy,
On rowkis and on craggis by and by
Do ſwak this ſchyp, ſen heir na erth I ſe,
And haue of wrachit Turnus ſum pyete,
Quhilk of hys fre will, ſtad in this maner,
Beſekis ȝow with all hartly prayer;
Do warp my body on the ſchaldis onkend,
Far furth on Syrtys at the warldis end,
Quhar Rutilyanys me nevir fynd agane,
Sa that na fame nor rumour may remane
Eftir my deth of this ſchaymfull treſpas.
And, ſayand thus, in mynd dyd he cumpas
Full mony chancis rolland to and fro,
Quhidder gif he ſuld, for proper lak and wo,
Into this fury ſmyte hym with hys brand,
And thryſt the bludy blaid in with hys hand
Throw owt hys rybbys, and ſched his hart blude;
Or than to ſwak hym ſelf amyd the flude,
Swymmand to ſeik the nerreſt coſtis bay,
In feild agane the Troianys to aſſay.
Athir way till aſſay thrys preſyt hes he:
And thrys hym ſtyntis Juno, queyn maſt hie,
Havand compaſſioun of this ȝong man bald,
And can aſſwage hys mynd, and hand withhald.
Furth held the ſchip, ſlydand owt our the ſludis,
With proſper wynd and followand tyde ſa gude is,
Quhill he is careit ſuyrly throw the ſee
Tyll Ardea, hys faderis auld cite.

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CAP. XII.

In Turnus ſted Mezentius dyd ſucceid,
Killyt doun his fays, and ſpulzeit of thar weid.

Durand this quhile, in fatis marciall,
Mezentyus movyt with ardour bellycall,
Be inſtigatioun of Jove in that neid,
Can to the batale in hys place ſucceid;
And the Troianys to invaid na thing ſparis,
That ſemyt prowd as all the feild war tharis.
Than ſammyn to recontyr hym atanys
Semlyt haill oftis of Hethrurianys,
And all aſſailzeit Mezentius allone;
Aganyſt a man thai rowtys euery one,
Inflambyt all in malyce, maid perſutys,
And thik as haill ſchour at hym ſchaftis ſchutis.
Bot he, lyke to a ferm rowk, quhilk we ſe
Strekyt on lenth amyd the large ſee,
Sytuat aganys the rageand wyndis blaſt,
And brym wallys boldynnand wondyr faſt,
From all that violens doys hym ſelf defend,
And haill the fors ſuſtenys to the end
Baith of the hevynnys and byr of ſeys rage,
Remanand onremovyt ferm in hys ſtage:
Als ſtern ſtandis Mezentius in that ſtound.
And firſt he hes fellit and laid to the grond
Hebrus, the ſon of ane Dolycaon,
And hym beſyde Latagus ſlew onon,

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And Palmus eik, accuſtumat to fle:
Bot with a ſtane Latagus brytnyt he
Quhilk of a montane ſemyt a gret nuke,
With quham hym on the viſſage he ourtuke;
And Palmus howgh ſennonys ſmait in tway
Maid hym ſa ſlaw he mycht nocht fle away;
Thar armour ſyne to Lawſus gevyn hes he
To weir on hys ſchuldris, and crovn on hie
Thar creiſtis ſet, the quhilk ſa rychly ſchane.
He ſlew alſo Evantes a Troiane,
And Mynas ſyne he kyllys in the feild,
Quhilum to Parys compangeoun and evin eild;
Quham on a nycht Theana, gude and fair,
To hys fader Amycus in Troy bair,
Quhen Heccuba, douchter of Ciſſeus,
Dremyt ſcho was gret, the ſtory tellis thus,
With a fyre broynd, and the ſelf ſamyn nycht
Was delyver of Parys, the fey knycht,
Quhilk in hys natyve cite maid hys end:
Bot thir feildis Lawrentan ombekend
Withhaldis now the body of Mynas:
So brym in ſtowr that ſtond Mezentyus was.
Lyke to the ſtrenthy ſangler, or the bore,
Quham hundis queſt with mony quhryne and rore
Down dryvyng from the hightis maid diſcend,
Quhilk mony wyntyr tofor had hym defend
In Veſulus, the cauld montane hie,
That is ourheldyt with mony fyr tre;
Or than the buſtuus ſwyne weil fed, that bredis
Amang the buſkis rank of ryſpe and redis,

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Beſyde the layk of Lawrens, mony ȝheris,
Quhen that he is betrappyt fra his feris
Amyd the huntyng ralys and the nettis,
Standis at the bay, and vp hys byrſys ſettis,
Graſland hys tuſkis with aſtern fyry eyn,
With ſpaldis hard and harſk awfull and teyn,
That nane of all the huntmen thar preſent
Hym to engreif has ſtrenth or hardyment,
Nor dar approchyng within hys byt neir,
Bot ſtandand far on dreich with dart and ſpeir,
Aſſoverit of hys reik, the beſte aſſays,
With felloun ſchowtis, buſtuus cryis, and brays.
Nane other wys ſtud all the Tuſcane rowt
This ſtalwart knycht Mezentius abowt;
And, thocht thai juſt caws had of wreth and feyd,
Thar was nane of thame durſt hym put to ded,
Nor curage had with drawyn ſwerd in hand
Hym till aſſaill, nor mach apon the land;
Bot with takillis and caſtyn dartis on far
Thai warp at hym, bot durſt not ane cum nar,
And with huge clamour hym infeſtis that tyde;
He, onabaſyt, abowt on euery ſyde
Behaldis, gyrnand full of proper teyn,
And with hys ſcheild choppyt by ſchaftis bedene.
Furth of the ancyent boundis of Coryt tho
Was cum a Greik, quhilk clepyt was Acro,
That fugityve into his luſty heyt
Had left hys ſpowſal trewth plicht oncompleit:
Quham as Mezentius ſaw amyd the rowt
Hym grevand ſoir, as weriour ſtern and ſtowt,

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And ſaw the pleſand plomys ſet on hycht
Of hys tymrell, and eik the purpour brycht,
Quhilk of his trewthplycht lufe he bair in ſyng;
Than, lyke a hungry lyon rumyſyng,
Conſtrenyt by hys rageand empty maw,
The beiſtis dennys circuland all on raw,
Gif he on cace aſpys a ſwyft ra,
Or the ȝyng hart with ſpryngand tyndis twa,
Joyful he bradis tharon diſpytuuſly,
With gapand gowle, and vpraſys in hy
The lokkyrris lyand in his nek rowght,
And all the beſtis bowellis thrymlys throwght,
Hurkylland tharon, quhar he remanyt and ſtude,
Hys gredy gammys bedyis with the red blude:
On the ſammyn wys, Mezentius rycht baldly
Mydwart hys fays rowt ruſchit in hy;
Down ſmytis fey Acron amyd the oſt,
That in the ded thraw, ȝaldand vp the goſt,
Smate with hys helys the grond in maltalent,
And brokkyn ſchaftis with hys blude byſprent.
This ilk Mezentius eik dedenȝeit nocht
To ſla Orodes, quhilk than was onflocht,
That is to knaw, quhill frawart hym he went,
And reput na wys, as by hys entent,
Syk ane fleand to wond into the bak,
Onawarnyſt, quhen he na defens mycht mak,
Bot ran abowt and met hym in hys rays;
Than athir man aſſemblit face for face:
Orodes mair of prattik was all owt,
Bot the tother in dedis of armys mair ſtowt,

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That to the erth ourthrawyn he hes his feir,
And, poſſand at hym with hys ſtalwart ſpeir,
Apon hym ſet hys fut, and thus he ſaid:
O now my feris, beys blyth and glaid;
Lo, a gret party of this weir, but les,
Heir lyis at erd, the douchty Orodes.
Hys feris ſammyn raſyt vp a cry,
With joyus ſound in ſyng of victory,
And blew the prys triumphall for his deth:
Bot this Orodes, ȝaldand vp the breth,
Onto Mezentyus carpys thus on hie:
Me onrevengit, thou ſal nocht victour be,
For weill I wait that ſone I ſalbe wrokyn,
Na, for all thy prowd wordis thou has ſpokkyn,
Thou ſall nocht lang endur into ſik joy;
Bot ſiclyke chancis and ſemblant ennoy
Abydis the, thocht thou be nevir ſa bald,
Thys ſammyn feild ſall thy ded corps withhald.
To quham Mezentius ſmyland ſaid in teyn;
Thou ſall de firſt, quhat evyr to me forſeyn
Or previdyt has myghty Jove, quod he,
Quham fader of Goddis and kyng of men cleip we.
And ſayand thus, the ſchaft the ilk thraw
Furth of hys wond and body dyd he draw.
Tho Orodes the hard reſt doith oppres,
The cauld and irny ſlepe of dethys ſtres,
And vp the breth he ȝald onon rycht
With eyn cloſyt in evir leſtand nycht.
Cedicus al totrynſchit Alcathous,
And Sacrator to grund laid Hydaſpus;

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Rapo, ane Arcaid, has Parthenyus ſlane,
And Orſes, wondir byg of blude and bane;
And Meſapus kyllyt the ſtowt Clonyvs,
And Erycates with Lychaonyus;
The formaſt lyggand at the erd he ouvraucht,
That by hys hedſtrang hors a fall had caught,
And Lychaonyus eik, a fut man, he
Lyghtit on fut and ſlew in the melle.
Aganys hym than went a man of Arge,
Hait Lycyus, bodyn with ſpeir and targe;
Bot by the way Valerus, gude in nedis,
Nocht inexpert in douchty eldris dedis,
Recontryt hym, and put hym to the ded:
Salyus a Troiane in that ſammyn ſted
Atronyus ſlew; and Nealces, expert
To ſchut the ſleand arrow or caſtyng dart,
Quhilk invadis a man or he be war,
Slew Salyus with ſchot, beand on far.

CAP. XIII.

Quhou Eneas the ȝong Lawſus has ſlane,
Quhilk fred his fader hurt in the bargane.

Thus awfull Mars equaly with hys brand
The ſorow raſyt apon athir hand:
Huge ſlauchter maid was and ſeir woundis wyd,
Thai kyll and ar bet down on euery ſyde,

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That ſammyn in the feild thai fall infeir,
Baith the victouris, and thai that venquyſt weir,
And nother party wiſt, nother he nor he,
To ſalf hym ſelf quhar away to fle:
So that the Goddis in Jovys hevynly hald
Had compaſſioun and rewth for to behald
The wroith and ire of athir in the fightis,
That ſik diſtres rang amang mortal wightis.
Venus towart the Troiane ſyde tuke tent:
Aganyſt quham, all full of maltalent,
Saturnus douchter Juno, that full bald is,
Towart the party aduerſar behaldis;
And the pail furour of Tyſiphone
Walkis wod wroth amydwart the melle.
Bot pryncipaly Mezentyus all engrevyt,
With a gret ſpeir, quharwith he feill myſchevit,
Went brangland throu the feild all hym allon:
As buſtuus as the hydduus Orion,
Quhen he on fut woyd throu the mekill ſee,
Scherand the ſtreym with hys ſchuldris hie,
Abufe the wallys of the flude apperis;
Or lyke ane ancyent ayk tre, mony ȝheris
That grew apon ſum montane toppys hycht,
Semand ſo hie to euery manis ſycht,
Quhilk, thocht hys rutis ſpred in the grond all ſydis,
Hys crop vpſtraucht amyd the clowdis hydis:
Syk lyke Mezentius muſtyrris in the feild,
With huge armour, baith ſpeir, helm, and ſcheild.
Aganyſt quham Eneas faſt hym hyis,
Fra tyme amyd the rowt he hym aſpyis.

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The tother, onabaſyt, all reddy thar
The cummyng of hys douchty aduerſar
Abydis ſtowtly, fermyt in hys fors,
And maſſely vpſtude with buſtuus cors;
And, meſurand with hys E als large ſpais
As he mycht thraw a caſtyng ſpeir, thus ſays:
My rycht hand, and this fleand dart mot be,
Quhilk now I tays, as verray God to me!
Affiſtyng to my ſchot I ȝou beſeik;
For I awow, and heir promittys eyk,
In ſyng of trophe or triumphall meith,
My lovit ſon Lawſus forto cleith
With ſpulȝe and all harnes rent, quod he,
Of ȝondir rubbaris body, fals Enee.
Thus ſaid he; and fra hys hand the ilk tyde
The caſtyng dart faſt byrrand lattis glyde,
That fleand ſclentis on Eneas ſcheild;
Syne, ſtandand far on rovm ȝond in the feild,
Smate worthy Anthores the ilk thraw,
Betwix the bowellys and the rybbys law:
Anthores, ane of gret Hercules ferys,
That come from Arge into hys luſty ȝheris,
Inherdand to Evander the Arcaid,
And had hys dwellyng and hys reſidens maid
In Palentyn, cite Italian;
Onhappely now lyggis thus down ſlane,
All of a wound and dynt quhilk in the fycht
Addreſſit was towart ane other knycht.
ȝit, deand, he beheld the hevynnys large,
And can ramembir hys ſweit cuntre of Arge.

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Than the reuthfull Eneas keſt hys ſpere,
Quhilk throu Mezentius armour all dyd ſchere;
Throw gyrd hys targe platyt thrys with ſteill,
And throw the cowchit lynnyn euery deill,
And thrynfald plyis of the bullys hydis,
That law down in hys flank the dynt abydis:
Bot it byreft hym nowder lyfe ne mycht.
Eneas tho, quhilk was expert in fyght,
Joyfull quhen that Mezentius blude ſaw he,
Furth hynt hys ſwerd at hang law by hys thee,
And fervently towart hys fa can pas,
Quhilk, for the dynt, ſum deill aſtonyſt was.
Quhen Lawſus ſaw this aventour of weir,
He wepyt wail ſair for hys fader deir;
Sa wobegone becam this luſty man
That ſalt teris faſt our hys chekis ran.
Forſuyth, I ſall not ourflyp in this ſted
Thy hard myſchance, Lawſus, and fatale ded,
And thy maiſt dowchty a&is bellycall:
O freſch ȝongker, maiſt dyng memoriall
I ſall rehers, gyf ony faith may be
Gevyn to ſa gret dedis of antiquyte.
With this Mezentyus menzeit drew abak,
Harland hys leg quharin the ſchaft ſtak,
That quhar he went he baris our the feild
Hys ennemys lance fixit in hys ſcheild.
Betwix thame ruſchys in the ȝong Lawſus,
Amyd thar wapynnys, ſtern and curagus,
Hym ſelf has ſet forto ſuſtene the fyght:
Vnder Eneas rycht hand raſyt on hycht,

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That reddy was to ſmyte a dedly wond,
In ſteppis he, and baldly the ilk ſtound
The bytand brand vphevyt keppyt he,
And can reſiſt and ſtynt the gret Enee.
Hys feris followys with a felloun ſchowt:
Quhill that Mezentius of the feild wan owt,
Diffend and coverit with hys ſonnys ſcheild,
Thai caſt dartis thikfald thar lord to held,
With ſchaftis ſchot, and flanys gret plente,
Perturband thar ſtern aduerſar Ene;
That all enragyt hys ſovir targe erekkit,
And thar vndre hym haldis cloſly dekkyt.
And lyke as ſum tyme clowdis bryſtis attanys,
The ſchowr furthȝettand of hoppand hailſtanys,
That all the plewmen and thar hynys inhy
Fleis of the croftis and feildis by and by;
And eik the travellour ȝond vnder the wald
Lurkand withdrawys to ſum ſovir hald,
Owdir vndir watyr brays and bankis dern,
Or in ſum craggis clyft, or deip cavern,
So lang as that the ſchour leſtis on the plane,
That he may, when the ſon ſchynys agane,
Exers hys journe, or hys wark alſſaſt:
Syk wys Ene with ſchoit and dartis caſt
Was all ourheld, and ombeſet ilk ſyde,
Quhil he the pres of batale ſtyntis that tyde,
And all thar fors ſuſtenyt and deray;
Reprevand Lawſus, thus begouth to ſay,
And mannanſyt hym with brand of blude all red:
Quhidder haſtis thou ſa faſt apon thy ded?

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Or quhou dar thou ondertak into fyght
Syk interprys, quhilk is abuf thy mycht?
Thou art nocht wys; thy tendir hart, quod he,
And rewthfull mynd all owt diffavis the.
Bot for all thys ȝong Lawſus, vail que vaill,
Wald no wys ces Eneas till aſſaill.
Than hyear rays the wraith and felloun ire
Of the ilk manfull Troiane lordly ſyre,
And eyk the fatale ſifteris tho in deid
Had wymplyt vp this Lawſus lattyr threid:
For ſo Eneas ſtokis hys ſtyf brand
Throw owt this ȝongker, hard vp to hys hand,
That ſwerd, befor maid mannanſyng and boſt,
Throw gyrd that gentill body and hys coſt,
Hys target perſand, and hys armour lycht,
And eik hys cote of goldyn thredis brycht
Quhilk hys moder hym ſpan; and, to conclude,
Hys boſum all is fillyt of hait blude:
Sone eftir is the ſpreit of lyfe furth went
Down to the goiſtis law with ſad entent,
And left the body ded, and hyne dyd pas.
Bot quhen Anchiſes ſon, fers Eneas,
Beheld hys wlt and contenans in deyng,
Hys ſweit viſſage ſa in the ded thrawyng
Becummyn wan and paill on diuers wys,
He ſychit profundly owder twys or thrys,
And drew abak hys hand, and rewth has hynt;
For ſo into hys mynd, eftir the dynt,
The ymage of hys faderly piete
Imprentit was, that on this wys ſaid he:

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O douchty ȝynglyng, worthy tobe menyt,
Worthy tobe bewalyt and complenyt,
Quhat ſall the reuthfull compacient Ene
For ſa gret lovabill dedis rendir the?
Or quhat may he the ȝeld ſufficient
For ſik natural and inborn hardyment?
Thyne armour, quharof ſumtyme thou reioſyt,
With the I leif, for ay to beyn enioſyt:
Onto thy parentis handis and ſepultre
I the beleif tobe entyrit, quod he,
Gyf that ſic maner of triumphe and coſt
May do thame pleſour, or eys onto thy goſt.
Bot thou, onſilly child, ſa will of red,
Do comfort heirwith thy lamentabill ded,
That thou ourmatchit art and thus lyis ſlane
By the gretaſt Eneas handis twane.
Syne he hys feris can repreif and chyde,
That thai ſa lang delayt hym beſyde,
Makand na haiſt to bair hys corps away;
And he hym ſelf betwix hys armys tway
The ded body vpliftis fra the grond,
That with the red blude of his new grene wond
Beſparklyt had hys ȝallow lokkis brycht,
That ayr war kemmyt and addreſſyt rycht.

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CAP. XIV.

Fra Mezentius knew ȝong Lawſus deces,
Hym to revenge his lyfe loſt in the pres.

The meyn ſeſſon, hys fader with his feris,
Down at the fludis ſyde of Tyberis,
Stanſchit his wondis with watyr by and by,
Weſchand the blude and ſwait from hys body.
Hys helm of ſteil beſyde hym hang weil ne
Apon a grayn or branch of a grene tre;
Hys other weghty harnes, gud in neid,
Lay on the gyrs beſyde hym in the meid;
Hys traſty choſyn verlettis hym abowt:
And he ful ſor wondyt, all in dowt,
Stude lenand with hys wery nek and bonys
Owt our a bowand tre, with ſair gronys;
Hys weil kemmyt berd, hyngand ful ſtraucht
Apon his breiſt, onto hys gyrdill raucht:
And feill tymys on Lawſus menys he,
Prayand full oft he mycht hym ſalfly ſe,
And mony meſſyngeris onto hym hes ſend,
To withdraw hym the feild, and to defend
That he abyde na langar in bargane,
And ſchaw quhat ſorow for hym hys fader had tane.
Bot than Lawſus ded owt of the feild
Hys wofull feris careit apon a ſcheild,
Wepand ſa gret a man was brocht to grond,
And diſcumfyt with ſa gryſly a wond.

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Mezentius mynd and conſait, the ilk tyde,
Suſpekand the harmys quhilkis war betyde,
On far conſiderit the caus of thar murnyng,
And on hys canos hair the duſt can ſlyng,
With mekill powdir fyland hys haſart hed;
And baith hys handis in that ſammyn ſted
Towart the hevin vphevis in a fary,
And he the Goddis and ſtarnys faſt dyd wary;
Syne, lenand on hys ſonnys corps, thus cryis:
O my deir child and tendir get heir lyis!
Had I ſa gret appetit and delyte
Onto this wrachit lyfe, ſa ful of ſyte,
That I the ſufferit to entyr in my ſted
Vndre our fays hand, and with thy ded
My lyfe is ſalfit? Ha, I thy fader heir,
Quhilk the begat, my only ſon ſa deir,
Suld I be ſalf and lyfand eftir the,
Throu tha ſa griſly wondis that I ſe?
Allace, onto me, wrachit catyve thing,
Myne exill now at laſt and banyſyng
Becummyn is hard and inſufferabill!
The ſtound of deth, the panys lamentabill,
Is deip engravyn in my hart onſound;
Now am I ſmyttyn with the mortal wond!
I, the ſelf man was the caus of thy ded,
With my treſpas, my child, in euery ſted
Filyt the glor and honour of thy name,
Thy hie renovn beſpottand with my ſchame,
As I that was, by invy and haitrent
Of my awin pepill, with thar haill aſſent,

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Expellit from my ceptre and my ryng,
And was adettyt, for my myſdoyng
Onto our cuntre, till haue ſufferit pane:
I aucht and worthy was to haue bene ſlane,
And to haue ȝald this wikkyt ſawle of myne
Be all maner of turment and of pyne,
Fortill amend myne offencis and fed.
Ha, now I lyf, allace! and thou art ded!
Ȝit want I not off men the cumpany,
Nowder lyght of lyfe, ne cleirnes of the ſky,
Bot ſoyn I ſal thame leif and part tharfra.
And ſayand thus, ſammyn with mynd ful thra
He raſyt hym vp apon hys wondit thee,
And determyt to revenge hym or de:
For thocht the violens of hys ſair ſmart
Maid hym onfery, ȝit hys ſtalwart hart
And curage ondekeit was gude in neid.
He bad ga fech Rhebus, hys ryall ſted,
Quhilk was hys wirſchip and hys comfort haill,
And hys ſupport hys fays to aſſaill;
For by thys hors in euery gret iourne
Hame fra the feild victour eſchapit he.
Quhamto Mezentyus, but mair abaid,
Seand the ſteid drowpand and ſad, thus ſaid:
Rhebus, we twa hes levit lang yfeir,
Gyf that to mortal wightis in this erd heir
Ony tyme may be reput lang, quod he.
Owder this day beys thou revengear with me
Of Lawſus dolorus deith, and wrek our ſchame,
And ſall as victour with the bryngyn hame

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Ȝon bludy ſpulȝe, and Eneas hed;
Or, gif na fors nor ſtrenth into that ſted
Will ſuffir ony way that it be ſo,
We ſal in feild ſammyn de baith two.
For, O moiſt forcy ſteid, my lovyt foill,
I can na wys beleif at thou may thoill
To be at ony otheris commandment,
Nor that the liſt dedeyn, gif I war ſchent,
Till obey ony maſter or lord Troiane.
And ſayand thus, ful towartly onane
The ſteid bekend held to hys ſchulder plat,
And he at eys apon hys bak doun ſat;
And bath hys handis fillyt with dartis keyn,
With helm on hed burnyſt brycht and ſcheyn,
Abuf the quhilk hys tymbret buklyt was,
Lyke till a lokryt mayn with mony fas.
And into ſik array with ſwyft curs he
Furth ſteris hys ſteid, and draif in the melle.
Deip in hys hart boldynnys the felloun ſchame,
Myxit with dolour, angir, and defame;
The fervent luf of hys ſon ȝyng of age
Gan catchyng hym into the furyus rage;
Tharto alſſo perſuadis to the fyght
Hys hors weil knawin hys hardyment and mycht:
And, in ſik poynt, throw owt the rowtis all
With mychty voce thrys dyd Eneas call.
Eneas hard hym cry, and weil hym knew,
And glaid tharof can towartis hym perſew,
And prayand ſays; the fader of Goddis hie,
And eik mychty Apollo, that grant to me,

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Thou wald begyn in bargan on this land
To mell with me, and to meyt hand for hand.
Thus carpyt he, and with ſtern lance, but tary,
Furth ſteppys forto meyt hys aduerſary.
Bot Mezentius, ſeand hym cumand,
Cryit to hym onon and bad hym ſtand:
O thou maiſt cruell aduerſar, ſaid he,
Quhat wenys thou ſo to effray and boſt me,
Sen thou my ſon has me bereft this day,
Quhilk was only the maner and the way
Quharby thou mycht ourcum me and diſtroy?
Now, ſen that I haue tynt all warldis joy,
Nowder I abhor the ded, to ſtarve in fyght,
Nor rak I ocht of ony Goddis mycht.
Deſiſt, and ces to boſt me or manas,
For I am cum to de in this ilk plas;
Bot firſt I bryng the thir rewards, quod he.
With that word, at his ſa a dart leyt fle,
And eftir that ane other has he caſt,
And ſyne ane other has he fixit faſt,
About hym prekand in a cumpas large:
Bot all thir dyntis ſuſtenyt the goldin targe.
Thrys on the left half faſt, as he war wod,
About Eneas raid he quhar he ſtude,
Thik with hys handis ſwakkand dartis keyn:
And thrys this Troiane prynce our all the greyn,
Intil hys ſtalwart ſtelyt ſcheild ſtikand owt,
Lyke a hair wod the dartis bair abowt.
At laſt, as he ennoyt of this deray,
This irkſum trayſyng, jowkyng, and delay,

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And cumryt wolx ſa mony dartis invane
Thus oft to draw furth and to caſt agane,
As he that was matchit that tyme, but faill,
With hys ſa man in bargane inequale,
Quhilk ay was at avantage and onflocht,
Full mony thing revoluyt he in thocht;
Syne on that weirman ruſchit he in teyn:
In the forhed, betwix the horſys eyn,
He keſt hys ſpeir with all his fors and mycht.
Vpſtendis thar the ſtalwart ſteid on hycht,
And with his helys flang up in the ayr;
Down ſwakkis the knycht ſone with a fellon fair,
Foundris fordwart flatlyngis on hys ſpald,
Ourquhelmyt the man, and can hys feit onfald.
Than the Latynys, and eik pepill Troianys,
The hevynnys dyndlit with a ſchowt at anys.
Eneas gyrd abufe hym with a braid,
Hynt furth hys ſwerd, and forthir thus he ſaid:
Quhar is he now, Mezentius, ſa ſtern?
Quhar is the fers ſtowt curage of that bern?
Quhamto Mezentius, this ilk prynce Tyrrheyn,
Fra that he mycht alyftyn vp his eyn
To ſe the hevynnys licht, and draw hys braith,
And hys rycht mynd agane recoverit haith,
Thus anſweris: O thou diſpituus fo,
Quharto me chydis thou reprochand ſo,
And manancis me to the ded by and by?
Of my ſlauchter I think na villany,
Nor on ſik wys heir com I not in feild,
That I ſtand aw to ſwelt vnder my ſcheild;

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Nor, I beleif, na frendſchip in thy handis,
Nane ſyk trety of ſawchnyng nor cunnandis,
My ſon Lawſus band vp with the, perfay.
Bot of a thyng I the beſeik and pray,
Gif ony pleſour may be grantit or beld
Till aduerſaris, that lyis venquyſt in feild;
That is to knaw, ſuffir my body haue
Ane ſepultur, and with erd be bygrave.
I knaw abowt me ſtandand in this ſted
My folkis byttyr haitrent and gret feid:
Defend me from thar furour, I requeir,
And grant my corps, beſyde my ſonnys infeir,
Into ſum tumbe entyrit for tobe.
And ſayand thus, knawand at he moſt de,
Befor hys eyn perſavyt the burnyſt brand,
That throuch hys gorge went from Eneas hand;
Within hys armour, ſchortly to conclude,
Furth bruſchit the ſawle with gret ſtremys of blude.
Be this the ſon declynyt was almoſt,
So that the Latynys and Rutilian oft,
Quhat for the abſens of thar duke Turnus,
And new ſlauchter of bald Mezentius,
Withdrew thame to thar raſet in affray,
And Troianys went onto thar reſt quhil day.

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THE PROLOUG OF THE ELEVINT BUKE.

Thow hie renown of Martis chevalry,
Quhilk gladis euery gentill wight to heir,
Gif thou mycht Mars and Hercules deify,
Quharfor beyn nobillys to follow prowes ſwer?
Weill auchtin eldris exemplis ws to ſteir
Tyll hie curage, all honour till enſew:
Quhen we conſider quhat wirſchip tharof grew,
All vyce deteſt, and vertu lat ws leyr.

Prowes, but vyce, is provit lefull thyng
By haly ſcriptur into ſyndry place,
Be Machabeus, Joſue, Dauid kyng,
Mychael, and eyk hys angellys full of grace,
That can the dragon furth of hevynnys chace
With vailȝeand dyntis of ferm myndis contrar:
Nane other ſtrokis nor wapynnys had thai thar,
Nother ſpeir, buge, pol ax, ſwerd, knyfe, nor mace.

In takynnyng that in chevalry or fyght
Our myndis ſuld haue juſt ententioun,
The grond of batale fundyt apon rycht;
Not for thou lyſt to mak diſcentioun,

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To ſeik occaſyons of contentioun,
Bot rype thy querrell, and diſcus it plane:
Wrangis to reddres ſuld wer be vndertane,
For na conqueſt, reif, ſkat, nor penſioun.

To ſpeke of moral vertuus hardyment,
Or rather of dyvyne, is myne entent;
For warldly ſtrenth is febill and impotent
In Goddis ſight, and inſufficient.
The Pſalmyſt ſays, that God is not content
In mannys ſtalwart lymmys nor ſtrenth of cors,
Bot into thame that traſtis in hys fors,
Aſkand mercy, and dredand jugement.

Strang fortitud, quhilk hardyment cleip we,
Abuf the quhilk the vertu ſouerane
Accordyng pryncis, hecht magnanymyte,
Is a bonte ſet betwix vicis twane:
Of quham fuyl hardynes clepit is the tane,
That vndertakis all perrellis but avice;
The tother is namyt ſchamefull cowardyce,
Voyd of curage, and dolf as ony ſtane.

The firſt is hardy all owt by meſur,
Of tyme nor rayſon gevis he na cuyr,
No dowt he caſtis, bot all thinkis ſuyr,
Nocht may he ſuffir, nor hys hait endur:
The tother is of all prowes ſa puyr,
That evir he ſtandis in feir and felloun dreid,

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And nevir dar vndertak a douchty deid,
Bot doith all curage and all manheid ſmuyr.

The firſt ſoundis towart vertu ſum deill,
Hardy he is, couth he be avyſe;
Of hardyment the tother has na feill:
Quhou may curage and cowardys agre?
Of fortitud to compt ȝou euery gre,
As Areſtotill in hys Ethikis doith expres,
It wald, as now, conteyn our lang proces;
Quharfor of other chevalry carp will we.

Gyf Cryſtis faithfull knychtis lyſt ws be,
So as we aucht, and promyſt hes at font,
Than mon we byde baldly, and neuer fle,
Nowder be abaſyt, tepyt, nor ȝit blunt,
Nor as cowartis to eſchew the firſt dunt.
Pawle witneſſith, that nane ſall wyn the crown,
Bot he quhilk dewly makis hym reddy bown
To ſtand wightly, and feght in the forfront.

And quha that ſall nocht wyn the crown of meid,
That is to ſay, the euerleſtand blys,
The fyre eternall neidlyngis moſt thai dreid:
For Cryſt into his goſpell ſays, I wys,
Quha bydis nocht with me contrar me is:
And gif thou be aganyſt God, but weir
Than art thou wageour onto Lucifer.
God ſalf ws all from ſik a fyre as this!

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The armour of our chevalry, perfay,
So the Apoſtyll techis ws expres,
Not corporall bot ſpirituall beyn thai,
Our conquyſt haill, our vaſſellage and prowes,
Aganyſt ſpretis and pryncis of myrknes;
Not agane man, owr awyn brother and mait,
Nor ȝit aganyſt our maker to debait,
As rabell tyll all vertu and gudnes.

The fleſch debatis aganys the ſpiritual goſt,
Hys hie curage with ſenſual luſt to law,
And, be the body victor, baith ar loſt;
The ſpreit wald vp, the cors ay down liſt draw:
Thy ſecund ſa the warld, ane other thraw,
Makis ſtrang aſſaltis of covatys and eſtait,
Aganyſt quham is full perrellus debait;
Thir fays famyliar beyn full quaynt to knaw.

Lyff in thy fleſch as maſter of thy corps,
Lyf in this warld as nocht ay to remane;
Reſiſt the fendis ſlycht with all thy fors,
He is thy ancyent ennemy, werſt of ane;
A thouſand wylys he hes, and mony a trane,
He kendillis oft thy fleſch in byrnand heit,
He cauſys wrachit pleſans ſeym full ſweit,
And, for nocht, of this fals warld makis the fane.

He is thy fa and aduerſar principall,
Of promyſſioun wald the expell the land,

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For he the ſammyn loſt, and caucht a fall;
Enfors the ſtrangly contrar hym to ſtand.
Rays hie the targe of faith vp in thy hand,
On hed the halſum helm of hoip onlace,
In cheryte thy body all embrace,
And of devoit oryſon mak thy brand.

Stand at defens, and ſchrynk not for a ſchore:
Thynk on the haly marthyris at ar went,
Thynk on the payn of hell, and endles glore,
Thynk quhou thy Lord for the on rude was rent,
Thynk, and thou fle fra hym, than art thou ſchent,
Thynk all thou ſufferis ontyll hys paynis nocht is,
Thynk with quhou precyus pryce as thy ſawll bocht is,
And ay the moder of grace in mynd enprent.

Feill beyn thy fays, fers, and full of ſlycht,
Bot be thou ſtalwart campioun and knycht;
In feild of grace with forſaid armour brycht
Thou may debait thame lyghtly in ilk fyght:
For of fre will thyne acton is ſa wight
Nane may it pers, wilt thou reſiſt and ſtand;
Becum thow cowart, crawdoun recryand,
And by conſent cry cok, thy ded is dycht.

Thynk quhou that ſa is waik and impotent,
May venquys nane bot thame lyſt be ourcum;
He ſal the nevir ourſet, but thy conſent.
Eith is defens to ſay nay, or be dum;

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And for thy weill, lo, thys is all and ſum:
Conſent nevir, and thou ſall nevir be loſt,
By diſaſſent thou may venquys ane oft,
And, for anys ȝa, tyne thy meid euery crum.

Na wondir is; for by exempill we ſe,
Quha ſervys hys ſouerane intill all degre
Full mony days, and eftir ſyne gif he
Commyttis anys trayſon, ſuld he nocht de,
Les than hys prynce, of gret humanyte,
Pardoun hys falt for hys lang trew ſeruys,
Gyf he wald mercy craif? The ſammyn wys
We beyn forgevyn, ſo that repent will we.

Bot quhat avalys begyn a ſtrang melle,
Syne ȝeld the to thy ſa, but ony quhy,
Or cowartly to tak the bak and fle?
Na; thar ſall nane optene hie victory,
Les thai ſuſtene the bargane dowchtely;
And quha ſo perſeueris to the end
Ane conquerour and campioun euir is kend,
With palm of triumphe, honour, and glory.

The maiſt onſilly kynd of fortoun is
To haue beyn happy; Boetius techis ſo;
As, to haue beyn in welth and hartis blys,
And now tobe dekeit and in wo:
Richt ſo, quha vertuus was, and fallys tharfro,
Of verray rayſon malewrus hait is he;

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And ȝit, by grace and hys fre volunte,
He may recovir meryt agane alſſo.

I ſay, be grace; for quhen thou art in grace,
Thou may eik grace to grace, ay mor and mor;
Bot quhen thou fallys be ſyn tharfra, allace!
Of thy meryte thou gettis hyr nevirmor:
ȝit quhen thou dewly diſponys the tharfor,
Doand all that in the thar may be done,
Of hys gudnes the etern Lord alſſone
Reſtorys the meryt, with grace in arlys of glore.

Haill thy meryt thou had tofor thy fall,
That is to ſay, thy warkis meritabill,
Reſtorit ar agane baith gret and ſmall,
And grace tharto, quhilk is ſa profitabill
That thou tharby to eik meryt art habill;
Bot nocht ilk gre of grace thou had befor;
That gettis thou not ſa ſoyn, quhill forthyrmor:
Be war tharfor, fall not, bot ſtandis ſtabill.

For lyke as quha offendit had hys lord,
That lang tofor hys trew ſervand had bene,
And ſyne agane becumis at ane accord
With hys maſter, all thocht hys lord wald meyn
On hys ald ſeruyce, ȝit netheles, I weyn,
He ſall nocht ſoyn be tendir, as he was ayr:
Be war tharwith, and kepe ȝou fra the ſnair,
Tyne nocht ȝour laubour and ȝour thank betweyn.

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Exempill takis of this prynce Ene,
That, for hys fatale cuntre of beheſt,
Sa feill dangeris ſuſtenyt on land and ſee,
Syk ſtryfe in ſtour ſa oft with ſpeir in reſt,
Quhill he hys realm conqueſt bath weſt and eſt:
Sen all this dyd he for a temporall ryng,
Pres ws to wyn the kynryk ay leſtyng,
Addres ws ſaſt fortill opteyn that feſt.

He may be callyt, as ſays ſanct Auguſtyn,
Ane delicat, owr eſy, cryſtyn knycht,
Refuſys to thoill traval, ſturt, or pyne,
And but debait wenys till optene the fyght.
To wyn the feild, and nevir preif thy mycht,
That war nyce thyng: thy kyng Cryſte in batell
Quhat ſufferit he for the, O catyve wight!
Lyis thou at eys, thy prynce in bargane fell?

Aſchamys of our ſleutht and cowardyce!
Seand thir gentyles and the paganys ald
Enſew vertu, and eſchew euery vyce,
And for ſa ſchort renown warryn ſo bald
To ſuſteyn weir and panys teyr ontald;
Than lat ws ſtryve that realm forto poſſeid,
The quhilk was hecht till Abraham and hys ſeyd:
Lord, at ws wrocht and bocht, grant ws that hald!

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THE ELEVINT BUKE OF ENEADOS.

CAP. I.

Eftir the feild Enee maid ſacrifyce,
Offerand the ſpulge to Mars, as was the gys.

Duryng this quhile, furth of the ſey dyd ſpryng
The freſch Aurora with the brycht dawyng.
Ene, albeyt hys hafty thochtfull curis
Conſtrenyt hym, as twychyng ſepulturis
Of hys folkis new ſlane and berying,
Forto provide a tyme maſt accordyng,
And gretly eik in mynd he trublyt was
For the ſlauchtyr and ded corps of Pallas;
Ȝit netheles, as firſt the ſon vpſprent,
Scheddyng hys bemys in the orient,
As victor he onto the Goddis als tyte
With ſacryfyce can hys vowys acquyte.
Ane akyn tre, was huge gret and ſquar,
The branchis ſned and kut abowt alquhar,
Apoun a motys hycht vpſet has he,
And all with ſchynand armour cled the tre:

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The coyt armour and ſpulȝe tharon hang
Of Mezentius, the vailȝeand campioun ſtrang;
To the, gret God of ſtryfe, armypotent,
In ſyng of trophe tharon was vpſtent
Hys cryſt and hewmet all beſprent with blude,
The brokyn trunſchions of hys ſperis rude,
And hys fyne hawbryk, with ſpeir, ſwerd, and macis,
Aſſayt and perſyt into twys ſax placis;
Hys ſtelyt ſcheild dyd on the left ſyde hyng;
Abowt hys gorget, or hys nek armyng,
Was hung hys ſwerd with evor ſcawbart fyne.
And thus exortis Ene hys ferys ſyne:
The chiftanys all abowt hym lowkyt war,
Quhilk glaidſum warryn of this joyus fair.
O douchty men, quod he, worthy in weris,
The grettaſt part of our warkis and afferis
Beyn endit now, ſa that in tyme cummyng
All feir and dreid ar paſſyt of ony thyng:
Thir bene the ſpulȝe, and firſt weirly weid,
Reft from the prowd kyng be my handis in deid;
Lo, heir Mezentius venquyſt lyis doun bet.
Now to the wallys of Lawrent and the ȝet
The way is maid to kyng Latyn to wend.
Tharfor addres ȝour myndis, and attend
To armys and to weirfar euery ane,
Provydand in ȝour conſatis for bargane;
So that ȝhe reddy be, and na delay
May ſtoppyn ȝou, nor ſtunnys ane other day,
Be ȝour awyn ſleuth, for lak of gude forſycht,
Gif ȝe onwarnyſt beys callyt to the fycht:

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Alſſone as fyrſt the Goddis omnipotent
By ſum ſygnys or takyn lyſt conſent
The enſenzeis and baneris be vphynt,
And all the zonkeris meyt for ſwerdis dynt,
Of thar tentis convoyt in array,
Se zhe all reddy be than, but delay.
And, in the meyn quhile, lat ws to erd haue
The corpſys of our fallowys onbegraue;
Quhilk only honour is haldyn in daynte
At Acheron, the laweſt hellys ſee.
Pas on, he ſaid; tha ſawlys valzeant,
Quhilk, with habundans of thar blude byſprent,
Has conquyſt ws this realm apon ſik wys,
Do honour with thar funeral ſervys,
And wirſchip with thar finale laſt rewardis.
Bot firſt, befor all corpſis of tha larḍis,
Ontill Evandrys doloſus cite
Of zong Pallas the body ſend mon we;
Quham, wantand na vertu nor prowes,
The wofull day hes ws byreft expres,
And with a wofull ſlauchter caucht, allace!
Thus ſaid he, wepand ſalt terys our hys face:
Syne tuke hys vayage towart the ilk ſted
Quhar Pallas lyfles corps was lyggand ded;
Quham ancyent Acetes thar dyd kepe,
With flottyryt berd of terys all beweip;
The quhilk Acetes had tofor ybe
Squyer to kyng Evander, from the cite
Of Parrha cummyn into Arcady,
And at thys tyme was ſend in cumpany

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With hys deir foftyr child he had in cur,
Bot not, as ayr, with happy aventur.
About the corps alhaill the multitud
Of ſervyturis and Troiane commonys ſtud,
And dolorus Phrigyane wemen, on thar gys,
With hair down ſchaik, and petuus ſpraichis and cryis.
Bot, fra that enterit was Eneas bald
Within the portis of that large hald,
A huge clamour thai raſyt and womentyng,
Betand thar breſtis quhill all the lyft dyd ryng;
So lowd thar wofull bewalyng habundis
That all the palyce dynnys and reſoundis.
Thys prynce hym ſelf, fra that he did behald
The ſnaw quhite viſſage of this Pallas bald,
Hys hed vphald, mycht nocht the ſelf ſuſtene,
And eik the gapand dedly wond hes ſene,
Maid by the ſperys hed Rutilyane
Amyd hys ſnerth and fair ſlekyt breiſt bane,
With terys bryſtand from hys eyn, thus plenyt:
O douchty child, maiſt worthy tobe menyt,
Has fortoun me envyit ſa far that, eft
Our weill is cummyn, thus thou art me bereft,
Sa that thou ſuld not ſe our ryng, ſaid he,
Nor ȝit as victor with proſperyte
Onto thy faderis cite hame retour?
Syk promys hecht I not the lattir hour
To thy fader Evandrus, quhen that he
At my departyng laſt embraſyt me,
And ſend me to conquys a large empyre:
And, dredand eyk for the, that lordly ſyre

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Vs monyſt tobe war and avyſe,
Becaus the men quhamwith to do had we
War bald and ſtern; ſaid, we had wer at hand
With buſtuus folk, that weill in ſtryfe durſt ſtand.
Now, certis, he levand in hoip, invane,
For thy proſper returnyng haym agane
Perchans doith mak prayer and offerandis,
Chargeand the altaris oft with hys awyn handis:
Bot we hys lyfles child, quhilk aw na thyng
Onto the Goddis of the hevynly ryng,
With womentyng heir menand tendyrly,
And vayn honour, accumpaneis by and by.
O fey onhappy kyng Archadian!
Now thy ſonnys ded corps cruelly ſlane
Thou ſal behald: allace, the panys ſtrang!
This is our haymcom thou deſyrit lang;
This ſalbe our triumphe thou lang abaid,
To ſe thy a ſon on hys beir tre laid!
Ha! quhat, is this my promys and gret faith?
Bot, O Evander, beys not with me wraith;
Thou ſall not ſe thy ſon was dryve abak
With ſchamefull wondis that he caucht in the bak:
Ne thou hys fader, war he alyve this day,
Suld nevir haue lak of hym, ne for hym pray
For hys deſert he deit a ſchamefull deth;
And now with honour hes he ȝald the breth.
Bot netheles, quhat harm, ful ways me!
Quhou large ſupport, hey! quhat beld or ſupple
In hym hes tynt Auſonya the ryng,
And quhou gret deill hes loſt Aſcanyus ȝyng!

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CAP. II.

Zong Pallas corps is till Evander ſent,
With all honour accordyng hys tyrment.

Quhen he bewalyt had on this maner,
This wofull corps he bad do lyft on beir,
And with hym ſend a thouſand men in hy
Walyt of euery rowt and cumpany,
Forto convoy and do hym falloſchip
At hys laſt honour and funeral wirſchip,
And tobe preſent at the lamentyng
Of hys fader, to comfort hys murnyng;
Thocht ſmal ſolace was that to hys regrait,
Quhilk was ſa huge, bot to hys eſtait
Accordit weill that ſik thingis ſuld be,
Quhen all wightis mycht rew on hym to ſe.
Sum of Eneas ferys biſſely
Flakis to plet thame preſys by and by,
And of ſmall wikkyris forto beld a beir
Of ſowpill wandis and of bronys ſeir,
Bund with the ſyonys or the twyſtis ſle
Of ſmall rammell or ſtobys of akyn tre.
Thyr beddis beldyt, or funeral lytteris,
Syk tumbys as for ded corps efferis,
With greyn burgionys and branchys fair and weill
Thai gan ourheld, and ſtentys euery deill:
Amyd the quhilkis, of blumys apon a byng
Strowyt full hie, thai laid this Pallas ȝyng;

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Lyggyn tharon als ſemly forto ſe
As is the freſch flowris ſchynand bewte,
Newly pullyt vp from hys ſtalkis ſmaill
With tendyr fyngeris of the damyſaill,
Or the ſoft violet that doys freſchly ſchyne,
Or than the purpour flour, hayt jacynthyne;
Quham all thocht the erth hys moder with ſap
Hym nurys not, nor comfortis on hir lap,
Zyt than hys ſchene cullour and figur glaid
Is not all went, nor hys bewte defaid.
Eneas ſyne twa robbys furth gart fold
Of rych purpour and ſtyf burd of gold,
Quhilk vmquhil Dydo, Quheyn of Sydones,
Of ſik laubour full byſſy tho, I ges,
As at that tyme to ples hym wonder glaid,
With hir awyn handis to hym wrocht and maid,
Wovyn full weill, and bruſyt as rych wedis,
Of coſtly ſtuf and ſubtell goldyn thredis;
And with the tane of thir full doloruſly
Eneas cled the zyng Pallas body,
Tobe hys finall and hys laſt honour:
Hys lokkis and hys harys the ſelf hour,
Quhilkis war forto be brynt in aſſys cald,
Into the tother habyt dyd he fald.
Abuf all thys, rewardis mony ane,
Yconqueſt in this batall Lawrentane,
In haill hepys with hym hes he ſend,
And bad thai ſuld tak gud kepe and attend
To leid the pray per ordour pompuſly.
Feill horſſys als he gaue thame by and by,

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With wapynnys eik, and other precyus geir,
That he had reft hys fa men in the weir:
The preſoneris alſſo, quham he had tak,
He ſend with handis bund behynd thar bak,
Quhilkis, at the obſequies or entyrment,
To the infernal goſtis ſuldbe ſent,
And with thar bludis ſched, as was the gys,
The funeral flambe ſtrynkyll in ſacrifys.
He bad the capitanys and the dukis all,
In ſyng of trophe or pomp triumphall,
Gret perkis bair of treyn ſaplyng that ſquair is,
Cled with the armour of thar aduerſaris,
To wryte and hyng tharon baith all and ſum
The namys of thar ennemys ourcum.
Furth led was the onfilly Acetes,
Ourſet with age, and ſorow mycht nocht ces;
Now bludyand hys awyn breiſt with hys fyſtis,
Now with hys nalys hys face rentis and bryſtis,
And oft down fallys ſpaldit on the erd,
With mony gowl, and a full petuus rerd.
And furth war led rych cartis for the nanys,
Beſprent with blude of the Rutylianys.
And eftir com Aethon, hys werly ſteid,
Diſpulzeit of hys harneſſyng and weid;
Wepand he went for wo, men mycht haue ſeyn
With gret terys floddyrrit hys face and eyn.
Ane bair hys helm, ane other bair hys ſpeir;
For the remanys of hys harnes and geir,
Syk as hys rych gyrdill, and cotarmour,
Turnus victor byreft hym in the ſtour.

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Furth haldis ſyne the drery cumpany
Of Troianys, and Tyrrheyn dukis thame by;
And wofull Archadis, in ſyng of dolour, weris
Scheldis reverſyt, and doun turnyt thar ſperis.
And eftir that, per ordour, by and by,
Thai beyn furth paſſyt euery cumpany,
Eneas tho can ſtyntyng and abaid,
And with a petuus regrait thus he ſaid:
The horribill batellys of thir ſammyn weris
Tyll otheris funerall womentyng and terys
Callys ws from thens; we may nocht follow the,
Thyne entyrment forto behald and ſe.
Adew for ay, Pallas, beluffyt beſt,
Fair weill for evyr intill eternall reſt!
Na mair he ſaid, bot went towart new Troy,
Entrand tharin with terys of ennoy.

CAP. III.

Quhou Eneas onto the Latynys gave
Twelf days of reſpyt the ded corps to grave.

Be this war cum fra kyng Latynys cyte
Ambaſſatouris, with branch of olyve tre,
Beſekand favouris and benevolens;
That he wald ſuffir tobe careyt from thens
Tha corpſys ded, quhilkis on the feldis broun
Lay ſtrowyt heir and thar, with ſwerd bet down,

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And thame reſtor agane of hys gentre,
To ſuffyr thame begravyn for tobe;
Affuryng hym, thar mycht be led na weir
On venquyſt folkis, that lyfles mycht not ſteir,
And prayt ſpair thar pepill at ſyk myſchans,
Quhylum clepyt hys frendis and acquentans.
Quhen that Eneas, heynd, curtas, and gud,
Thar peticioun ſa reſſonabill vndirſtud,
As man that was fulfillyt of bonte,
Thar hail deſyre full glaidly grantit he,
And forthir eik onto thame thus he ſaid:
O Latyn folkis, quhat myſfortoun onglaid
Has 3ou involuyt in ſa onhappy weir
That 3he chays ws away, 3our frendis deir?
Deſyre 3he paix bot for thame that bene loſt
By marcyall fayt, and ſlane into this oft?
And I, forſuyth, tyll all that levand be
Wald glaidly grant the ſammyn, I ſay for me.
Neuir hyddyr had I cummyn, wer not, perfay,
Into this ſted the fatys hecht for ay
Our reſtyng place providit and herbry;
Ne na weirfar with 3our pepill led I.
Bot 3our kyng has our confiderans vpgeif,
And rather hes ſettyn all hys beleif
On Turnus vaſſalage and his hie prowes:
Thocht mor equale and ganand war, I ges,
To this Turnus, the brekar of our paix,
Till aventour hymſelf to de in pres.
Gif he pretendis in batale with a brand
To end the weir, or Troianys of this land

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Forto expell, heir ſemyt hym vnder ſcheild
With wapynnys to recontre me in feild,
That nane bot ane of ws war left levand,
Quhais lyfe God lyft withhald, or hys rycht hand.
Now haldis on, and all the lyfles banys
And corpſis of ȝour wratchit citeȝanys
Do byrn, and bery eftir ȝour awyn gys:
Says Eneas, the Troiane war and wys.
Than of hys ſpeche ſo awondrit war thai,
Kepit thar filens, and wiſt nocht quhat to ſay;
And athir towartis otheris turnys, but mayr,
And can behald his fallow in a ſtair.
The eldaſt man amang thame, finaly,
Clepyt Drances, that had full gret envy
At ȝyng Turnus, all way to hym infeſt
For ald malyce or of cryme manyfeſt,
Begouth to ſpeke and anſuer thus agane:
O huge gret is thy fame, thou Duke Troiane,
Bot far grettar all owt we may aſpy
Thy dedis of armys and thy chevalry:
With quhat lovyngis equaill may I compair
The to the Goddis in hevyn abuf the ayr?
Quhidder ſall I fyrſt extoll, and wonder in the,
Thy gret gentryce and ſa juſt equyte,
Or thy gret fors and laubour bellicall?
Glaidly, forſuyth, now haymwart bair we ſall
Ontill our natyve bundis and cite
Thir ſa gret ſygnys of humanyte;
And, gif that ony chans can fynd the way,
We ſall do fully all that evir we may

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The to conione with kyng Latyn in hy:
Lat Turnus quhar hym lift go ſeik ally.
And forthir eik weil lykis ws at all
To help till rays this fatale maſſy wall,
And forto ber apon our ſchuldris war joy
Thir ſtonys gret to thys new wark of Troy.
Thus ſaid Drances, and all the remanent
Tharto annerdis with haill voce and conſent.
Twelf days of trewys thai band, to ſtanch debait,
Forto kepe paix, and werys ſequeſtrate:
Than throu the woddis and thir holtis hie
Troianys and Latynys ſammyn, he and he,
Quhar ſo thame lift, wandris but danger.
The heich eſchis ſoundis thar and heir
For dyntis rude of the ſcharp ſtelyt ax;
Down weltit ar with mony granand ſtrakis
The fyrrys rékand to the ſternys on hie;
The mekill ſyllis of the warryn tre
With weggis and with proppis beyn devyd;
The ſtrang guſtand cedyr is al to ſchyde;
Ne ces thai not apon the jargand wanys
The gret akys to turs away atanys.

CAP. IV.

The kyng Evander complenyt ſor and wareit,
Quhen his ſon Pallas ded was to hym careit.

Than Fame with this, alſſaſt as ſcho mycht ſpryng,
As meſſynger of ſa gret womentyng,

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Flaw furth, and all with murnyng fillys ſche
Evander kyng hys palyce and cyte,
Quhilk layt tofor had ſchawyn that Pallas
In Latyum landis ſa victoryus was;
Now ſays ſche, lo, is he brocht on beir!
The Archadis ruſchit to the portis in feir,
And euery wyght in handis hynt als tyte
Ane hait fyre broynd, eftir the ald ryte,
In lang ordour and rabill, that all the ſtretis
Of ſchynand flambys lemys brycht and gletis,
Quhil all the large feildis of the light
Myght ſeueraly be raknyt at a ſight.
The Troiane rowtis, on the tother hand,
With thame adionys thar folkis ſair wepand;
Quham as the matronys beheld on ſik wys
So duylfully wend to the kyngis palys,
The dolorus town in euery ſtreit and way
With petuus ſcrykis and gowlyng fyllit thai.
Than was na fors Evander mycht refreyn,
Bot in amyddis thame with gret diſdene
He ruſchis, plenand on wofull maner,
And fell on growf abuf ded Pallas beir,
Wepand and waland as his hart wald breke;
Embraſyt hym, bot no word mycht he ſpeke;
And ſcars at laſt with gret difficulte
The cundytis of his voce war lowſyt fre;
Quhen he mycht ſpeke, than thir hys wordis was:
This is nocht thy laſt cunnand, ſon Pallas;
Thou promyſt not ſo vnto thy fader deir,
Bot at thou ſuld pas mair warly in weir,

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And not in danger of the cruell Mart.
Owr weill I wiſt, with harmys at my hart,
Quhat aventour, and of quhou mekill mycht
Till ony ȝong man, the firſt feld in fight,
Was gret deſire of new loif or glory,
And how ſweit was renown of chevalry.
Allace! the firſt commancement and aſſays
To ȝyng men beyn in weir full fey always;
And rycht hard bene the firſt entechment
Of haſty batall to thame bene not acquent.
My vowys nor my prayeris gret and ſmall
War not accept to nane of Goddis all.
O thou my bliſſyt ſpows, deceſſit or now,
Full happy of that ded in faith was thou,
That to thys ſorow not preſervyt was!
Bot be the contrar I, allace, allace!
Ourlevit has my fatys profitabill,
And am alyve as fader miſerabill:
Quham, wald God, in ȝon ſammyn mortale weris
Rutilyanys had ourquhelmyt with thar ſperis,
That, followand to the feild my feris of Troy,
I mycht haue ȝald this ſawle full of ennoy,
So that this funeral pomp, quhilk heir is wrocht
My body, and nocht Pallas, hame had brocht!
Ne byd I nocht ȝou, Troianys, to argew
Of amyte and allyance bund of new,
Ne our rycht handis and promys, quhilkis we
In frendſchip knyt and hoſpitalyte:
This myſfortoun is myne of ald thirlage,
As tharto detbund in my wrachit age.

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Bot had this haſty ded, ſa ondigeſt,
Haue ſufferit bot my ſon a ſtound to left,
Quhill of Rutilianys he had ſlane thouſandis,
And inveſtit the Troianys in thar landis,
That is to ſay, in Latyum or Lavyn,
Weill lykyt me that he had endyt ſyne.
And forthir eik, Pallas, my ſon ſo deir,
Na mair rychly cowth I the lay on beir,
Nor with mair wirſchip lift me entyre the,
Than is providit be reuthfull Enee,
Be myghty Troianys and pryncis Tyrrheyn:
For all the Tuſcane menge, as heir is ſeyn,
Gret trophe and rich ſpulge hyddir bryngis,
On perkis rychly cled with thar armyngis
Quham thy richt hand in feild had put to ded.
Bot, O thou Turnus, in this ſammyn ſted
Amangis otheris heir ſuld thou haue be,
In form and maner of a ſtok of tre,
Gyf ghe of age had beyn equale and perys,
And baith elyke cummyn to gour ſtrenthy gheris.
Bot now, allace! I, fey onhappy wight,
Quharto delay I Troianys from the fyght?
Pas haym in haiſt, and remember to ſay
Thir my defiris to gour prynce, I gou pray:
Evander ſays that thy ryght hand, Ene,
Is all the caws that he delays to de,
Or that this haitſum lyfe ſuſtene he wald,
Sen now is loſt hys ſon Pallas the bald:
Sa till hym that he oblift is of det,
Baith to the ſon and the fader, to ſet

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Zon Turnus ſlauchter for owr recompens:
To the Eneas only, but offens,
And to fortoun, remanys this journay zit,
Quharwith thou may thankfully be acquyt.
Tell hym, na luſt to lyf langar ſeyk I;
Onleſum war ſyk pleſour I ſet by;
Bot for a thraw deſyre I to leſt heir,
Turnus ſlauchter and deth with me to beir,
As glaid tithandis onto my child and barn,
Amang the goſtis law in ſkowgis dern.

CAP. V.

Heir athir party takis byſſy cuyr
The ded bodeis to graif in ſepultur.

The meyn ſeſſon Aurora raſyt hir lycht,
Richt confortabill for euery mortall wight,
Rendryng agane the oportunyte
Of laubour and of wyrkyng, as we ſe.
The prynce Eneas, and the kyng Tarchon,
Gret byngis has of treys mony one
Vpbeldyt, by the bowand coſtis bay.
Thydder euery ane dyd cary, but delay,
Eftir thar eldris gys, onto that ſted
The corpſis of thar frendis that war ded,
As for to do thar obſervans of det;
And thar vnder the ſmoky fyre has ſet,

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Quhill that the hevynnys hye dyd walxin dirk,
Involuyt with the reky ſtewys myrk.
And thrys on fut all ſammyn euery man
In ſchynand armour abowt the fyris ran,
And thrys the wofull funerall inglys thai
Circulyt abowt on horſbak in array,
With gowlyng and with vocis myſerabill;
Quhill that of trigland terys lamentabill
The feildis ſtrowyt war in euery place,
Armouris all wet with wepyng, and thar face.
The clamour of the men and trumpys ſtevyn
Gan ſpryngyng vp on hight onto the hevyn.
Syne cumis ſum, and in the fyre dyd ſlyng
The weirly wedis, ſpulge, and armyng,
Rent from the Latynys ſlane into the weir;
As helmys, ſcheildis, and rych ſwerdis ſeir,
Brydillys, and all thir ſtedis trappouris fair,
The haſty hurland charyot quhelys ſquair:
And other ſum keſt in the fyre ſyk geir
As weilbekend the corps was wont to weir,
Thar awyn wapynnys, and thar onfilly ſcheildis,
Quhilk mycht thame nocht defend into the feildis.
Full mony carcage of thir oxin gret
Abowt the fyris war brytnyt and downbet,
And buſtuus bowkis of the byrſyt ſwyne,
Our feildis all byreft from euery hyne;
Thai ſteik the beiſtis, and ſwakkis in the fyre,
Endlang the coſtis all tho byrnand ſchyre;
And can behald quhou that thar feris brynt,
Obſervand weill the gledis half owt quent,

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And eik the aſſys half brynt of the ded:
Ne may thai thens be harlyt of that ſted,
Quhill at the hevyn ourquhelmyt the dyrk nycht,
That ganand is for fyry ſternys brycht.
And, netheles, the Latynys lamentabill
In placis ſeir fyris innumerabill
Vpbeldit has, and ſum with wofull rerd
Feill corpſis deip bedelvys vnder erd;
And ſum alſſo in cartis haue thai ſent
To townys in the feildis adiacent;
And ſum alſſo war ſend to the cite,
Tobe entyrit as thame accordyt be:
The remanent all ſammyn aſſemlyt ourane,
But numbyr and but ordour, euery ane,
Of corpſys ſlane in huge heip byrn thai:
And thus, on athir ſydis, the hie way
And large feildis dyd oft of fyris ſchyne.
As that the thryd days lycht eftir ſyne
The dyrk nycht removyt from the ſky,
The aſſys deip, murnand with mony a cry,
Down dyd thai caſt, and ſcrapis owt atanys
The hait amyrris and the byrſlyt banys;
And ȝit all warm, onculyt, ſone thai have
Bedelvyn thame, and in the erd begrave.
Bot, certis, than renewys the womentyng
Within the mychty burgh of Latyn kyng,
The rumour rays and murmour principaly
Of bewalyng all owt the maiſt party.
The wofull moderis and matronys wepis heir,
The eldmoderis, and eyk the ſyſteris deir;

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Thar mycht be hard with duylfull breiſtis greyt
The ȝyng babbys walyng on the ſtreyt,
That had thar faderis ſlane this hyndir day,
Cryand, ichane, allace! and weill away!
Thai curs and wary faſt this vengeabill weir,
And Turnus wedlok bannys with mony a teir:
All in a voce thai cry, deſirand he
Suld ondertak the batall and melle,
And feght allane to mak end of this thing,
As he the quhilk pretendis to weld the ryng
Of Italy with honour pryncipall,
Deſyrand that he ſuld be lord of all.
The brym Drances aggregis weill this thyng,
And buyr on hand baldly befor the kyng
Nane bot this Turnus challance wald Enee,
Turnus only to feght deſyris he.
And, be the contrar, mony ſenſymentis
For Turnus ſchawys evident argumentis:
Of queyn Amatha the gret authoryte
Dekkis and defendis hym with wordis ſle;
And hys gret fame and actis triumphall
Hys querrell dyd ſufteyn agane thame all.

CAP. VI.

Befor kyng Latyn and hys conſale in deid
Venulus ſchawis reſpons of Diomeid.

Abuf all this, lo, the ilk ſtound onon
Thyr meſſyngeris, all trift and wobegon,

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Returnyt haymwart into thar maiſt neid
From the gret cite of ſchir Dyomed;
Reportand anſwer, that alhaill was loſt
Thar lang travale and maiſt ſumptuus coſt;
Schortly, thai had doyn thar na thyng at docht,
The rych gyftis nor gold avalyt nocht,
For all thar large requeſtis and prayeris;
To help the Latyn pepill in thar weris
Behuffyt thame to ſeik other ſupple,
Or to mak paix with Troiane prynce Ene.
Herand thir wordis, this ald Latyn kyng
Falys all curage, with gret lamentyng:
For patently the Goddis wraik, hym thocht,
Schew that by fait Ene was thyddir brocht,
And manifeſt mycht of Goddis hym dyd ſuſtene,
That ſchew the new gravys befor thar eyn.
Quharfor, a gret conſale aſſemlys he,
And callys the cheif ledaris of hys menge,
Chargeand thai ſuld in hys palyce conveyn
Onto the riall chymmys. Tho bedeyn
Thai flok ſo faſt that euery way was hyd.
Thys ancyent kyng dyd ſet hym dovn amyd
The cepturyt men, as firſt and pryncipall,
Bot no thyng ſemyng glaid of cheir at all.
Than the ambaſſat, that was returnyt agane
From Dyomedis cite Etholiane,
He bad do ſchaw the credens that thai brocht,
Per ordour haill thar anſwer, faland nocht.
Silens was maid, ilk man hys tong held than,
And Venulus, of thame the gretaſt man,

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Begouth fortill obey the kyngis charge,
And ſchew hys credens planely thus at large:
O citeȝanys, we haue viſſeit Diomed,
And ſeyn thai ſtrenthys by thame of Arge in deid
Vpbeldyt in the boundis of Italy;
The ways thiddir we haue met by and by,
And eſchapyt all dangeris by the gait,
All thocht our journay was nocht fortunait.
We haue twichit that ſammyn douchty hand
By quham of Troy diſtroyt was town and land;
Quhilk now as victor, in the feildis plane
Beſyde the ſkyrtis of the mont Gargane,
Within boundis of Japigya ſulȝe,
That now on days Apulȝe clepyng we,
Vpraſyt hes the cite Argyripas,
Quham fra hys natyve pepill namyt he has.
Fra that we entryt war in hys preſens,
And forto ſpeik was geif ws audiens,
The gyftis and rewardys preſent we;
Our credens, our eſtait, and our cuntre,
Declaryt plane, and quha with wer ws ſocht,
And quhat occaſioun had ws thidder brocht.
He hard ws weill, and on a frendly wys
Thus anſwer maid with wordis war and wys:
O fortunat folk, quhar Saturn regnyt ſwa,
Ȝhe ancyent pepill of Auſonya,
Quhat myſaventour and onkyndly heyt
Ȝou ſteris from ȝour lang reſt and quyet,
Prouocand ȝou to movyng, rays, and ſteir,
Sa peralus, onkowth, and onthrifty wer?

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For euery ane of ws that dyd offens
In Troys bundis with ſwerd and violens,
Or cruell handis ſet fortill invaid
Kyng Priamus, and of hys realm degraid;
(I leif ontald all thai that in the feld
By Troys wallys hes ſwelt vnder ſcheld,
Or that the flude of Symois by the town
Drownyt in ſtremys warpis vp and dovn;)
Our all the warld of ws hail the remanys
Beyn punyſt ſore with onreherſabill panys,
And ſufferit hes all maner of turment:
Ful weill knawis my wordis, quhat I ment,
The ſorofull conſtillatioun of Mynerve,
Quhilk cauſyt mony douchty man to ſterve;
And on the coſtis of Euboica
The rokis beris witnes ȝit alſſua,
And the montane Caphareus, God woit,
That vengeans tuke and wraik apon our floyt.
From that weirfar and curſyt chevalry
We cachyt ar to ſyndry coſtis, far by
Our natyve bundis and ald heritage.
Lo, Menelay, ane of the cheif barnage,
And Atrius ſon, yclepyt Atrydes,
To Protheus pillaris, hait Pyramydes,
Conſtrenyt is in exill forto wend;
Vlixes alſſo, as full weill is kend,
Bewavyt is wyd quhar our all the ſee,
So that the Ciclopes of Ethna ſaw he.
Quhat ſuld I tell of Neoptolemus,
That other wys to name is hait Pyrrhus,

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The hard myſchans and tynſell of hys ryng?
Or quhou aganys Idomeneus the kyng
Hys kyndly Goddis and cuntre dyd rebell,
And hym gan of hys natyve realm expell?
Or quhou the Locrys, Aiax Oelyus oft,
Now doys inhabyt the waiſt Lybyan coſt?
Sen he hym ſelf the gret Agamemnon,
The kyng of Myce, and cheif ledar of on
Of all the Grekis oſtis in batale,
Ha, ſchame to ſay! fowlely befell,
That by the handis of hys awyn wife
The firſt nycht in hys palyce loſt hys lyfe.
And he that venquyſt Aſya lyis ded;
The ſle adultrar occupiis hys ſted.
The Goddis eik ſa far did me invy,
That in my natyue land neuer ſall I ſpy
My chaiſt ſpouſage, lyke as befor hes bene,
Ne Calydon my realm of crymys cleyn.
And now alſſo, a griſly thyng to ſe!
Ane ſelcouth monſtre, lo, betyd hes me:
My ferys loſt with plumys in the ayr
As thame beſt lykis ar fleand our al quhar,
Allace of my folkis the vengeabill wraik!
Tranſformyt in fowlys, wandris by the laik,
And of thar lamentabill and woſall ſowndis
The large coſtis dynnys and redoundis.
Thir myſchevys for my treſpas and cryme,
I may traiſt, hes betyd me ſen that tyme
That I, witles and ſo rakles, perfay,
The hevynly bodeis durſt with ſwerd aſſay,

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And with ſmert wond was our preſumptuus
To violat the rycht hand of Venus.
Soliſt na mar, quod he, perſuaid me nocht
That to ſo dangerus batellis I be brocht.
Eftir the bettyng down of Troys wallys,
With the Tewcranys, quhat chance that euir befallis,
I will na mair debatis mak nor weris;
Nor of our ald ſtryfe thir hyndir ȝheris,
That ſo myſchews was and bad to ſe,
May I glaidly remember now, ſaid he.
Tha giftis rych, and mony fair preſandis,
Quhilkis ȝe to me hes brocht furth of ȝour landis,
Return and beir onto the Prynce Ene.
Contrar hys keyn dartis ellis ſtand haue we,
And hand for hand matchit hym in fycht:
Beleif me as expert, quhou ſtowt and wight
Is he owther in batale place or feld,
And how ſternly he raſys vp hys ſcheild,
Or with quhou gret a thud in the melle
Ane lance towartis hys aduerſar thrawys he.
Forthir, he ſaid, I certify ȝou alſua,
That, gif the forſaid grond of Phrygia
Twa othir ſik men fofterit had or bred,
The citeis all of Arge mycht fore haue dred,
And the offſpryng of Dardan eſely
Mycht in our realmys arryvit by and by,
So that Grece ſuld haue murnyt, euery tovn,
The fatis ald reuerſit vp ſyd dovn.
Alhail the ſtop, reſiſtans, and delay,
Mayd at Troy wallys, quhil the ſege thar lay,

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Was by the handis of Hector and Ene;
The Grekis conquyſt lang tyme, traſtis me,
By thame was ſtyntit, apon ſik maner
That it prolongit was quhil the tent ȝer.
Athir of thame in bontę and curage
Excelland war, and full of vaſſalage;
Athir of thame maiſt ſouerane and douchty
In dedis of armys, prowes, and chevalry:
Bot this Ene was firſt all owt expres
Of reuth, compaſſioun, and of gentilnes.
Tharfor all ſammyn adionys ȝour rycht handis
In ferm allyance of concord, and ſik bandis
Be ony wys ſe ȝhe optene, quod he;
For, gif thai ſtart till armys in melle,
Be war with thame fortill debait, I red.
Maiſt nobill kyng of kyngis, in this ſted
Hys anſwer hes thou hard, as I haue tald,
And twichand this gret batale quhat he wald.

CAP. VII.

The kyng proponys with Enee to tak pes
Incontrar Turnus; tharto perſuadis Drances.

Scars had the meſſyngeris thir wordis ſaid,
Quhen all the Latynys, trublyt, full onglaid,
Fra hand to hand quhiſpyris faſt and roundis,
On diuers wys demyng with murmour ſoundis:

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Lyke as the ſwyft watir ſtremys cleir
Sum tyme rowtand men on far may heir,
Quhar it is ſtoppit with thir ſtanys round,
That of the ryveris brute and brokkyn ſound,
Bryſtand on ſkelleis our thir demmyt lynnys,
The bankis endlang all the ſludis dynnys.
Bot eftir that thar mudis meſyt wer,
Thar waverand wordis ſtanchit and ſik beir,
With reuerens firſt blyſſand the Goddis mycht,
The kyng thus carpys from hys trone on hycht:
O Latyn pepill, forſuyth I wald al gait,
And ſo had beyn far bettir, weill I wait,
Full lang or now aviſyt had we be
Twychand the common weill and materis hie;
And not at ſik a poynt, apon this wys,
Our conſale to aſſembill and to avys,
Quhen that our fays and aduerſaris ar bown
Forto byſege the wallys of our town.
O citezanys, we move and ledis at hand
Ane wer inoportune, quhilk is onganand,
Aganys folkis of Goddis clan diſcend,
That beyn invincybill, and weill can defend
So that na bargane may thame irk nor tyre;
Nor thocht thai venquyſt war, baith man and ſyre,
May thai defiſt, ne withdraw the melle.
Gif ony hope or confidens had we
In chevalry of the Etholianys,
Quhilkis in Napillis with Dyomed remanys,
And for thir men of armys thidder ſend,
Do all ſik traſte away, and zou defend:

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Lat euery man in his awyn ſelf haue hope.
But quhou febill ſik traſte is ȝe may grope,
And eik befor ȝour eyn cleir may ȝe ſe
In quhou gret perrell and proplexite
All other materis lyis now or ſtandis;
All ſic thyngis bene braid amang ȝour handis.
I will accus nor argu now na wight.
All haill the fors or ſtrenth mycht be in fycht
Exercyt was, I wait; ſen all the flour
And pyſſans of this realm dyd ſtryve in ſtour.
Now ſo it is that I will breifly end,
And in ſchort wordis mak onto ȝou kend
The dowtſum purpos in my mynd remanys;
Attendans geif, and harkis all at anys.
I haue, beſyde Tyber the Tuſcane flude,
Ane ald feld onprofitabill and rude,
Far ſtrekand weſt to the bundis quhar remanys
The Scicyll pepill, quhilkis clepit ar Sycanys:
The folk Auruncane and of Rutuly
This grund ſawys full onthriftely,
With ſcharp plewis and ſteill ſokkis ſeir
Thai hard hillys hyrſtis forto eyr,
And on thir wild holtis harſk alſſo
In faynt paſtur doith thar beſtis go.
All that cuntre and band of hillis hie,
Sa full of rochis pynnakillis, as we ſe,
Lat it be geif for amyte and concord
To the Troianys, and Eneas thar lord;
Syne offer thame equale trety condyng,
And, as our perys, do call thame in this ryng;

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All ſammyn lat thame dwell heir by and by,
Gif thai haue ſik deſyre to Italy,
Do lat thame beld thar cite wallys ſquar.
Bot gif ſo be that thai lyft ellis quhar
To othir coſtis or pepill forto wend,
Thar dwellyng place for ay to apprehend,
And poſſibill be that of our boundis thai
May ſo depart, and from thens wend away;
Twys ten ſchippis lat ws beld agane
Of ſtrang tymmyr and treis Italyane,
And gif thai wald compleit ma in this land,
The ſtuf lyis all reddy by the ſtrand:
Of thar ſchippis the numbir and maner
Lat thame command, and we ſal furnys heir
The irne graith, the warkmen, and the wrychtis,
And all that to the ſchippis langis of rychtis.
And forthir eik it lykis me, quod he,
To ber my wordis to this prynce Ene,
And to conferm our frendſchip and our pes,
Ane hundreth gay ambaſſatouris, but les,
Of gretaſt blude of the Latyn menge,
And in thar handis reke furth the peaceable tre;
And bair hym giftis and rewardis large,
Of gold and evoir mony ſovm and charge,
The char or ſete accordyng for the ryng,
Our rob ryall, enſengeys of a kyng.
Avys heiron amangis gou for the beſt,
And help to bryng our febill weill to reſt.
Ane Drances tho vpſtud, and ſpeke began:
The quhilk Drances was the ſelf man

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That, as we ſaid haue laitly heir tofor,
Was rycht moleſt to Turnus euermor,
Quham the renovn of Turnus and glory
Prikkyt full ſor with lurkand hyd envy;
Of moblis rych and plentuus was he,
And maſte expert in ſpeche and wordis ſle,
Bot of his handis into batale ſted
Full cald of curage, dolf as ony led,
And into conſalys gevyng he was hald
A man nocht indegeſt, bot wys and cald;
Bot ane ſeditioun or a brek to make
Sa maſterfull, tharin was nane hys mayk:
The nobill kynrent of hys moderis ſyde
Maid hym full gret of blude, and full of pryde;
Hys fader was oncertane and onknaw.
And vp he ſtartis in this ilk thraw,
With thir wordis Turnus to ourcharge,
Aggregyng on hym wrath and malyce large:
O douchty kyng, thou axis conſale, ſaid he,
Of that mater quhilk, as ſemys me,
Is nother dyrk nor dowtſum, bot full cleir,
That myſteris not our avicis beyn heir.
The pepill haill grantis that thai wait
Quhat forton ſchawys, and in quhat eſtait
Our materis ſtandis; bot thai ar arch to ſchaw,
Quhiſpirand amangis thame, thai ſtand ſik aw.
Bot caus hym geif thame liberte to ſpeke,
Do way his boſt, at thar breth may outbreke;
I meyn of hym, by quhais onhappy werd,
And fraward thewys, now ded on the erd

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Samony cheif chiftanys and dukis lyis:
Forſuyth, I ſall ſay furth all myne avys,
All thocht with brag and boſt, or wapynnys, he
Me doith await, and mannans forto de:
For by hys dedis may we ſe expres
Thys cite haly plungit in diſtres,
Quhillys that he has maid hym to aſſay
The Troianys ſtrenth, and ſtall ſa ſone away,
Havand aſſurans to withdraw and fle,
And into armys dois boſt the hevynnys hie.
Bot, O thou all thar beſt and riall kyng,
To all thir gyftis ekis bot a thyng;
Onto thir preſandis, and wys wordis ſeir,
That to Troianys thou has byd ſay and beir,
Ekis a gift, and lat neuer demyt be
The buſtuuſneſs of ony may dant the,
Bot that thi douchter, O thou fader gude,
Onto ȝon worthy prynce of gentill blude
Be gevyn, tobe thy ſon in law, I wys,
As he that worthy ſik a wedlok is;
And knyt vp paix, but mor diffeuerans,
With that eternall band of allyans.
And gif ſa gret raddour or dreid haue we
Within our myndis or our breiſtis, quod he,
That, for Turnus, we dar nocht do ſik thyng;
Than lat ws for the weilfar of this ryng
Beſeik hym tharfor, and with haill entent
Require hym at he wald grant hys conſent,
So that the kyng, at hys fre volunte,
Mycht oys and do hys proper dewyte,

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And, for the weill publik of this land,
Deſyre that he na wys tharto ganeſtand.
O Turnus, hed and cauſar verraly
Of thir myſchevis gret in Italy,
Quharto ſa feill ſys in playn perrellis now
Thir ſylly wrachit citezanys warpis thou?
Nane hoip of weilfar haue we in this wer:
For paix halely we all the requer,
Togiddyr with Lavinia the ſchene may,
Quhilk is the pand or plege, this dar I ſay,
Of paix tobe kepit inviolate.
And I forſuyth, quhilk, as be thy conſait,
Thou fenys thyne evill willar forto be,
And for the common weill, ſa mot I thee,
So forto cum I refus nocht, gud broder,
Bot lo me heir, now formeſt of all other
Humylly the beſekyng: I requer,
Haue mercy, lord, of thyne awyn frendis deir,
Lat be thy ſtowt mynd, go thy way but lak,
With ane mair ſtrang rebute and dryve abak.
Ded corpſis bet down enew haue we ſeyn,
Our large feldis and boundis all betweyn
Left deſolate and waiſt of induelleris.
Bot gif thy fame and gret renown the ſteris,
Gyf in thy breiſt ſa hie curage and mycht
Thou has conſauyt, thynkand the ſa wight,
And gif that on ſik wys this hald ryall
Suldbe thy dowry and rych gyft dotall
Thou berys in hart, and is to the ſa deir;
Do vndyrtake this thyng, and end the weir:

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Addres thy body baldly, and not ſpayr
Forto recontyr alone thyne aduerſar,
To that entent, that Turnus all hys lyfe
May weld the kyngis douchter to hys wyfe;
So that we, dolf of curage as the led,
Be not doun ſtrowit in the feildis ded,
In cumpaneis onberyit or bewalyt.
Bot thou, that has in feild ſa feil aſſalyt,
Gyf ony ſtrenth thou has or hardyment,
Or marciall prowes ſteryng thyne entent
For thy cuntre; aganyſt the, for hys rycht,
Behald thy ſa prouocand the to fyght,
Ȝondir all reddy to mak hys party gude:
Delay no mor, bot manfully go to it.

CAP. VIII.

Turnus, at Drances ſpeche commovit ſair,
Rycht ſubtelly allegis the contrar.

The fers mude of Turnus, this bald ſyre,
At ſik ſawys kyndillyt hait as fyre;
Sychand rycht ſor deip in hys breiſt onon,
Thir wordis pronuncis with a petuus grone:
Drances, ſaid he, forſuyth euer hes thou beyn
Large and to mekill of ſpech, as weil is ſeyn
Now, quhen the batale deſyris wark at hand;
The conſale ſyttand, firſt thou doys vpſtand.

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Bot not with wordis ſuld the cowrt be fillyt,
Set thou be gret tharin, and ful evill willyt,
With haltand wordis fleand from the heir,
Quhen thou aſſouerit art of al danger,
So lang as that our ſtrenthy wallys gude
Our ennemys debarrit doith exclude,
Or quhil the fowceis of our forteres
Rynnys not our of bludy ſpait, I ges.
Tharfor trump vp, blaw forth thyne eloquens,
As thou was wont to do, mak thy defens:
Bot than thou may, Drances, be myne avice,
Me to reproch of feir and cowardyce,
Quhen that thi rycht hand into batale ſted
Sa mony hepis of Troianys hes laid ded,
And quhen thou takynnyt hes ſo worthely
With ſyng tropheall the feildis, as haue I.
Full eith it is fortill aſſay, and ſe
Quhat may our ſprety fors in the melle;
And, as full weill is knawyn to ws eik,
Our fais beyn not far from hens to ſeik,
Bot plant about the wallis of our town:
Aganyſt thame go mak ws reddy bown.
Quhy duellys thou and tareis thus al day?
Quhidder gif thy marcial dedis, as thai war ay,
Into thy wyndy clattrand tung ſalbe,
And in tha cowart feit, euir wont to fle?
Says thou I was repulſyt and dryve away?
O maiſt onworthy wight, quha can that ſay?
Or me juſtly reprochyng of ſyk lak,
That I rebutyt was or dung abak,

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By me quhen thou behald mycht Tyber flude
Boldyn and ryn on ſpait with Troian blude,
And all the famyll of Evander kyng
Brocht onto grond alhail and his offſpryng;
And the Archadis, confundyt and ourſet,
With mony ma in armys I doun bet?
The gryſly Bytias, and Pandarus his brother,
Thai ar expert gif I fled one or other,
And eik thai thouſand ſawlys on a day
As victor I to hell ſend hyne away,
Quhen that I was incluſyt at diſtres
Amyd myne ennemys wallis and forteres.
Thou ſays, in weir na hoip is of weilfare:
O wytles wyght! pronunce that, and declare
Sik chance betyd ȝon Dardan capitane,
And ſpa ſik thyng onto thy dedis ilkane.
And forthir eik, ſen thou art mad becum,
Ces not forto perturbill all and ſum,
And with thy felloun raddour thame to fley;
The febill myghtis of ȝon pepill fey,
Into batale twys venquyſt ſchamefully,
Spare not fortill extoll and magnyfy;
And, be the contrar, the piſſans of Latyn kyng
Do ſet at nocht, bot lychtly, and down thryng.
Now the nobill Myrmydon capitanys
Quakis in armys for feir of the Troianys,
And now Tedeus ſon Diomedes
Agaſt is, and Lariſſyane Achilles:
And Aufidus, the ſwyft flowand ryver,
Rynnys contyrmont frawart the ſey for feir.

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And quhill alſſo this ilk ſchrewit wight,
That is controvar of mony wykkyt ſlycht,
Fengeis hym fleyt or abaſyt tobe,
That he dar not chide furth incontrar me,
Than with hys dreid and ſle controvit feir
My cryme aggregis he on hys maner.
Deſiſt, Drances, be not abaſyt, I pray,
For thou ſal neuer los, ſchortly I the ſay,
By my wapyn nor this rycht hand of myne,
Sik ane pevych and catyve ſaule as thyne:
Nay; lat it duell with the, as beſt may gane,
Within that wrachit corps, and thar remane.
Now, O thou gret fader and prynce ſouerane,
To the and thy conſale I turn agane.
Gyf thou liſt no thyng traſting nor affy
Into our armys nor our chevalry;
Gyf that we be of help all deſolate,
And hail at vnder into this laſt debait,
Diſtroyt for ay, and na help may mak,
For that our oſt was anys drevyn abak,
And forton hes na return ne regres;
Lat ws beſeik for paix at ſik diſtres,
Mak hym requeſt to rew apon our harmys,
And reke hym furth our ryght hand bair of armys.
Quhoubeit, O! wald God, in this extreme neid
That ony thyng of curage or manheid
Remanyt, as was wont with ws tobe:
Abufe the laif thame worthy thinkis me,
Maiſt fortunat in fatys marcyall,
And excellent in hie curage our all,

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Quhilk wilfully, as that thame ſelvyn wald,
At thai ne ſuldyn fik myſcheif behald,
Fell ded to grond by fatale happy werd,
And with thar mowth anys bait the erd.
Bot gif we haue ryches and moblys ſeir,
And nevir aſſayt ȝit freſch ȝong power,
And, in our helpyng, of Italianys
Citeis and pepillys habundis and remanys;
Or gif that alſo to the Troiane ſyde,
With effuſioun of blude and wondis wyde,
This victory betyd is; traſtis me,
Thai haue als feill ded corpſis as haue we:
Gyf this tempeſtuus trake of the batale
On baith the halfis is all owt equale,
Quhy failȝe we ſo ſchaymfully our mycht
Into the firſt entre of the fycht?
Quhy quakis thus our membris vp and dovn,
Befor the bludy blaſt and trumpis ſovn?
For tyme, feill ſys, and eik the variant chance
Of our onſtabill lyfe hung in ballance,
Reducit hes full mony onlykly thyng
To bettir fyne than was thar begynnyng;
And fortoun interchangabill with blenkis quent
Full mony ane diſſauyt hes and ſchent,
Syne eftir in a thraw, this weill I wait,
Reſtoryt thame agane to thar ferm ſtait.
I put the caſe, ſet the Etholianys,
With Dyomed and the pepill Arpanys,
Lyſt not cum in our helpyng nor ſuple;
ȝit than the bald Meſapus weill wylbe,

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And the happy Tolumnyus alſſo,
With all tha other dukis mony mo
That fra ſo feill pepillys beyn hydder ſent:
And na litill renown, be myne entent,
Followys the choſyn folkis of Italy,
Nor thame that duellis in Lawrent feildis heirby.
Haue we not eik the ſtalwart Camylla,
Of the famyll and kynrent of Volſca,
Ledand thir armyt oftis and ſtern feildis,
In byrnyſt plait arrayt and ſchynand ſcheldis?
Bot gyf the Troiane pepill, euery ane,
Deſyris me to feght in feild allane,
Gif that be pleſand onto the, ſchir kyng,
And I ſa far, eftir Drances menyng,
Gaynſtandis the common weill; into that cace,
That ſchame ſal nevir betyd me in na place:
For victory me hatis not, dar I ſay,
Nor lyſt ſyk wys withdraw thir handis twa,
That I refus ſuld to aſſay ony thyng
Quhilk mycht ſa gret beleif of weil inbryng.
With ſtowt curage agane hym wend I will,
Thocht he in prowes pas the gret Achill,
Or ſet in cace ſik armour he yeris as he,
Wrocht by the handis of God Vulcanus ſle.
To 3ou, and kyng Latyn my fader in law,
I Turnus heir, quham full weill 3e knaw
No thyng behynd, nor tobe reput les,
To nane of all our eldris in prowes,
This ſaul and life, the quhilk ſa weil I lufe,
Doith promys and awowis for 3our behufe.

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Thai ſay, allone me challancis Ene;
And I beſeik gret God he challance me:
Ne byd I not that Drances deir aby
Ocht with hys deth, quhar that appoſit am I;
Nor, quhidder this turn to Goddis wrethfull wraik,
Or hardyment and honour, we ondertake,
Na thing at all tharof ſalbe his part;
The chans is myne, I will it not aſtart.

CAP. IX.

Duryng this diſputatioun, as is ſaid,
Enee hys oſt about the town has laid.

Quhill thai thus at gret altricatioun wer
Amangis thame ſelf in dowtſum thingis ſeir,
Eneas all his oſt and haill army
Hes raſyt, trumpyng to the town in hy.
A meſſynger com ruſchand in with haiſt,
Amyd the rowtis ran as he war chaiſt,
That with huge rumour and a feirfull dyn
Fillit onon the kyngis riall In,
And with gret dreid the cite ſtuffit alquhar;
Schawand quhou that thar fays cummyn war
In plane batale arrayt, to conclude,
The Troiane barnage from Tibir the ſlude,
With ordinance of Tuſcan, that dyd ſpreid
In forfront al the large feildis on breid.

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Onon the pepillis hartis effrayt wer,
And commonys breiftis proplexit all for feir;
In ſum, the greif and ire dyd faſt habund,
Raſyt with brethfull ſtangis full onſond,
And with a felloun dreid all on ſteir
Thai hynt to harnes, and cryis eftir thar gere:
Harnes, harnes, all the ȝong citeȝanys
With fellon brute and noys ſchowtis atanys;
The febill and agyt faderis wobegone
Can pleyn and weip with mony a petuus grone.
In euery part the gret clamour and cryis
In diuers opinionys rays vp to the ſkyis:
Nane other wys than as ſum tyme we knaw
The flycht of byrdis fordynnys the thik ſchaw,
Or than the rawk vocit ſwannis in a rabill,
Sondand and ſwouchand with noys lamentabill
Endlang the bemand ſtankis and ſtremys cleir
Of Paduſa, ſa full of fyſchis ſeir.
Turnus, that fand hys tyme ſa oportune,
Now baldly ſays he, citeȝanys haue doyn;
Do call ȝour conſale, takis avyſment,
Sittand at eys ilkane ſay his entent,
Carpys of paix, and ruys it now, lat ſe,
Quhen that thai ȝonder invadis ȝour cuntre,
Ȝour mortale fays inarmyt ȝou to aſſaill.
Na mair he ſaid, bot ſtartis vp ſans faill,
And of the cheif palyce iſchit furth in hy,
Thus carpand to the noblys ſtud hym by:
Go tyte, Voluſus, to the banereris
Of the Volſcanys, and thame that ſtandartis beris;

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Charge thame thar enſenȝeis forto rays on hycht,
And in thar armour adres thar men to fyght:
And ȝhe, Meſapus, Coras, and ȝour broder,
The horſmen all enarmyt, ane and other,
Convoys furth onto the feildis braid.
A party of the citeȝanys, he ſaid,
Do ſtuf the entreis, and the portis defend;
Sum to the towris and wall hedis aſcend;
The remanent of all our haill menȝe,
Quhen I command, lat thame ſet on with me.
Onon our all the cite by and by
Vp on the wallys ryn thai than in hy.
The kyng Latyn hys conſale, full onglaid,
And gret materis quhilkis he begunnyn had,
Left and differrit quhil ane other day,
Trift in his mynd, and trublit of that delay:
And mony ways hym ſelf he accuſyt,
That he ſa lang had ſlewthit and refuſyt
To reſſaue glaidly the Troiane Ene;
Repentyng ſor, for weill of his cite,
That he had not requirit hym and draw,
Or than, to be his mawch and ſon in law.
Sum tho, thar cite entre forto kepe,
Befor the portis delvis trynſchis deip;
Sum to the ȝettis weltis weghty ſtonys,
And ſum gret jeſtis and fillys for the nonys:
The bas trumpet with a bludy ſovn
The ſyng of batell blew our all the tovn.
The wallis than thai ſtuffit rownd abowt
With diuers ſortis of mony ſyndry rowt:

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Baith wifis, barnys, childer, men, and page,
Na kynd of ſtait was ſparit tho, nor age;
The hyaſt poynt and lattir reſiſtens
Callit euery wight to laubour and defens.
The queyn alſo, Amata, furth can hald
Onto the tempill and Pallas ſouerane hald,
Born in hir char, and walkyng hir abowt
Of matronys and nobil wemen a rowt;
Offerandis and gyftis brocht with hir ſcho had:
Nixt hand hir went Lavynia the maid,
The caus of all this harm and wofull teyn,
That down for ſchame dyd caſt hyr luſty eyn.
The matronys entris in the Goddis preſens,
And ſmokis the tempill with ſweit vapour and ſens,
And reuthful vocis warpis lovd on hie.
Alſſone as thai attenyt the entre,
O thou, ſaid thai, Pallas armipotent,
Tritonia clepit, maid, and prefident
Of batale and of weris eueryone,
With thy virginal handis breke onon
Ꝛon Troiane revaris wapynnys and his ſpeir;
Hym ſelf als tyte dovn to the grund thou ber,
Vndre our portis and our wallis hie
Down warp hym ded, that we that ſycht may ſe.

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CAP. X.

Heir Turnus and Camylla gan devys
Practikis of weir, the Troianys to ſupprys.

Turnus hym ſelf, als fers as ony gleid,
Ful biſſely addreſſyt on his weid,
Deſyrus of the batale and bargane.
Intil a clos curas Rutilyane
Be than his body weill embraſyt had he,
Hys burnyſt armour, awfull for to ſe,
With lymmys claſpit in platis gilt with gold,
And hed all bair; ȝit, as hym ſelvyn wold,
Hys dedly brand he beltis by his ſyde;
And, ſchynand all of brycht gold, faſt can glide
Throw owt the palyce ryall heir and thar,
Reioſyt in his mynd, as thocht he war
In ferm beleif fortill ourſet his fo:
And on ſik wys gan walkyng to and fro,
With hart hyngand on the joly pyn.
As, ſum tyme, dois the curſer ſtart and ryn,
That brokkyn hes his band, furth of his ſtall,
Now gois at large out our the feldis all,
And haldis towart the ſtudis in a rage,
Quhar merys rakis in thar paſturage,
Or than onto the deip rynnand ryver,
Quhar he was wont to drynk the watir cleir;
He ſprentis furth, and full provd walxis he,
Heich ſtrekand vp his hed with mony a ne,

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Out our his ſpaldis and nek lang by and by
His lokkyrrit mayn ſchakand wantonly:
Siklyke this Turnus ſemys, quhar he went.
And, as he bradis furth apon the bent,
The maid Camylla cummis hym agane,
Accumpaneit with hir oſtis Volſcane:
Befor the portis dovn lyghtis the queyn,
Quham all the rowt hes followyt bedeyn,
Diſcendand from thar horſſis eſely;
Syne on ſic wys this lady ſpak on hy:
Turnus, ſays ſche, gif ony hardy wight
May trafte or aſſure in thar awyn mycht,
I vndertak, and dar promys, allane
To mach in feild the oſtis Eneadane,
And baldly dar recuntir in melle
All the horſmen of the Tuſcane menge.
I the requyr, ſuffir me to aſſay
With my retenew and thir handis tway
The firſt danger in batale, or I ſtent:
Byde thou behynd on fut in enbuſchment,
And kepe the wallis of this tovn, ſcho ſaid.
Turnus his eyn hes fixit on this maid,
That weirlike was and awfull onto ſe,
Syne on this maner to hir anſueris he:
O thou virgyn, glory of Italy,
Quhat thankis ȝeld or rendir the may I,
Or quhat may I refer of thy renovn?
Bot, ſen thou art to all thyng reddy bovn,
Surmontyng all in curage ſouerane,
Now at this tyme of ſic laubour and payn

Grant me my part, ſo that on athir ſyde
Betwix ws twa the bargane be dyvyde.
Hark, I ſall ſchaw ȝou myne avys, quod he:
Ȝon deteſtabill and myſchews Enee,
As that the rumour ſurely hes maid kend,
And als my ſpyis ſchawis was thidder ſend,
A certane horſmen, lycht armyt for the nanys,
Hes ſend befor forto forray the planys;
Hym ſelf aſcendis the hie band of the hyll
By wentis ſtrait and paſſage ſcharp and wyll,
Schaip on our cite fortocum prevely.
Tharfor a prattik of weir devys will I,
And ly at wait in quyet enbuſchment
At athir pethis hed or ſecrete went;
In the how ſlak, be ȝonder woddis ſyde,
Full dern I ſall my men of armys hyde.
Set thou apon the Tuſcan horſyt rowt,
With pynſellis ſemlyt ſammyn with a ſchowt:
The ſtalwart Meſapus with the ſall go,
The Latyn barnage, and the brethir two,
Thai capiṭanys come fra Tyburtyn cite,
With all thar ordinance and hail menge:
Tak thou the cuyr with thame to rewle and ſteir
Alhaill that ryall army into weir.
Thus ſaid he, and with ſic wordis at ſchort
Meſapus to the fight he dyd exhort,
And all his feris, ſyne euery capitane;
And ſyne towart his aduerſaris is gane.
Thar lay a valle in a crukyt glen,
Ganand for ſlycht till enbuſch armyt men,

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Quham, wonder narrow, apon athir ſyde
The bewys thik hampirris and doith hyde
With ſkowgis darn and full obſcur, perfay,
Quharthrow thar ſtrekit a rod or a ſtrait way,
Ane narrow peth, baith outgang and entre,
Full ſcharp and ſchrowit paſſage wonder ſle:
Abufe the quhilk, apon the hill on hycht,
Quhar men may ſpy about a weil far ſycht,
Thar lyis a playn to the Troianys onknaw;
Bot, quha ſo lift towart that ſted to draw,
It is a ſtellyng place and ſovir harbry,
Quhar oft in ſtail or enbuſchment may ly,
Quhidder men lift the bargane to abyde
Owder on the rycht hand or on the left ſyde,
Or on the hycht debait thame for the nanys,
And on thar fays welt dovn weghty ſtanys.
Thyddir ȝong Turnus held and dyd aſcend,
As he that all the paſſage weil bekend;
The place he tuke, and ful prevy, onknaw,
Lyggis at wait vnder the darn wod ſchaw.

CAP. XI.

Quhou that Opis was doun from Dyane ſend,
And of quhat kyn Camylla was diſcend.

The meyn ſeſſon, Latonas douchter Dyan,
Within hir ſete of hevynnys ſouerane,

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The ſwyft Opys, a nymphe ane of hir feris,
Ane haly virgyne of hir ſort mony ȝheris,
To hir callis, rycht dolorus and onglaid,
And, ſychand ſair, to hyr ſyk wordis ſaid:
O virgyn deyr, lo now, Camylla gays
To cruell batall aganyſt hyr mortal fays,
And, al in vayn, with hir into ſyk werys
Our wapynnys and our armour with hyr berys.
I the declar and certifeis, quod ſche,
Abuf all other full deyr is ſche to me:
Ne this luf, ſuythly, is nocht cummyn of new,
Nor ȝit of lait in Dyanys breſt vpgrew,
And with a haſty ſweitnes movyt my ſpreit,
Bot of ald kyndnes lang tyme onforleit.
For quhen hir fader, Metabus the kyng,
Was throw invy expellit hys ancyent ryng
Of Pryvernum, and for the cruelte
Of his pepill fled from that cite,
With hym he bair this ȝong infant ſa deir,
Tobe his fallow in exill, and play feir,
And eftir hir moderis name, hait Caſmylla,
Camylla hes clepit, a lettir tane awa.
Befor hym in hys boſum he hyr bair,
And ſocht onto the wilſum holtis hair.
Hys cruel fays with thar wapynnys keyn
Hym ombeſet on all partis in teyn:
With armyt men and wageouris the Volſcanys
So neir almoſt bylappyt hym at anys,
Thar was na paſſage quhar away to fle.
For lo! amyd the went quhar etlyt he,

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Amaſenus, that ryver and freſch flude,
Abuf the brays bulryt as it war wod;
From the clowdis was bryſt fik ſpait of rayn
The ryver flowis our the large plane.
He, dreſſand hym to ſwym, at the bank ſyde
For luf of the ȝong bab moſt neid abyde,
And, for his deir byrdyng dredand ſoir,
Ilk chance in haiſt dyd roll in his memor;
And ſcars this ſentens prent into hys mynd,
Hys douchtir forto clos within the rynd
And ſtalwart ſapplyn or bark of cork tre:
For in hys hand the ſelf tyme had he
A buſtuus ſpeir, percace, baith ſtyth and ſtuyr,
As he that was a worthy weriour;
The ſchaft was ſad and ſound, and weill ybaik:
Ywympillit in this bark tho dyd he take
Hys ȝong douchter, and with hys awyn hand
Amyddis of this lans full ſuyrly band;
Quhilk taſand with hys rycht hand, ſone on hye
Onto the hevyn abuf thus carpys he:
O bliſſyt maid Latonya, our alquhar
Of wild foreſtis the inhabitar,
I, fader, heir profeſſys ſervand to the
This tendir ȝonglyng, bund onto this tre;
Fleand hys fays throw the ſkyis, lo,
Knyt to thy ſchaft, lawly beſekis ſcho.
Reſſaue hir, lady, and teſtify, God wait,
As thyne alhail, onto the dedicate,
Quhilk now thou ſeis ſtandis in danger,
Commyttit to the wyndis and the ayr.

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Thus ſaid he, and onon with a ſwak
Hys gardy vp has bendit far abak,
And threw the ſpeir with all hys fors and mycht;
The ſtremys ſoundyt of the ſchaftis flycht:
Owr this fers ryver to the farthyr bra
This fey onfilly bab, ȝong Camylla,
Flaw knyt onto this quhirrand ſchaft of tre.
Bot this Metabus, quhen that he dyd ſe
The gret pres of hys fays cum ſa neir,
Na langar duelt, bot ſwam throu the ryver;
And, cummyn to his purpos blyth and glaid,
The ſpeir onon, ſa buklyt with the maid,
In preſand onto the thrynfald Dyane,
Furth of the greſy ſward he has vptane.
Na rurall byggyngis, nor ȝit na ſtrang cite,
Wald hym reſſaue within thar wallys he,
Nor, thocht thai wald hym to harbry haue tane,
Hys fers mynd couth not ſubdew to nane:
So that, in maner of hyrdis in paſturage,
On wild montanys he wonnyt all his age;
Quhar that his dochtyr, amang buſkis ronk,
In dern ſladis and mony ſcroggy ſlonk,
With mylk he nurift of the beiſtis wild,
And with the pappis fofterit he his child
Of ſavage ſtude meris in that foreſt;
Oft tymys he thar breiſtis mylkit and preſt
Within the tendir lippys of his get.
And, fra the child myght fut to erd ſet,
And with hir ſolis firſt dyd mark the grond,
With dartis keyn and hedis ſcharply grund

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Hir fyſtis and hir handis chargyt he;
And at hir ſchuldir buklyt hes on hie
Ane propir bow and litil arow cace:
And for hir goldyn garland or hed lace,
In ſted eik of hir ſyde garmont or pall,
Our the ſchuldris fro hir nek down with all
The griſly tygrys ſkyn of rent dyd hyng.
The ſelf tyme ȝit ſche bot tendir ȝonglyng
Thir dartis and the takillis ſwyft leit glyde;
And oft abowt hir hed the ilk tyde
Wald warp the ſtryngis of the ſtowt ſtaf ſlyng,
Quharwith feill ſys to grund ded wald ſcho dyng
The cran of Trace, or than the quhite ſwan.
For nocht ſcho was deſirit with mony a man,
And moderis feill throu the townys Tuſcane
Deſirit hir thar gud douchter, in vane:
For ſcho only, full ferm in hir entent,
Of Diane, Goddes of chaſtyte, ſtud content,
And lift to hant evyr in woddis with me
The dartis ſchutyng, and love virginyte,
Remanand incorrupt and a cleyn maid.
I wald, forſuyth, at this tyme ſcho abaid,
And had not haſtit to ſic chevalry,
Forto moleſt the Troianys ſtowt army;
Bot that ane of my ferys ſcho ſuld be,
As ſcho that is at all tyme deir to me.
Haue done onon, thou nymphe Opys, ſcho ſaid,
With wikkyt fatis ſen beſtad is ȝon maid,
Thou ſlyde down from the hevyn, and that in hy;
The Latyn feildis thou viſſy and aſpy,

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Quhar, in the wofull batale and melle,
To ane onhappy chance betaucht is ſche.
Tak thir dartis, and ſone owt of my cays
That ilke revengeabill arow thou owt rays:
Quha evir with wond doys hurt or violat
Hyr haly body onto me dedicat,
Quhidder he be Troiane or Italiane,
All is in like, that he onon be ſlane,
And with hys blude myn offens deir aby.
My ſelf thar eftir the reuthfull corps in hy
Amyd a boys clowd ſall cary away,
Onſpulȝeit of hir armour or array,
And hir bygrave, reducit to hir cuntre,
In ſepultur full gloryus, ſaid ſche.
Than Opys lyghtly of the hevynnys glade,
Throw owt the ſkyis ſowchand faſt doun ſlaid,
Perſand the ayr with body all ourſchrowd
And dekkyt in a watry ſabill clowd.

CAP. XII.

Quhou that Eneas with hys haill power
Towart the cyte wallys drawis neir.

Dvryng this quhile, the Troiane power all
Approchys faſt towart the cite wall,
The Tuſcane Dukis and horſmen rowtis alhaill
Arrayt in batale, euery ward and ſtaill.

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Our all the planys brays the ſtampand ſtedis,
Full galȝeart in thar bardis and weyrly wedis,
Apon thar ſtrait born brydillis brankand faſt,
Now thrympand heir, now thar, thayr hedis can caſt:
The large grond worth gryſly onto ſe
Of ſteill wapynnys and ſcharp ſpeir hedis hie;
And as the fyre all byrnand ſchayn the feildis
Of brycht armour, heich helmys, and braid ſcheildis.
Aganyſt thame alſſo onon apperys
The bald Meſapus, valȝeant in werys;
The agill Latyn pepill with hym was,
And duke Catyllus, with his brother Coras,
And eik the weyng of Wolſcane pepill in feild
With the ſtowt wench Camylla vnder ſcheild;
And furth thai ſtreik thar lang ſperis weill far,
Drew in thar armys with ſchaftis chargit on far,
Taſyt vp dartis, taclys, and fleand flanys:
The contyr or firſt tocome for the nanys
Full ardent wolx, and awfull forto ſe,
The men byrnand to joyn in the melle,
And furour grew of ſtedis ſterand on ſtray.
Now thai, approchyng ſammyn in array
Within ane arow ſchot on athyr ſyde,
Syne maid a litill ſtop, and ſtill dyd byde;
Raſyt vp a ſchowt, bad on thame with a cry,
Quhil bruyt and clamour fordynnyt the ſky;
Thar fers ſtedis dyd for the bargane cheir;
On athir half thai mak a weirlike feir:
And thar withall at anys on every ſydis
The dartis thik and fleand takyllys glydis,

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As doith the ſchour of ſnaw, and with thar flycht
Dyrknyt the hevynnys and the ſkyis lyght.
Tyrrhenus tho, ane of the Tuſcane rowt,
And Acontevs, a Rutilyane full ſtowt,
Togidder ſemblyt with thar ſperis ran,
To preif the firſt fall ſammyn, man for man:
Thai meit in melle with a felloun rak,
Quhil ſchaftis al to ſchuldris with a crak;
Togiddir duſchis the ſtowt ſtedis atanys,
That athyris contyr fruſchyt otheris banys.
And Aconteus, lyke to the thundris blaſt,
Smyte from hys ſadill a far way was caſt,
Or lyke a ſtayn warpyt from the engyne,
That al tofruſchit dovn he dyd declyne,
With ſik rebund and rewyne wonder ſair
That he his lyfe hes ſparpellit in the ayr.
All ſuddanly the Latynys tuke affray,
And gaue the bak bedeyn, and fled away,
Thar ſcheldis our thar ſchuldris keſt behynd,
And to the tovn ſpurris als fers as wynd.
The Troianys dyd perſewyng on the chays,
And faſt invadis thame Prynce Aſyllas.
Quhen thai approchyng to the portis neir,
The Latyn pepill returnys all infeir,
Thar weill dantit hors nekkis quhelit abowt,
Syne gaue a cry, and on thame with a ſchowt:
The tother party than hes tane the flyght,
Leit ga the brydill, and fled in all thar mycht.
Lyke as the flowand ſey with fludis rude
Now ruſchis to the land, as it war woyd,

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And on the ſkelleys at the coſtis bay
Vpſwakkis faſt the ſomy wallys gray,
And with his jawpys coverys in and owt
The far ſandis our the bay abowt;
Now with ſwyft fard gois ebband faſt abak,
That with hys bulrand jaſchis and owt ſwak
With hym he ſowkis and drawys mony ſtayn,
And levis the ſtrandis ſchald and ſandis plane:
The Tuſcane folk the Latynys on ſik wys
Onto the cite wallys chaſyt twys;
And twys thar ſelf dyd fle and gif the bak,
With ſcheldis at defens behynd thame ſwak.
Bot thareftir the thryd aſſay thai mak,
The oſtis ſammyn jonyt with a crak,
That euery man hes choſyn hym his feir:
And than, forſuyth, the granys men mycht heir
Of thame that ſtervyn and dovn bettyn beyn,
That armour, wapynnys, and ded corps bedeyn,
And ſtedis throwand on the grond that welte,
Mydlit with men quhilk ȝald the gaſte and ſweltis,
Bedowyn lay full deip in thar awyn blude:
The ſtowr encreſſis furyus and woyd.
Orſilochus, a Troiane, with all his fors
Dreſſis his lans at ane Remulus hors,
For hym to meit he ſtude a maner feir;
The hed remanyt vnder the horſſis eyr.
The ſteid enragit for the cruell dynt,
And lanſys vp on hycht als fers as flynt,
As he that was inpacient of his wond,
That Remulus down weltis on the grond.

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Catillus, ane of the brethir Tyberyne,
Iollas down bet, and thareftir ſyne
The gret Hermynyus, wondir byg of corps,
Bot far byggar of curage and of fors;
Quhais hed and ſchuldris nakyt war and bare,
And on his crovn bot lokrand ȝallow hair;
And thocht he nakyt was, and voyd of geir,
Na wond nor wapyn mycht hym anys effer:
Forgane the ſperis ſo buſtuus blomyt he,
That this Catillus ſtalwart ſchaft of tre
Throw gyrdis baith hys braid ſchulder banys,
And with the dynt ſtud ſchakand all at anys,
Tranſſixit ſo, and perſand euery part,
It dowblis and renewys the mannis ſmart.
The blaknyt dedly blude on athir ſyde
Furth ruſchis owt of workand wondis wyde;
The ſwerdis baithit wolx in bargane red;
Feill corpſis kyllit in the feild fell ded,
And caucht a douchty end to ſwelt in fyght,
By hurtis feill forto manteym thar rycht.

CAP. XIII.

Quhou Camylla hir fays doun can dyng,
And venquyſt Awnus, for all his fair ſlechyng.

The awfull maid Camylla the ilk tyde,
With cace of arrowis tachit by hyr ſyde,

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Amyd the ſlauchter and melle apon hyr foyn
Prowdly pranſys lyke a wench Amazon,
That, forto hant the bargane or aſſay,
Hyr rycht pap had cut and brynt away:
And now the ſowpill ſchaftis baldly ſche
On athir ſydis thik ſparpellis and leit fle;
Now, not irkyt in batale ſtith to ſtand,
Ane ſtalwart ax ſcho hyntis in hir hand:
Apon hir ſchulder the giltyn bow Turcas,
With Dyanys arowys clatterand in hyr cays.
And gif that ſo betyd into that fight
Hyr ferys gave the bak and tuke the flycht,
Into the chais oft wald ſcho turn agane,
And, fleand, with hir bow ſchuyt mony a flane.
Abowt hir went hir walit ſtalwart feris,
The maid Laryna, and Tulla gong of gheris,
And Tarpeia, that ſtowtly turnys and ſwax
With the weil ſtelit and braid billit ax;
Italyanys born; quham the nobil Camylla
Had to hir lovyng and honour deput ſwa,
Tobeyn hir ſervandis in ganand tyme of paix,
And in batale to ſtand by hir in pres.
Lyke as of Trace the wenchys Amazonys
Dyndillis the ſlude Thermodoon for the nonys,
As in thar payntit armour do thai fyght,
Owder abowt Hippolita the wight,
Or by the weirlyke maid Penthefile,
Rolland hir cart of weir to the melle;
The wemen rowtis baldly to the aſſay,
With felloun bruyt, gret revery, and deray,

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Furth haldis ſammyn our the feldis ſone,
With crukyt ſcheldis ſchapyn like the moyn.
O thou ſtern maid Camylla, quhat ſall I ſay?
Quham firſt, quham laſt, thou ſmait to erth that day?
Or quhou feil corpſis in the batale ſted
Thou laid to grond, ourthrew, and put to ded?
With the formaſt, Ewmenyus, that was one
Son to Clyſius; quhais braid breiſt bone
With a lang ſtalwart ſpeir of the fyr tre
Throw ſmyttyn tyte and perſyt ſone hes ſche:
He cavis owr, furthbokand ſtremys of blude,
And with his teith eik, ſchortly to conclude,
The bludy erd he bait; and, as he ſweltis,
Apon hys wond oft writhis, tumlys, and weltis.
Abuf this nixt ſcho ekis other two,
Lyris, and ane Pegaſyus alſſo;
Of quham the tane, that is to ſay, Lyris,
As that he fordward ſtowpand was, I wys,
To hynt hys horſſis reyn that gan to fundir,
And the tother preſent, to kep hym vndir,
Furth ſtraucht his febill arm to ſtynt his fall,
To grund togidder ruſchit ane and all.
And to thir ſyne the ſon of Hyppotes,
Amaſtrus hait, ded ſcho adionyt in pres;
And lenand fordwart on hir lance of tre,
Terreas and Harpalicus chaſys ſche,
Perſewand eik full buſtuuſly onon
The bald Chromys, and ſtrang Demophoon:
Quhou feill dartis with hir hand keſt this maid,
Alſmony Troianys ded to grund ſcho laid.

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Ane Ornytus, ane huntar, far on raw,
In armour and in cognycens onknaw,
Raid on a curſer of Apulge throu the feild:
Hys braid ſchuldris weill cled war and ourheld
With a gong bullis hyde newly of hynt;
Hys hed coverit, to ſalf hym fro the dynt,
Was with ane hydduus wolfis gapand jowis,
With chaftis braid, quhyte teith, and buſtuus powis.
To mak debait, he held intill his hand
A rural club or culmas inſted of brand;
And, quhar he went, amyd the rowtis on hie
Abuf thame all his hail hed men myght ſe.
Camylla hym at myſcheif hes on ſet,
Scho bair hym throw, and to the grund dovn bet;
Nor na gret curage, forſuyth, was that, na mycht,
For all his rowt tofore had tane the flycht.
Bot forthir eik this forſaid Camylla,
With mynd onfrendly, can thir wordis ſa:
Thou Tyrrheyn fallow, quhat, wenyt thou tobe
In woddis chaſand the wild deir? quod ſche:
The day is cummyn that gour prowd wordis hait
A womanis wapyn ſal reſiſt and debait.
And, not the les, na litill renowne
From thens thou ſal do turs away with the,
And to our faderis goſtis blythly ſchaw
That with Camyllais glave thou art ourthraw.
Incontinent this madyn eftir thys
Slew Orſilochus, and ane that hait Butys,
Twa biggaſt men of body and of banys
Of all the oft and fallowſchip Treianys.

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Bot this ilk Butys, ſtandand hir befor,
Out throu the nek dyd ſcho pers and bor,
Betwix the hawbrig and the helm in hy,
Quhar that his hals ſcho dyd nakyt aſpy;
For our his left ſchulder hang his ſcheld.
Bot this Orſilochus fled hir in the feild,
And gan to trump with mony a turnyng went;
In circulis wyde ſcho drave hym our the bent,
With mony a curs and jowk, abowt, abowt;
Quhar euer he fled ſcho followis in and owt:
And at the laſt ſcho has ourtak the man,
And throw hys armour all, and his harn pan,
Hyr braid poll ax, raſyt ſo on hie,
With all hir fors and mycht ſyne ſtrykis ſche;
As he beſocht for grace with gret requeſt,
Scho dowblit on hir dyntis, and ſo hym preſt,
With feil wondis his hed has tort and rent;
Hys harnys hait our all his viſſage went.
Than Awnus ſon, quhilk alſo Awnus hait,
On cace betyd approche in the debait
Towart this maid, and, alſſone he hir ſaw,
Abaſyt huvis ſtill for dreid and aw:
Into the mont Appennynus dwelt he,
Amang Liguriane pepill of his cuntre;
And not, forſuyth, the lakeſt weriour,
Bot forſy man, and rycht ſtalwart in ſtour,
So lang as fatis ſufferit hym in fycht
To excers prettykis, juperty, or ſlycht.
This Awnus, fra that weil perſavit he
Na way to fle nor eſchew the melle,

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Nor mycht eſchaip the queyn, ſtude him agane;
Than he begouth aſſay hir with a trayn,
And with a ſle diſſait thus firſt he ſaid:
Quhat honour is till a ſtowt wench or maid
Fortill aſſur and traſt in a ſtrang hors?
Leif thy ſwyft ſteid, and traſte in thyne awyn fors;
At nane avantage, quhen thou lyſt to ſle,
Lyght on this plane, and hand for hand with me
Addres ws to debait on fut allone:
Thar ſall thou ſe, thar ſall thou knaw onone,
Quhamto this wyndy glore, vouſt, or avantis,
The honor, or, with payn, the lovyng grantis.
Thus ſaid he: bot ſcho than als hait as fyre,
Aggrevit ſor, inflambit in felloun ire,
Alycht, and to hir mait the hors betaucht;
At his deſyre onon on fut vpſtraucht,
With equal armour bodyn wondir lycht,
The drawyn ſuerd in hand that ſchane full brycht,
And onabaſyt abaid hym in the feild,
Abylȝeit only bot with a quhite ſcheild.
The ȝong man, wenyng with his ſle diſſait
He had begilit hir be his conſait,
Abowt his bridill turnyt but mair delay,
And at the flycht ſprent furth and brak away,
And feil ſys leit the hors ſydis feill
The ſcharp irne ſpurris prik apon his heill.
O, quod the maid, thou fals Liguriane,
Our wanton in thy prowd mynd, all invayn;
O variant man, for nocht perfay, quod ſche,
Hes thou aſſayt thy cuntre craftis ſle:

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Diſſaitfull wight, forſuyth I to the ſay,
Thy ſlycht and wylis ſall the nocht beir away,
Nor hayl ſcarth hyne do turs the hame fra ws
Onto thy faderis hows, the fals Awnus.
Thus ſaid the wench onto this other ſyre,
And furth ſcho ſprent as ſpark of gleid or fyre;
With ſpedy fut ſo ſwyftly rynnys ſche,
By paſſyt the horſſis renk, and furth can fle
Befor hym in the feild with gret diſdeyn,
And claucht onon the curſer by the reyn;
Syne ſet apon hym baldly, quhar ſcho ſtude,
And hir revengit of hir fays blude:
Als lychtly as the happy goiſhalk, we ſe,
From the hycht of a rokis pynnakill hie
With ſwyft weyngis perſewis wonder ſair
The filly dow heich vp into the ayr,
Quham finaly he clippis at the laſt,
And lowkyt in his punſys ſarris faſt,
Thriſtand his tallons ſa throu hir entralis
Quhill at the blude abundantly furth ralys;
And, with hir beik deplumand, on al ſydis
The lycht downys vp to the ſkyis glidis.

CAP. XIV.

Tarchon, gret chiftane of the Tuſcan oſt,
The fleand folkis to turn agane can boſt.

The fader of Goddis and men with diligent eyn
Has all hir dedis vnderſtand and ſeyn,

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And, ſituat in his hevynly hous on hie,
Inducis and commovis to the melle
Tarchon, of Tuſcanys pryncipall lord and ſyre,
In breithfull ſtoundis raſyt brym as fyre;
So that amyd the ful myſchewos fyght,
The gret ſlauchter and rowtis takand the flycht,
On horſbak in this Tarchon baldly draw,
Wilfull his pepill to ſupport and ſaw:
The wardis all of euery natioun
With admonitiouns ſeir and exhortatioun
And diuers wordis tyſtis to feght, for ſchame,
Clepand and calland ilk man be his name,
Quhill thai that drevyn war abak and chaſte
Relevys agane to the bargane in haiſt.
O Tuſcane pepill, quhou happynnys this, ſaid he,
That ȝhe ſal evir ſa doillyt and bowbartis be
Onwrokyn ſik inurys to ſuffir heir?
O, quhat be this? quhou gret a dreid and feir,
Quhou huge dolfnes, and ſchaymful cowardice,
Hes ombeſet ȝour myndis, apon ſik wys
That a woman allon, and thus belyve,
Apon ſik wys ſal ſcattir ȝou and dryve,
And gar ſa large rowtis tak the flycht?
Quharto bair we thir ſteill egis in fyght?
Or quhat avalys to hald in hand, lat ſe,
For nocht thir wapynnys, gyf we a wife ſall fle?
Ȝe war not wont tobe ſa lyddyr ilkane
At nycht batellys and workis venerian,
Or quhar the bowand trumpet blew the ſpryng,
At Bachus dans to go in caralyng,

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Syne go to feſt at tabill, and ſyt at des,
Se cowpys full, and mony danty mes:
Thar was ȝour luſt, pleſour, and appetite,
Thar was ȝour biſſy cuyr and ȝour delyte;
Quhen that the happy ſpayman, on hys gys,
Pronuncit the feſtual haly ſacryfys,
And the fat offerandis dyd ȝou call on raw
To banket amyd the dern bliſſyt ſchaw.
And, with that word, amydwart the melle,
Reddy to ſterf, his hors furth ſterys he,
And awfully onon with all his mayn
Ruſchit apon Venulus, ſtud hym agane;
And with hys rycht arm can hys ſa enbras,
Syk wys he dyd hym from hys hors arrais,
And with huge ſtrenth ſyne dyd hym cowch and lay
Befor his breiſt, and bair hym quyte away.
The Tuſcanys raſyt a clamour to the ſky,
And Latynys all thar eyn abowt dyd wry.
This Tarchon, ardent as the fyry levyn,
Flaw furth ſwyft as a fowle vp towart hevyn,
Berand with hym the armour and the man;
And fra his ſperis poynt of brak he than
The ſtelit hed, and ſyne ſeyrſis all artis,
Euerilk entre, and all the oppyn partis,
Quhar he mycht fynd into ſa litil ſtovnd
A place patent to geif hym dedis wond:
And, be the contrar, Venulus full wight
Maid all debait and obſtakill at he mycht,
And can hys hand from hys throt oft ſys chop
With all hys ſtrenth, hys violens to ſtop.

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Lyke as, ſum tyme, the ȝallo egill be ſycht
The eddir hyntis vp and careis on hyght,
Syne, fleand, in hir feit ſtrenȝeis ſa faſt
That oft hyr punſys out throw the ſkyn dois thraſt:
Bot the ſerpent, wondyt and al toſchent,
In lowpyt thrawys wrythis with mony a ſprent,
Hyr ſprutlyt ſkalys vpſet gryſly to ſe,
With quhiſland mouth ſtrekand hir hed on hie;
All thocht ſcho wreill, and ſprynkill, bend, or ſkyp,
Evir the ſarar this ern ſtrenys hys gryp,
And with hys bowand beik rentis grewſly,
Sammyn with hys weyngis ſourſand in the ſky:
Noyn othyr wys, this Tarchon turſys hys pray
Throw owt the Tyburtyn rowtis glaid and gay.
The pepill Tuſcane, quhilum cum fra Lyde,
Seand the exempill and proſper chans that tyd
Of thar ſtowt duke, followys hys hardyment,
And with a ruſch ſammyn in the bargane ſprent.
Quhen as ane Aruns, by hys mortal fait
Onto myſchewos ded predeſtinate,
Circulis at the wait, and aſpyis abowt
The ſwyft madyn Camyll, of all the rowt
In honeſt fait of armys maiſt expert,
And beſt betaucht to ſchute or caſt a dart:
He ſekis by quhat ways or fortoun
To fynd the faſſoun and tyme oportune
Maiſt eſely this lady to aſſaill;
And all the wentis and renkis, ſans faill,
This furyus maid held mydwart the melle,
The ſammyn gait and paſſage haldis he,

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And prevely hir futſteppys dyd eſpy;
And quhar ſcho dyd return with victory,
With fut bakwart frawart hir aduerſar,
This ilk Aruns was ful reddy thar,
And thyftuuſly onon the ſam way he
Withdrew hys pays, and held on hir hys E:
Lurkand at wayt, and ſpyand rownd abowt,
Now this tocome, now that onſet, but dowt,
At euery part thys pevech man of weyr,
And ſchuke in hand hys oneſchewabill ſpeir.

CAP. XV.

Aruns the preiſt ſlays Camylla be ſlycht,
Syne cowartly onon takis the flycht.

Per chans that tyde Choreus, of gret eſtait,
Ane ſpiritual man bliſſyt and conſecrat,
That to Cybele ſum tyme preiſt had be,
A weill lang ſpace ȝond in the melle
Abilȝeit rychly and full gloryus ſchane
In pompus armour and array Phrygiane:
Furth dryvys he the fomy ſterand ſteid,
With weirlyke bardis cled, and ſovir weid
Of coyrbulȝe or leddir with gilt nalys,
Cowchyt with plait of ſteill als thik as ſkalys;
And he hym ſelf, in brovne ſangwane weill dycht,
Abuf hys onkouth armour blomand brycht,

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Schaftis he ſchot, and takillys wrocht in Creyt,
With Lycyane bow nokkyt with hornys meyt,
And clattryng by hys ſchuldyr for the weir
Hys ganȝe cays and goldyn awblaſter;
The helm of gold ſchane on the preſtis hed;
Of ſafron hew, betwix ȝallow and red,
Was hys rych mantill, of quham the forbreiſt lappys,
Ratlyng of brycht gold wyre, with gyltyn trappys
Or cordys fyne was buklyt with a knot;
Of nedill wark all bruſyt was hys cote;
Hys hoſyng ſchane of wark of barbary
In porturatour of ſubtell bruſery.
Thys man only of all the mekyll rowt
The maid Camylla followis faſt about;
Quhyddir ſo it was that Troiane armour ſche
Lyſt hyng in tempill for memor of trophe,
Or than deſyryt this wantoun hunteres
In goldyn attyre hir ſelwyn to addres,
Quhilk ſcho in feild byreft hyr aduerſar;
Throw owt the oft onwarly went alquhar,
Blynd in deſyre this Troiane to aſſay,
In womanly appetyt ardent of this pray,
This precyus ſpulȝe, and array ſa prowd,
Quharwith, as ſaid is, was this preiſt yſchrowd.
This forſaid Aruns liggyng at the wait,
Seand this maid onflocht at ſik eſtait,
Choſys hys tyme that was maſt oportune,
And towart hir hys dart adreſſyt ſone.
With voce expres hys prayer thus maid he:
O brycht Apollo, ſouerane God maſt hie,

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Of haly mont Soractis the wardane,
Quham pryncipaly we wirſchip euery ane,
Quhamto the fyry ſmok of ſens, we ſe,
Bleſys in the kyndillit byngis of fyr tre;
As we that wirſchippis the with obeſans,
Be ſupport of thy devoyt obſervans,
Oft with our futſteppys and our nakyt ſolys
Down thryngis feil hait ſyndris and fyry colys;
Grant me, fader almychty, now I pray,
With our wapynnys this ſchame to do away.
I aſk na trophe, nor the pompos weyd
Of this maid dovn bet or repulſyt in deid,
Nowder byd I therof ſpulȝe nor renovn;
My other dedis ſyne mot mak me bovn
To report honour and lawd eftir this:
Bot at this time I byd na mair, I wys,
Salf that this wench, this vengeabill peſt or trake,
Be bet dovn ded by my wond and ſmart ſtrake,
And ſyne that I may to my kynd cite
But ony glor return alyve, quod he.
Phebus hym hard, and grantit to fulfyll
Of hys axin a party, at hys wyll;
Bot for the tother part, ſuyth to ſay,
He leit do waif with the ſwyft wynd away:
Conſentand that he ſuld doun bet and ſla
By haſty ded the awfull Camylla;
Bot, at hys cuntre hail ſcarth haymwart brocht
Suld ſe hym eftir that, he grantit nocht;
And in the clowdy blaſtis of the ſky
That voce and wordis flaw away in hy.

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So that, als faſt as from hys hand, that ſtond,
Thirland the ayr this takill gaue a ſound,
The rowtis can aduert and takis tent,
Turnand thar ſyghtis, ilk wight, with a blent
Towart the queyn, thar lady, this Camyll:
Bot ſcho nane heyd nor tent hes tane thartill,
Nowder of the haſty motioun of the ayr,
Nor ȝit the byrrand ſovnd this flycht maid thar,
Nor ȝit perſauyt this awfull ſchaft of tre
Diſcendand ſwyftly fra the hevyn on hie;
Quhill that the lance hir ſmate and hurt, perfay,
Quhar that hir pap was ſchorn and cut away,
And weggyt deip within hir coſt ſtude,
Furth ſowkis largely of this madynnys blude.
Hyr complicis alſammyn in this neyd
Start to thar lady in affray and dreid;
And ſone thai claucht and lappyt in thar armys
This queyn, that funderand was for hir ſmart harmys.
Bot fyrſt of all, for feyr and fell affray,
Thys Aruns fled full faſt and brak away,
With blythnes mydlyt havand paynfull dreid:
For he na langar durſt into this neyd
Aſſure forto debait hym with hys ſpeir,
Na ȝit abyd the virgynys wapyn, for feyr.
And lyke as that the wild wolf in hys rage
Knawand hys recent falt and gret owtrage,
Quhen that he hes ſum gret ȝong oxin ſlane,
Or than weryit the nolt hyrd on the plane,
Tofor hys fays with wapynnys hym perſew,
Onon is he to the heich mont adew,

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And hyd hym ſelf full far owt of the way;
Hys taill, that on hys ryg befor tymys lay,
Vnder hys waym lattis fall abaſytly,
And to the wod can haſt hym intill hy:
Nane other wys Aruns, that fleyt wight,
Fled, and belyve withdrew hym owt of ſycht;
Content only to gyf the bak and fle,
Amang the thikaſt pres hym hyd hes he.
And this Camylla, ſtervand the ilk ſtound,
The ſchaft hes pullyt of hyr dedly wound
With hir awyn hand; bot ȝit amang the banys
The ſcharp ſteill hed fixt to the rybbys remanys,
In a full deip wond and a grewos ſayr.
All paill and bludles ſwarthis ſcho rycht thar,
And in the deth cloſys hir cald eyn;
The rudy cullour, vmquhile as purpour ſcheyn,
Blaknyt, and fadys quyte out of hir face:
And, ȝaldand vp the goſt in the ilk place,
Onto ane of hir damyſellis and ferys,
Clepyt Acca, that had beyn mony ȝheris
Only maſte traſt, and hald in ſpeciall
To Camylla abuf the otheris all,
That knew alhaill the ſecretis of hir hart,
With quham hir thochtful curys wald ſcho part,
That tyme ſcho ſpak, and ſaid on this maner:
Acca, Acca, my leif ſyſtyr deyr,
Onto this hour I haue done at I myght;
Bot now this dolorus wond ſo hes me dycht
That all thyng dymmys and myrknys me abowt.
Go faſt thy way, and hy the of this rowt;

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Schaw Turnus thir my laſt commandis, quod ſche;
Byd hym entyr in fecht inſted of me,
And fra the cite thir Troianys dryve away:
Adew for evir! I haue na mar to ſay.
Sammyn with that word the rengeis ſlyp leyt ſche,
And ſlayd to grond, nocht of fre volunte.
Than the cald deith and laſt ſtondis mortall
The ſpreit diſſoluyt from the corps our all;
Hyr ſowpil crag inclynand and nek bayn,
Bowyt dovn hyr hed that was with deth ourtane;
Furth ſprent hyr armys in the ded thrawyng,
And fra hir keſt hir wapynnys and armyng:
The ſpreit of lyfe fled murnand with a grone,
And with diſdene dovn to the goſtis is goyn.

CAP. XVI.

Opis the nymphe with dartis of Dyane,
Camylla to revenge, has Aruns ſlane.

Ane huge clamour than dyd rys on hycht,
That ſemyt ſmyte the goldyn ſtarnys brycht;
The bargane walxis mair cruell and het
Quhar that the ſtowt Camylla was down bet:
For all the rowtis of the bald Troianys,
The Tyrrheyn dukis ſemlyt all at anys,
And eik Evandrus wardys of Arcadys,
Sammyn in the pres thar adūerſaris invadis.

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Bot Opis tho, the nymphe, that weill neir by
Be thrynfald Dyane ſend was to eſpy,
Sat a lang ſpace apon ane hillys bight,
And onabaſyt dyd behald the fyght.
Syne thareftir on far ſcho can eſpy,
Amyd quhar as thir ȝonkeris raſyt this ſcry,
With ſchaymfull deth ourtane, Camyll the maid:
Scho wepyt ſoir, and plenand thus ſcho ſaid,
Sobband full deip law from hir breiſt within:
Allace! virgyne, to mekill, and that is ſyn,
To mekill all owt, ſa cruell punyſyng
Has thou ſufferit, certis, for ſik a thyng,
Becaus thou heft inforſyt in all thy mycht
Fortill ennoy the Troianys in this fight.
Quhat proffitis the in buſkis thyne allane
To haue ſervyt ſo lang the bliſſyt Diane?
Or by thy ſyde, or than on ſchuldir hie,
So lang our quavyrris to haue born? quod ſche.
And, netheles, but honour in this ſted
Thy queyn hes not the left in poynt of ded;
Nor this thy ſlauchter but ramemberyng
Amang all pepill ſall not be, nor menyng;
Ne ſalt thou not that ſchame ſuffir, traſt me,
Forto be tald thou ſuld onwrokyn be:
Quha evir with wond hes ſchent or violait
Thy fair body, to Dyane dedicate,
He ſal repent the tyme that evir thou ſtervit,
And with his deth aby, as he hes ſervyt.
Vnder the montane law thar ſtude fute hoit
A byng of erth, vphepit like a moyt,

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Contenyng the cald aſſis and brynt banys
Of ald Dercennus, kyng of Lawrentanys,
Ourheld with akyn treis and bewys rank:
Thyddir this Goddes, haſtand dovn the bank,
Hyrſelf hes careyt, and thar huvys ſtyll,
And from this knowys hycht, or lityll hyll,
Abydis this ilk Aruns till eſpy.
And fra ſcho hym perſavys glydand by,
In rich armour ſchynand wonder brycht,
And all invayn, prowd, wantoun, gay, and lycht;
Quhy haldis thou awaywart ſo? quod ſche:
Dres hyddirmar thy futſteppis towart me;
Now cummys hyddir to perys and to ſterve,
And caucht dewly, as that thou hes deſerve,
Thy reward for Camyllys ded, perde.
On Dyanys dartis, ha, ſuld ſyk ane de?
And with that word, lyke a ſtowt wench of Trace,
The ſwyft gilt arow ſchuke owt of hir cace,
And, rycht amovit, hir hornyt bow has bent,
Quharin onon the takill vp is ſtent;
Syne halys vp in ire and felloun haiſt,
Quhill that the bow and nokkis met almaiſt:
And now hir handis raxit hyt euery ſted,
Hard on the left neyf was the ſcharp ſteill hed,
The ſtryng, vp pullit with the rycht hand in feir,
Went by hir pap almaſte ontil hir eyr.
Aruns onon the motioun of the ayr
Sammyn with the quhiſlyng of the takill ſquar
Perſavit hes, and eik the dynt atanys;
The dedly hed throu gyrd his body and banys.

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Hys ferys all hes hym forȝet allane,
Quhar as he ſwelt with mony a wofull grane,
And in ane onkouth feld hes left hym ded,
Bedoif in duſt and puldyr, will of red:
Syne Opys with hir weyngis ſwyft can fle
Abufe the ſkyis heich in the hevynnys hie.

CAP. XVII.

Acca to Turnus ſchawys Camyllais chance,
Hir army fled, and left all ordinans.

The ſwyft army and active rowt wyth this
Of Camilla fled firſt the feld, I wys,
For thai had loſt thar lady and capitane:
The piſſans haill and oſtis Tyburtane
Affrayt all togyddir gave the flycht;
The bak hes tane Atynas bald and wight;
The chiftanys brak array, and went thar gait,
The banneris left all blowt and deſolait,
Socht to warrand on horſbak, he and he,
Frawart thar fays, and held to the cite.
Nor nane of thame, ſa mayt and ſa agaſt,
The fers Troianys, quhilk thame aſſalȝeit faſt,
Onto the ded and myſcheif dyd invaid,
With wapynnys anys to ſtyntyng maid a braid,
Nor thame ſuſtene ne ȝit reſiſt thai mycht,
Bot all atanys ſammyn tuke the flycht,

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And on thar wery ſchuldris with gret ſchame
Thar byg bowys onbent has turſyt hame;
And the ſtowt ſtedis with thar huvys ſovnd
With ſwyft renkis dyndlyt the duſty grond.
The blak ſtowr of puldir in a ſtew
Als dyrk as myſt towart the wallys threw;
On the barmkyn abufe, and turettis hie,
The wemen bet thar breiſtis, was reuth to ſe,
Raſand atanys a wofull wyfly cry
Went to the ſtarnys and thyrlyt throw the ſky.
And quha mycht formeſt, with ſwyft curs hes thame ſet
To brek in at the oppyn patent ȝet;
The rowtis of thar ennemys myxt ourane
Apon thame ruſchis, and owrthrawys mony ane:
Nor thar eſchape thai nocht the wrachit deth,
Bot in the portis ȝaldis vp the breth,
Stekit amyd thar native wallys hie,
And amang howſis quhar ſovir ſemyt thame tobe.
A part cloſyt the entre and the portis;
Ne to thar ferys, nor ȝit nane other ſortis,
The ȝettis liſtyng oppyn, nor mak way,
Nor, thocht thai oft beſekyng thame and pray,
Durſt thame reſſaue within thar wallys ſquar:
A duylfull ſlauchter onon vpriſys thar
Of thame in armys ſtude the portis to defend,
And thame with glavys war kyllyt and maid end.
The ſonnys furthſchet, that pety was to ſeyn,
Befor thar wepand wofull faderis eyn,
Sum in the holl fowcy war tumlyt dovn,
Sa thik thame cummyrris the pres throng to the tovn;

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Sum haſty and onwarly at the flycht
Sclakis thar brydillys, ſpurrand in all thar mycht,
Can with a ram rays to the portis duſche,
Lyke with thar hedis the hard barris to fruſch.
The moderis eik and wemen albedene,
Fra tyme Camylla kyllyt haue thai ſene,
Knawand thar was extreme neceſſite,
With all debait ſtude on the wallys hee;
Sik thyng to do that tyme and tak on hand
The perfyte luf thame taucht of thar kynd land;
And all agaſt dartis and ſtanys doun threw:
The ſyllys ſquare and hedyt ſtyngis enew,
And perkis gret with byrſlyt endis and brunt,
Full haſtely doun ſwakkis, dunt for dunt,
And, for defens of thar kynd wallys hie,
Offerit thame ſelf with the formeſt to de.
In the meyn quhile, as Turnus at the wait
Lay in the wod, faſt by the paſſage ſtrait,
All the maiſt cruell tithingis fillys hys erys:
For Acca ſchawys to hym and all hys ferys
The huge affray, quhou the batale was gane,
The Volſcane oſtis diſtroyt, and Camyll ſlane,
Thar noyſum fays encreſſyng furyus rage,
And by thar proſper Martis vaſſallage
Diſcumfyſt all hys oſtis, euery rowt,
That now the cite wallys ſtud in dowt.
He walxis brayn in furor bellicall,
So deſyrus of dedis martiall,
For the hard fatys and ſtrang mychtis he
Of the gret Jove wald that it ſo ſuld be:

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The hyllys heich he left quhar at he lay,
And from the dern woddis went away.
And ſcarſly was he paſſyt owt of ſyght,
In the plane feild cummyn all at rycht,
Quhen that the prynce Ene with all his men
Hes entryt in and paſſyt throu the glen,
And our the ſwyre ſchawys vp at hys hand
Eſchape the dern wod, and won the evyn land;
So that baith twa with thar haill rowtis at laſt
In all thar ſpeid held to the cite faſt.
And na lang ſpace thar oſtis war in ſondir,
Bot that Ene the feildis reik lyke tundir
Of duſty ſtowr perſauyt a far way,
And ſaw the Latyne rowtis ryde away;
And fers Eneas, wyrkar of hys harmys,
Turnus perſauyt alſo ryde in armys,
The dynnyng of thar hors feit eik hard he,
Thar ſtampyng ſterage, and thar ſtedis ne.
Incontinent thai had to batale went,
And in the bargane previt thar hardyment,
Ne war, as than, the roſy Phebus red
Hys wery ſtedis had dowkyt our the hed
Vnder the ſtremys of the occeane ſee,
Reducyng the dyrk nycht, thai mycht not ſe;
Alhail declynyt had the days lycht.
To tentis than befor the tovn ilk wight
Bownyng to reſt, al thai that war withowt,
And delvys trynſchis all the wallys abowt.

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THE PROLOUG OF THE TWELT BUKE.

Dyonea, nycht hyrd, and wach of day,
The ſtarnys chaſyt of the hevyn away,
Dame Cynthia dovn rollyng in the ſee,
And Venus loſt the bewte of hir E,
Fleand eſchamyt within Cylenyus cave;
Mars onbydrew, for all his grundyn glave,
Nor frawart Saturn from hys mortall ſpeir
Durſt langar in the firmament appeir,
Bot ſtall abak ȝond in hys regioun far
Behynd the circulat warld of Jupiter;
Nycthemyne, affrayt of the lyght,
Went ondir covert, for gone was the nycht;
As freſch Aurora, to myghty Tythone ſpows,
Iſchit of hir ſafron bed and evir hows,
In crammyſyn cled and granyt violat,
With ſangwyne cape, the ſelvage purpurat,
Onſchet the wyndois of hir large hall,
Spred all with roſys, and full of balm ryall,
And eik the hevynly portis criſtallyne
Vpwarpis braid, the warld to illumyn.
The twynklyng ſtremowris of the orient
Sched purpour ſprangis with gold and aſure ment,

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Perſand the ſabill barmkyn noctурnall,
Bet doun the ſkyis clowdy mantill wall:
Eous the ſteid, with ruby hamys red,
Abuf the ſey lyftis furth hys hed,
Of cullour ſoyr, and ſum deill brovn as berry,
Forto alichtyn and glaid our emyſpery,
The flambe owtbraſtyng at his noys thyrlys;
Sa faſt Phaeton with the quhyp hym quhyrlys,
To roll Appollo hys faderis goldyn char,
That ſchrowdith all the hevynnys and the ayr;
Quhill ſchortly, with the bleſand torch of day,
Abilȝeit in hys lemand freſch array,
Furth of hys palyce ryall iſchit Phebus,
With goldyn crovn and viſſage gloryus,
Cryſp haris, brycht as chriſolyte or topace,
For quhais hew mycht nane behald hys face,
The fyry ſparkis braſtyng from hys eyn,
To purge the ayr, and gylt the tendyr greyn,
Defundand from hys ſege etheryall
Glaid influent aſpectis celicall;
Before hys regale hie magnificens
Myſty vapour vpſpryngand, ſweit as ſens,
In ſmoky ſoppys of donk dewis wak,
Moich hailſum ſtovys ourheldand the ſlak;
The aureat fanys of hys trone ſouerane
With glytrand glans ourſpred the occiane,
The large ſludis lemand all of lycht
Bot with a blenk of hys ſupernale ſycht.
Forto behald, it was a glor to ſe
The ſtablit wyndis and the cawmyt ſee,

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The ſoft ſeſſon, the firmament ſereyn,
The lowne illumynat ayr, and fyrth ameyn;
The ſyluer ſcalyt fyſchis on the greit
Ourthwort cleir ſtremys ſprynkland for the heyt,
With ſynnys ſchynand brovn as ſynopar,
And chyſſell talys, ſtowrand heir and thar;
The new cullour alychtnyng all the landis,
Forgane thir ſtannyris ſchane the beriall ſtrandis,
Quhil the reflex of the diurnal bemys
The beyn bonkis keſt ful of variant glemys:
And luſty Flora dyd hyr blomys ſpreid
Vnder the feit of Phebus ſulȝart ſteid;
The ſwardit ſoyll enbrovd with ſelcouth hewys,
Wod and foreſt obumbrat with thar bewys,
Quhois bliſſull branſchis, porturat on the grund,
With ſchaddoys ſchene ſchew rockis rubicund;
Towris, turettis, kyrnellis, pynnaclys hie
Of kyrkis, caſtellis, and ilke fair cite,
Stude payntit, euery fyall, fayn, and ſtage,
Apon the plane grund, by thar awyn vmbrage.
Of Eolus north blaſtis havand no dreid,
The ſulȝe ſpred hir braid boſum on breid,
Ȝephyrus confortabill inſpiratioun
Fortill reſſaue law in hyr barm adoun;
The cornys croppis and the beris new brerd
With glaidſum garmont reveſtyng the erd;
So thik the plantis ſprang in euery peyce,
The feildis ferleis of thar fructuus fleyce;
Byſſy dame Ceres, and provd Pryapus,
Reioſyng of the planys plentuus,

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Plenyſt ſa pleſand and maſt propyrly,
By natur nuryſyt wondir nobilly,
On the fertill ſkyrt lappys of the grund
Strekyng on breid ondyr the cyrkyll rovnd;
The variand veſtur of the venuſt vaill
Schrowdis the ſcherald fur, and euery faill
Ourfret with fulȝeis of figuris full diuers,
The ſpray byſprent with ſpryngand ſprowtis diſpers,
For callour humour on the dewy nyght,
Rendryng ſum place the gers pilis thar hycht,
Als far as catal, the lang ſymmyris day,
Had in thar paſtur eyt and knyp away;
And bliſſfull bloſſummys in the blomyt ȝard
Submittis thar hedis in the ȝong ſonnys ſalfgard:
Ive levys rank ourſpred the barmkyn wall,
The blomyt hawthorn cled hys pykis all;
Furth of freſch burgionys the wyne grapis ȝyng
Endlang the treilȝeis dyd on twyſtis hyng;
The lowkyt buttonys on the gemmyt treis
Ourſpredand leyvis of naturis tapeſtreis,
Soft greſy verdour eftir balmy ſchowris
On curland ſtalkis ſmylyng to thar flowris;
Behaldand thame ſa mony diuers hew,
Sum pers, ſum paill, ſum burnet, and ſum blew,
Sum greyce, ſum gowlys, ſum purpour, ſum ſangwane,
Blanchit or brovne, fawch ȝallow mony ane,
Sum hevynly culloryt in celeſtiall gre,
Sum watry hewit as the haw wally ſee,
And ſum depart in freklys red and quhite,
Sum brycht as gold with aureat levys lyte.

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The daſy dyd on breid hir crownell ſmaill,
And euery flour onlappyt in the daill;
In battill gyrs burgionys the banwart wild,
The clavyr, catcluke, and the cammamyld;
The flour delys furthſpred hys hevynly hew,
Flour dammes, and columby blank and blew;
Seir downys ſmaill on dent de lyon ſprang,
The ȝyng greyn blomyt ſtraberry levys amang;
Gymp gerraflouris thar royn levys onſchet,
Freſch prymros, and the purpour violet;
The roys knoppys, tutand furth thar hed,
Gan chyp, and kyth thar vermel lippys red,
Cryſp ſcarlet levis ſum ſcheddand, baith atanys
Keſt fragrant ſmell amyd from goldyn granys;
Hevynly lylleis, with lokrand toppys quhyte,
Oppynnyt and ſchew thar creiftis redymyte,
The balmy vapour from thar ſilkyn croppys
Diſtilland hailſum ſugurat hunny droppys,
And ſyluer ſchakaris gan fra levys hyng,
With cryſtal ſprayngis on the verdour ȝyng;
The plane pulderit with ſemly ſettis ſovnd,
Bedyit full of dewy peirlys rovnd,
So that ilk burgioun, ſyon, herb, and flour,
Wolx all embalmyt of the freſch liquor,
And bathit hait dyd in dulce humouris fleyt,
Quharof the beys wrocht thar hunny ſweit,
By myghty Phebus operatiouns,
In ſappy ſubtell exalatiouns.
Forgane the cummyn of this prynce potent,
Redolent odour vp from rutis ſprent,

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Hailſum of ſmell as ony ſpicery,
Tryakill, droggis, or electuary,
Seroppys, ſewane, ſugur, and ſynamome,
Precyus invnctment, ſalve, or fragrant pome,
Aromatik gummys, or ony fyne potioun,
Muſt, myr, aloes, or confectioun;
Ane paradyce it ſemyt to draw neir
Thir galȝart gardyngis and ilke greyn herbere.
Maiſt amyabill walxis the amerant medis;
Swannys ſwouchis throw owt the ryſp and redis,
Our al thir lowys and the fludis gray
Seirſand by kynd a place quhar thai ſuld lay:
Phebus red fowle hys corall creiſt can ſteir,
Oft ſtrekyng furth hys hekkill, crawand cleir,
Amyd the wortis and the rutys gent
Pykland hys meyt in alleis quhar he went,
Hys wifis, Toppa and Partelot, hym by,
As byrd al tyme that hantis bigamy:
The pantyt povn, paſand with plomys gym,
Keſt vp his taill, a provd pleſand quheil rym,
Yſchrowdyt in hys fedramme brycht and ſcheyn,
Schapand the prent of Argus hundreth eyn:
Amang the bronys of the olyve twiſtis
Seir ſmaill fowlys wirkand crafty neſtis,
Endlang the heggeis thyk, and on rank akis,
Ilk byrd reioſyng with thar myrthfull makis:
In corneris and cleir fenyſtaris of glas
Full biſſely Aragne wevand was,
To knyt hir nettis and hir wobbys ſle,
Tharwith to caucht the myghe and litill fle:

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So dufty pulder vpftowris in euery ftreit,
Quhil corby gaſpyt for the fervent heit.
Vnder the bewys beyn in lufty valys,
Within fermans, and parkis cloys of palys,
The buſtuus bukkis rakis furth on raw;
Heyrdis of hertis throw the thyk wod ſchaw,
Baith the brokkettis, and with braid burnyſt tyndis,
The ſprutlyt calvys ſowkand the red hyndis,
The ȝong fownys followand the dun days,
Kyddis ſkippand throw ronnys eftir rays;
In lyſſouris and on leys litill lammys
Full tayt and tryg ſocht bletand to thar dammys,
Tydy ky lowys, veilys by thame rynnys;
All ſnog and ſlekit worth thir beſtis ſkynnys.
On ſalt ſtremys wolx Doryda and Thetis,
By rynnand ſtrandis Nymphis and Naedes,
Sik as we clepe wenſchis and damyſellis,
In greſy gravys wandrand by ſpryng wellis,
Of blomyt branchis and flowris quhite and red
Plettand thar lufty chaplettis for thar hed;
Sum ſang ryng ſangis, danſys ledys, and rovndis,
With vocis ſchill, quhill all the daill reſovndis;
Quharſo thai walk into thar caralyng,
For amorus lays doith the rochys ryng:
Ane ſang, *The ſchyp ſalys our the ſalt ſaym,*
Will bryng thir merchandis and my lemman haym;
Sum other ſyngis, *I wilbe blyth and lycht,*
Myne hart is lent apon ſa gudly wight.
And thochtfull luffaris rowmys to and fro,
To lys thar pane, and pleyn thar joly wo;

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Eftir thar gys, now ſyngand, now in ſorow,
With hartis penſyve, the lang ſymmyris morow:
Sum ballettis lyſt endyte of hys lady,
Sum levis in hoip, and ſum aluterly
Diſparit is, and ſa quyte owt of grace,
Hys purgatory he fyndis in euery place.
To pleys his lufe ſum thocht to flat and feyn,
Sum to hant bawdry and onleſum meyn;
Sum rownys to hys fallow, thame betwene,
Hys myrry ſtouth and paſtans lait ȝiſterevin:
Smyland ſays ane, I couth in previte
Schaw the a bovrd. Ha, quhat be that? quod he;
Quhat thyng? that moſt be ſecrete, ſaid the tother.
Gud Lord! myſbeleif ȝe ȝour verray broder?
Na, neuer a deill, bot harkis quhat I wald;
Thou mon be prevy: lo, my hand vphald.
Than ſal thou walk at evin: quod he, quhidder?
In ſik a place heir weſt, we baith togydder,
Quhar ſcho ſo freſchly ſang this hyndyr nycht;
Do choys the ane, and I ſal quynch the lycht.
I ſalbe thar I hope, quod he, and lewch;
ȝa, now I knaw the mater weill eneuch.
Thus oft dywlgat is this ſchamefull play,
Na thyng accordyng to our hailſum May,
Bot rathar contagius and infective,
And repugnant that ſeſſon nutrytyve,
Quhen new curage kytlys all gentill hartis,
Seand throu kynd ilk thyng ſpryngis and revertis:
Dame naturis menſtralis, on that other part,
Thar blyſfull bay entonyng euery art,

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To beyt thir amorus of thar nychtis baill,
The merl, the mavys, and the nychtyngale,
With mery notis myrthfully furth breſt,
Enforcyng thame quha mycht do clynk it beſt:
The cowſchet crowdis and pyrkis on the rys,
The ſtyrlyng changis diuers ſtevynnys nys,
The ſparrow chyrmys in the wallis clyft,
Goldſpynk and lyntquhite fordynnand the lyft;
The gukgo galys, and ſo quytteris the quaill,
Quhill ryveris rerdit, ſchawis, and euery vaill,
And tender twyſtis trymlyt on the treis,
For byrdis ſang, and bemyng of the beys;
In wrablis dulce of hevynly armonyis
The larkis, lowd releſchand in the ſkyis,
Lovys thar lege with tonys curyus,
Baith to dame Natur, and the freſch Venus,
Rendryng hie lawdis in thar obſeruance;
Quhais ſuguryt throtis maid glaid hartis dans,
And al ſmail fowlys ſyngis on the ſpray:
Welcum the lord of lycht, and lamp of day,
Welcum foſtyr of tendir herbys grene,
Welcum quyknar of floryſt flowris ſcheyn,
Welcum ſupport of euery rute and vayn,
Welcum confort of alkynd fruyt and grayn,
Welcum the byrdis beild apon the brer,
Welcum maſter and rewlar of the ȝer,
Welcum weilfar of huſbandis at the plewys,
Welcum reparar of woddis, treis, and bewys,
Welcum depayntar of the blomyt medis,
Welcum the lyfe of euery thyng that ſpredis,

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Welcum ſtorour of alkynd beſtiall,
Welcum be thy brycht bemys, gladyng all,
Welcum celeſtial myrrour and aſpy,
Attechyng all that hantis ſluggardy!
And with this word, in chalmer quhair I lay,
The nynt morow of freſch temperit May,
On fut I ſprent into my bair ſark,
Wilfull fortill compleit my langſum wark
Twichand the lattyr buke of Dan Virgill,
Quhilk me had tareit al to lang a quhile;
And to behald the cummyng of this kyng,
That was ſa welcum tyll all warldly thyng,
With ſic tryumphe and pompos curage glaid
Than of hys ſouerane chymmys, as is ſaid,
Newly aryſſyn in hys eſtait ryall,
That, by hys hew, but orleger or dyall,
I knew it was paſt four houris of day,
And thocht I wàld na langar ly in May
Les Phebus ſuld me loſanger attaynt:
For Progne had, or than, ſung hir complaynt,
And eik hir dreidfull ſyſtir Philomeyn
Hyr lays endyt, and in woddis greyn
Hyd hir ſelvyn, eſchamyt of hir chance;
And Eſacus completis hys pennance
In ryveris, ſludis, and on euery laik:
And Periſtera byddis luffaris awaik;
Do ſerve my lady Venus heir with me,
Lern thus to mak ȝour obſeruance, quod ſche,
Into myne hartis ladeis ſweit preſens
Behaldis how I beynge, and do reuerens.

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Hyr nek ſcho wrynklys, traſyng mony fold,
With plomys glitterand, aſur apon gold,
Rendryng a cullour betwix greyn and blew,
In purpour glans of hevynly variant hew;
I meyn our awyn natyve byrd, gontill dow,
Syngand in hyr kynd, *I come hydder to wow;*
So pryklyng hyr greyn curage forto crowd
In amorus voce and wowar ſoundis lowd,
That, for the dynnyng of hir wanton cry,
I irkyt of my bed, and mycht not ly,
Bot gan me blys, ſyne in my wedis dres,
And, for it was ayr morow, or tyme of mes,
I hynt a ſcriptour and my pen furth tuke:
Syne thus begouth of Virgill the twelt buke.

Explicit ſcitus prologus;
Quharof the autour ſays thus.

The luſty crafty preambill, perle of May
I the entitil, crownyt quhil domyſday;
And al with gold, in ſyng of ſtait ryall,
Moſt beyn illumnyt thy letteris capital.

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THE TWELT BUKE OF ENEADOS.

CAP. I.

Turnus, perſavand the Latyn pepill faill,
Promittis Eneas allone hym tyll aſſaill.

Quhen Turnus knew the Latyn pepill haill
Irk of the weir, and ſaw thar curage faill,
By the frawart aduerſiteis of Mart,
Quhilk war tofor onbrokyn and ſtowt of hart,
And thocht the tyme requiris hym, but abaid,
Forto compleit the promys he had maid,
Semyng as towartis hym tho euery wight
To that effect addreſſyt thar luke and ſycht:
Than, onrequirit, by inſaciabill deſyre
Langang to feght, and byrnand hait as fyre,
Full hie raſand hys curage and hys cheir,
He gan amyd the audiens appeir.
Fers as a wild lyoun ȝond in Trace,
By the huntar wondyt in the chace,
Quhen the ſmert ſtraik in hys breiſt all faſt is,
For ire the lokkyrris of hys nek vpcaſtis,

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Than firſt begynnyng to rays hys ſtern moyd,
Reioſyt of the bataill, fers and wod,
Onabaſytly raſchand the ſchaft in ſundir,
And on the man liggand at wait thar vndir,
Hym to revenge, with bludy mouth doys bray;
Nane other wys ferd Turnus the ilk day,
Smytyn ſo brym in fervent violens,
That all commouyt in the kyngis preſens
On this maner begouth to ſpeke and ſay:
Thar ſall in Turnus be fund na delay;
And al for nocht ȝon cowart Eneadanys
Thar promys and thar wordis cumis aganys,
Willyng retreit thar beheſtis and ſawys;
Sa ſall thai nocht; we wil nane ſik lawys:
I ſal thar falſhed refiſt and ganeſtand,
And feght contrar thar chiftane hand for hand.
Thou ryall prynce and fader, kyng Latyne,
Do ſacryfy and conferm this convyne:
For owdyr ſal I with thir handis twa
Ȝon ilk Troiane, forhowar of Aſya,
Do put to deth, ſend down to hell, quod he;
Lat Latyn pepill ſyttyng by to ſe
Quhou, myne allane with ſwerd in thar preſens
I ſall revenge and end our allyris offens;
Or than, gyf ſo betyd he wyn the gre,
Lat ws all venquyſt to hym ſubiect be,
Ȝeld hym the crown enduryng term of lyve,
And lat hym joys Lavinia to hys wyfe.
Kyng Latyn tho with ſad and degeſt mynd
To hym anſweris, and ſaid apon this kynd:

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O douchty ȝyngkeir, excellent of curage,
Quhou far as by thy forcy vaſſallage
My febill age thou doith exceid, quod he,
Als far mair diligently pertenys me,
And ganand is, to conſell and provyde,
And exemyn euery chance may betyde,
As I that has in part a maner feir,
Be lang experiens knawand the dowtis of weir.
Thow weldis Dawnus thy faderis realm and land,
And feil citeis conqueſt with thyne awyn hand;
Tharto thou has alſſo a gentill hart,
Liberall and fre, and in weir moſt expert,
And kyng Latyn hes gold to geif the eik.
Perfay, enew otheris, not far to ſeik,
Of madynnys beyn onwed in Latyum wyde,
And in the Lawrent feildis heir beſyde,
Of blude and frendſchip na thyng myſſemand,
Bot worthy tobe queyn of ony land.
Thoill me, I pray the, al diſſait done away,
Thir wordis quhoyn of weght to the till ſay;
And ſammyn prent thir ſawys in thy wyt.
Onleſum is I ſuld in wedlok knyt
My douchtir till ald wowaris of this land,
That hir tofor had axit in ſik band:
All the ſpa men and Goddis revelyng
Declarit plane that was onleſum thyng.
And netheles, I, venquyſt cleyn but weir,
For luf of the my ſpowſys couſyng deir,
Ourcummyn be hir wofull terys and ſyte,
All maner bandys now hes brokyn quyte;

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And fra my ſon in law, full wrangwiſly,
Hys ſpous onto hym promyſt reft haue I,
And forthir on hym movit a wikkyt weir.
Sen ſyne in quhat chance I ſtand and danger,
And quhou fers batellis now perſewys me,
Full weill thou wait, and ſeis, Turnus, quod he,
And quhou huge travale thou has tholit and pane,
As principall maſte douchty capitane.
Lo, twys in batale venquyſt haue we be,
And now ſcantly within our wallit cite
The hope and weill of Italy defendis;
Now of our recent blude, as noterly kend is,
The flude of Tibir walxis hait agane,
And of our huge banys quhite ſemys the plane.
Quhou am I ſteirit thus in purpos ſeir?
And quhidder flow I thus oft thar and heir?
Quhat mad foly all to changis my thocht?
Gyf that I reddy be and dowtit nocht
The Troianys for my frendis to reſſaue,
Gif ſo war Turnus ded war and bygrave,
Quhat! aucht I nocht far rather end the weir
He beand in proſperyte haill and feir?
Quhat wald our coſyngis, the Rutilianys,
Or quhat wald ſay the other Italianys,
Gyf the I ſuld thus wys ſa wilfully,
Axyng our douchteris wedlok and ally,
Expone or offer to the ded? quod he:
Fortoun defend that chance at ſa ſuld be!
Behald the chance of batale variabill,
Perſave of weir the fykkill ward onſtabill:

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Haue reuth and mercy of thy fader ald,
Quham Ardea now, hys cuntre, doys withhald,
Diuidit far and diſſeuerit from the,
And for thy ſaik quhou wobegone is he.
Thus ſaid the kyng; bot the violent curage
Of Turnus hie mynd bowit neuer a ſtage;
Quha wald with cuyr of medycyne hym meys,
The moir encreſſys and growys hys mail eys:
And, eftir that he firſt mycht ſpeke agane,
Thus he began expreym with wordis plane.
O thou maiſt ſouerane fader, I the pray,
To ſalue my honour, thou wald do away
Thir curis, thochtis, and ſolicitude,
For me thou takis; and, ſchortly to conclude,
Suffir me forto plege my deth in wage,
For gloryus renovn of vaffillage:
For we, fader, can ſwak dartis and brandis,
Nocht with febill bot ſtalwart rycht handis,
And of our wondis the red blude ruſchis owt.
To ȝonder provd Troiane, clepit ſa ſtowt,
Hys moder at this tyme ſalbe far to ſeik,
Quhilk Goddes with hir ſubtell ſlychtis eik
Hir ſon, accuſtumat to tak the ſlycht,
Was wont to dek, and to hyde owt of ſycht
Within a wifly clowd, as for a trayn,
And heild hir ſelf alſſo in ſchaddowis vayn.

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CAP. II.

The queyn perſwadis Turnus fra ſtryfe deſiſt,
Bot he for batal can agane reſiſt.

Be than the queyn Amata, all in feir
Of this onkouth and new maner of weir,
Wepyng full ſor, all dedlyke, full of harmys,
Hyr ſon in law Turnus hynt in hir armys,
That was ſa fervent in his ardent deſyre.
Turnus, ſaid ſcho, thou beſt belovit ſyre,
Be thir ilk wofull terys I the pra,
And be the wirſchip thou aw till Amata,
Gyf ony honour of hyr or thy kyn
Twichys or movys into thy breiſt within,
I the beſeik a thyng, myne awyn knycht;
Deſiſt and ces to mach Troianys in fight.
Thou only comfort of our febill eld,
Thou all our reſt, our weilfar, and our beld,
Haue reuth and piete of my wofull baill:
In thy power and mycht reſtis alhaill
The wirſchip and empyre of kyng Latyn;
Hys hows and famyll, now lyke to declyne,
In the remanys, and is by the vpbore.
I the aſſuyr, and certifeis tharfor,
Quhat aventour in this fight ſall happyn the,
The ſelfin chance, Turnus, ſall betyd me:
Sammyn with the, gif thou endis in that ſtryfe,
I ſal depart furth of this irkſum lyfe,

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Nor nevir thrall ſall I remane to ſe
Ȝon ilk Eneas ſon in law to me.
Lavinia the maid, with ſoir ſmert,
Hyr moderis wordis felt deip in hyr hart,
So that the rud dyd hyr viſſage glow,
And full of terys gan hyr chekis ſtrow;
The fervent fyre of ſchame ryſys on hie,
Kyndland mar large the red culloryt bewte,
So that the natural heit the blude dyd chace
Our all the partis of hir quhitly face:
Quhill that this virgyn, in this wofull rage,
Syk cullouris rendris from hir freſch viſſage,
As quha byſpark wald the quhite evor Indane
With ſcarlet droppis or with brovn ſangwane,
Or quhar the ſcheyn lylleis in ony ſted
War pulderit with the vermel roſys red.
The hait luf trublys for the knyght,
That on this maid he fixis all hys ſycht,
And all the mair he byrnys in deſyre
Of bargane into armys, hait as fyre;
Syne to the queyn Amata, but abaid,
In few wordis on this wys he ſaid:
O my deir moder, of thy wepyng ho,
I ȝow beſeik, do not, do not ſo,
Perſew me not thus with ȝour grete and teris,
Nor quhen I pas onto thir mortall werys,
In marciall bargane contrary my fo,
Do wa to preſent me ſik takyn of wo:
In Turnus myghtis lyis nocht, quod he,
The chance of deth to mak hym ſelvyn fre.

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I ſay, gyf deth this way be to me ſchaip,
Now may I not aſtart, nor it eſchape.
For at this tyme inſtant my meſſynger,
Idmon clepyt, my credens hecht to ber
Now to ȝone Troiane tyrrand, reherſyng
My wordis, quhilkis lykis hym na thyng:
That is to knaw, to morow, als ayrly
As brycht Aurora in the orient ſky
With roſy chariot lyftis vp hir hed,
The firmament ſchrowdyng in cullour red,
That he move not aganys Rutilyanys
Hys oſtis, nor nane army of Troianys;
Bot athir half fra batale, for the beſt,
Baith ſall Troianys and Rutilianys thame reſt:
And lat ws twa, this bargane to conclude,
Betwix ws only dereyn with our blude,
And into ȝonder feld, in ſtalwart ſtryfe,
Lat athir ſeik Lavinia to hys wyfe.
Fra this was ſaid, faſt to hys in he ſpedis,
And bad onon do lat hym ſe hys ſtedis:
Behaldand thame reioſys he in hart,
To ſe thame ſtand ſa fers with curage ſmart;
Quhilk kynd of horſis quhilum, as thai ſay,
Orythia, the luſty freſch may,
Of Athenis the kyngis douchter and ayr,
As ane maſte ryall preſand, wonder fair,
Send from hir cuntre to kyng Pilumnus,
Was foregrandſchir onto this ilk Turnus;
The quhilk ſtedis, ſchapyn at all delyte,
Excedit far the ſnaw in cullour quhite;

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To ſpeke of ſpeid, thar ſwyftnes was ontald,
For thai the wyndis blaſtis forryn wald.
The byſſy knapys and verlettis of hys ſtabill
Abowt thame ſtud, full ȝaip and ſeruyabill,
And with thar holl luyffis gan thame cheir,
Dyd clap and ſtraik thar leyndis to mak thame ſteir,
Thar lokrand manys and thar creſtis hie
Dreſſys with trelȝeis and camys honeſtlye.
Fra thens onto hys chalmyr went he ſyne;
Abowt his ſchuldris aſſays hys halbryk fyne,
Of burnyſt maill, and ſchynand rychely
Of fynaſt gold and quhitly alcomy.
Tharwith alſſo hys ſwerd addreſſis he,
Quhat way he wald it oys in the melle;
Hys ſovir ſcheld aſſays he alſſo,
And eik hys tymbret helm with creſtis two;
Quhilk ſwerd was maid onto Dawnus hys ſyre
Be Wlcanus, the myghty God of fyre,
That forgyt this blaid and temperit with hys handis,
Hait glowand dyppyt in the Stigiane ſtrandis.
Syne with gret fors, enarmyt in all hys geir,
Full lychtly vp he hynt hys ſtalwart ſpeir,
Quhilk tho amyddis the hall lenand ſtud
Vp by a pillar huge ſquare and rude;
Quhilum the ſpulȝe he byreft from anè
Clepyt Actor, a capitane Auruncane:
The ſchaft he ſchuke, and branglys luſtely,
Tharto with lowd voce thus can he cry:
O now thou ſpeir, that nevir failȝeit thy deid
Quhen I the callyt to my deſyre in neid,

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Quhilum the weldit A&tor, maſt douchty knycht,
Now the in hand withhaldis Turnus wight;
Now is the tyme that I maſte myſter the:
Forto dovn bet the corps thou grant to me
Of ȝondir Phrigiane, is ſkant half a man,
That with my ſtalwart handis I may than
Hys halbrik of hys body to arras,
Hakkyt, and rent, and perſyt in mony place,
And in the duſty puldyr heir and thar
Suddill and fyle hys criſpand ȝallow hair,
That are maid creys, and curlys now ſa weill,
Yplet ilk nycht on the warm broch of ſteill,
Dekkyt and donk, on hys wifly maner,
Of fragrant myr and other envn&mentis ſeir.
With ſykkyn fury rage catchyt is he,
That thus he carpys till a ſchaft of tre;
And from the viſſage of this ardent ſyre
The ſparkis glydis as the hait fyre,
For veray fervour of the feirfull teyn
Schynys and bryſtis furth of baith hys eyn:
Lyke as the bull, that bargane begyn wald,
Gevis terribill rowſtis and lowis monyfald,
Or than aggrevit, buſtuus, and furthborn,
Preſys hys ire to aſſay with hys horn,
Lenand hys ſpald to the ſtok of a tre,
And with hys dynt the wynd to rentis he,
Or, forto mak debait apoun the land,
With hys hard clufe vpwarpys faſt the ſand.
In the ſelf tyme, na les of curage, Enee,
Cled in hys moderis armour awfull to ſe,

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Scharpys hym ſelf in furour marciall,
Raſand hys greif for ardour bellicall,
And joyus wolx of weir to mak ane end
By ſyk proffer and poyntment as was ſend.
Syne comfortis he hys ferys dolorus,
And meſyt the dreid of ſad Aſcanyus,
Declarand thame the fatale ordinans,
Thar deſtyne, and Goddis purvians;
And to the kyng of Lawrenteis, Latyn,
Twychand this forſaid trety and convyne,
Bad the meſſyngeris bair hame but delay
Sovir anſwer, as thai deſyrit alway,
And of the peys and trewys, as thai ſpak,
Proclame articulis and lawys of contract.

CAP. III.

Juno, knawand Turnus laſt day at end,
To ſtop the bargane has Juturna ſend.

Scarſly vpſprang the nixt day followyng,
Scheddand the bemys of hys bryght mornyng
Apoun the toppis of the montanys hie,
As Phebus ſtedis firſt of the deip ſe
Raſyt thar hedis and noys thirlys on hight,
Our all the feildis blawand the cleir lyght;
Quhen that the Troianys and Rutilianys
The grund myſſouris, evynnys, dichtis, and planys,

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Vndir the wallys of the cheif cite,
Thar as the feild and fechtyng place ſuld be:
Amyddis quham the harthis vp thai ſet,
Quharon the fyris ſuld be maid and bet,
And to the common Goddis eik bedeyn
The altaris coverit with the ſcherald greyn.
Sum otheris brocht the fontane watir fair,
And ſum the haly ingill with thame bair;
With lynnyng valis or lyke apronys lycht
Thai war arrayt, and thar hedis dicht
In wyppys of the haly herb vervane.
The legionys tho furth haldis to the plane,
And all the rowtis of Awſonyanys,
That otherwys ar hait Italyanys,
Furth thryngis at the portis full attonys,
With lancis lang and pykkis for the nonys.
Thyddir all the Troianys wardis, by and by,
And Tyrrheyn oſtis ruſchis haſtely,
Bodyn full weill in nobill armour ſeir;
Nane otherwys with wapynnys and with geir
Arrayt for the batale all at rycht,
Than thocht the fury of Mars thame callit to fycht.
Amyd the thouſandis ſwyftly throw the planys
Furth ſprentis luſtely thir capitanys,
In rich purpour arrayt and fyne gold brycht,
Aſſaracus ſonnys and Mneſtheus wight,
And on the tother part ſtrang Aſilas,
And bald Meſapus alſo with hym was,
Neptunus ſon, expert in hors dantyng.
And eftir that the trumpet blew a ſyng,

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Than euery partyment bownys to thar ſtand,
And gan thar ſperis ſtik doun in the land,
Set by thar ſcheildis, to behald the fyne.
The wemen wedois and the matronys ſyne,
Deſyrus forto ſe the bargane ſtowt,
Of childyr and of commonys mony a rowt
That couth na wapynnys weld, nor armour weir,
With the onweldy agit folk infeir,
Clam on the hight and hedis of the towris,
The wallys all and howſis ryggyngis flowris;
And ſum abufe apon the portis hie
Aſcendit ar to behald the melle.
Bot Juno tho dovn from the hycht, I wys,
Of the montane that Albane clepit is
Now in our days, ſet than this hyllys dovn
Had nowder name, honour, nor renovne,
Scho dyd behald amyd the feldis plane
Athir batellis and the oſtis twane,
Baith of the Troianys and the Laurenteis,
And kyng Latynus cite eik ſcho ſeys.
Onon to Turnus ſyſtyr vp on hie,
That clepit was Juturna, carpys ſche,
Thys Goddes to that haly Nymphe, maſtres
Of wellys, ſtankis, and rowtand ſtremys expres;
Quhilk honour Jove, the kyng of hevynnys hie,
Hyr gave for the byreft virginite:
Said, O thou Nymphe, wirſchip of ſludis cleir,
That to my ſaul is hald maſte leif and deir,
Thou knawys weill, I the preferrit ay
To all the otheris damyſellys, perfay,

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Of Latyn cuntre, quhat ſo evir thai wer
That wrangwiſly aſcendit or drew neir
The bed onprofitabill of Jupiter maſt hie;
And glaidly eik haue I not ſtakyt the
Intill a party of the hevyn alſſua?
Hark now thy ſorow, thou Juturna,
And wyte me not bot I the warnyt haue.
Turnus and thy cheif cite haue I ſave,
Sa lang as that the fatis ſufferit me,
And quhill werd ſifteris ſa tholyt tobe:
Bot now I ſe that ȝong man haſte, but faill,
To mach in feild with fatis inequaill;
The lattir day and term approchis ne
Of fatale fors and ſtrangaſt deſtyne.
Nowder this bargane ȝonder on the greyn
Nor conſideratioun may I ſe with eyn.
Pas thou on, for thy deir brothir germane
Gyf thou dar ſuffir ony mar dreidfull pane;
To the this ſemys and pertenys, quod ſche,
Gyf that, perchans, ony bettyr may be,
Or eft betyd onto ȝon catyvis kend.
Scars had Juno thir wordis brocht to end,
Quhen that the nymphe Juturna bedeyn
Plente of terys furthȝet from hir eyn;
Hyr fair quhite breiſt, thar as ſcho dyd ſtand,
Thrys or four tymys ſmait with hir awyn hand.
Saturnus get, this Juno, ſays; tha terys
Na wys to this tyme pertenys nor efferys:
Haſt the, gyf that thou can be ony way
Withdraw thy brother from the deth away;

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Or than do mak the oftis baith on ſteir,
Provok the batale, and thame move to weir,
And this convyne and trety, new conſave,
Do brek, diſturb, and with the wynd bywave.
I ſall the warrand and the wyrkar be
To mak the baldly vndertak, quod ſche.
On this wys Juno can this nymphe exort,
And left hir hail in weir and dowt, at ſchort,
With mynd full tryſt, wobegone, and onſound,
Full deip ſmyttyn with the ſorowfull wound.

CAP. IV.

Heir followis the ſacrifyce and prayer,
Fyrſt of Eneas, ſyne kyng Latyn infeir.

In the meyn tyme, the kyngis of athir rowt
From thar citeis and ſtrenthis iſchis owt.
Amyd a four quhelit char Latyn that thraw
With huge pomp by ſtedis fowr was draw,
Quhais haris and hys tymplis war weil dycht
With ryall crown of fyne gold burnyſt brycht,
Quharon ſtud turrettis twelf, lyke bemys ſcheyn,
As it ane rych enornament had beyn
Of cleir Phebus, that was hys grandſchir hald:
Nixt quham furth rollyt was prynce Turnus bald
Within a twa quhelyt chariot of delyte,
That drawyn was with ſtedis twa mylk quhyte;

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In athir hand held he, in feir of weir,
The braid hed brangland on the jevillyng ſpeir.
The fader Eneas alſſo furth withall,
Of Romane lynnage the originall,
Apon the tother half com thame agane,
With byrnyſt ſcheild that brycht as ſtarris ſchane,
And hevynly armour lemand all of lycht:
Beſyde hym raid Aſcanyus the ſweit wyght,
That ſemyt weil, till euery manis doym,
Ane other gude beleif and hope to gret Roym.
Furth come the preſte, quhamto accordyt mak
The ſacrifice of concord and contract,
In veſtment cleyn, for ſyk religioun wrocht,
And a ȝong byrſyt ſwyne befor thame brocht,
With a rowch twyntyr ſcheip ſammyn infeir,
Quhais woll or fleyce was neuer clyp with ſcheir;
The beſtis furth hes turſyt this ilke ſyre
Onto the altar bleſand of hait fyre.
The princis tho, quhilkis ſuld this payce makyng,
Turnys towartis the brycht ſonnys vpryſyng,
With the ſalt meldyr in thar handis raith;
The forrettis of thir beſtis toppys baith
They clyp and myſſour, as tho was the gys,
And cowpys full of wyne in ſacryfys
Abowt the altaris ȝettis he and he.
With drawyn ſwerd ſyne the reuthfull Enee
Hys oriſon furth maid, and thus he ſaid:
O thou brycht ſon, with thy ſcheyn bemys glaid,
Be wytnes now till my beheſt, I pray;
And this ilk grund mot teſtyfy quhat I ſay,

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For quham ſa gret payn and aduerſyte
I ſufferit haue feill ſyth on land and ſee;
And thou almychty Jove heir my prayer;
Saturnus douchtir, thou hys ſpows ſa deir,
Now mor benyng than thou was of befor,
Sweit Goddes, heir me now, I the implor;
And gentill Mars now takis tent heirtill,
That withhaldis and writhis at thy will
Every batale, ſtryfe, weirfar, or debait,
Vndyr thy hie power deificait:
All ſludys I call, fontanys, and ſtremys cleir,
And all maner of reuerend Goddis ſeir
Abuf the hevyn ydred and ſtarrit ſky;
And 3ow eik, blyſſyt wightis, I teſtify,
That vnder erth or law in hell doun beyn,
Or in the ſomy ſeis ſtremys greyn:
Gif ſo betyd, that fallys the victory
To Turnus on the Auſonyan party,
It is conuenient, and we grant to fle,
As venquyſt folk, till Evandrus cite:
Aſcanyus ſall als tyte thir feildis withdraw,
Nor Eneadanys neuir, from the ilk thraw,
Aganyſt 3ou ſall rebell nor move weir,
Ne with na wapynnys eft thys cuntre deir.
Bot gif ſo beys, Mars our God glorius
The victory and ouyrhand grantis ws;
As I beleif far rathar ſall befall,
And that als tyte conferm mot Goddis all
Throw the gret mychtis of thar deite!
Gif that ſa fair fortoun betydis me,

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Ne will I not command Italianys
Tobe ſubiect, nor obey the Troianys,
Ne ȝit this realm deſyre I not to me:
Bot athir of our pepill mot go fre,
Onthrall, onvenquyſt, in lawys all evynly
Confiderat in perpetuall ally.
The wirſchipyng of Goddis in ſacryfice
I ſal thame lern and tech at my devys:
My fader in law, the kyng Latinus heir,
Moſt rewle the pepill baith in peax and wer;
My fader in law, as ſouerane lord and ſyre,
Duryng hys lyfe moſt bruke ſolempnyt empyre.
Suffir my Troianys than, as we ar bovn,
For me to beild a ſtrenth and wallyt tovn,
And to this cite, quhar we ſall duell at hame,
Lat the madyn Lavinia gif the name.
Thus firſt Eneas ſaid; and eftir ſyne
Apon this wys hym followys kyng Latyn,
Behaldand towart hevyn quhar he dyd ſtand,
And to the ſtarnys vphevyis hys rycht hand:
By this ilk erth, ſeys, and ſtarnys hie,
I ſweir in like wys onto ȝou, Enee,
And by Latonas byrth or twynnys twa,
The brycht Apollo, and chaſt Diana,
And by the dowbill frontit Janus, and all
The pyſſans of the Goddis infernal,
And by the dyrk ſanctuary, blak as ſabill,
Of grevos Pluto, that God revengeabill:
The hie fader abuf mot heir my cry,
That dois with thundir ſik concord ratify.

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I twich thyr altaris, and ingill preſent, quod he,
And teſtifyis ilk godly maieſte;
Sall nevir tyme, ſeſſon, nor day betyde,
To breke this peax on the Italian ſyde,
Ne this conſiderans anys part in two,
Quhat way that evir happynys the mater go;
Ne na manner of violens, boſt, nor aw,
Sall ony wys me tharfra withdraw,
Bot ferm and ſtabill all ſall haldyn be:
All thocht the erth wald myddill with the ſee,
And with diluge or invndatioun ſchent
Covir and confund athir eliment;
Or thocht the hevyn in hell reſolue wald,
Our promys ſall inuiolat be hald.
Lyke as this ilk ceptour wand ȝhe ſee,
(Perchans that tyme a ceptour in hand bair he)
Sall nevir burgioun, nor ſpred branſchis lyte,
Nowder rank levys, nor bloſum of delyte,
Sen it is anys in wod, thar as it grew,
Law from hys ſtok hard by the rutis hew,
And wantis now hys moder of nuryſyng;
For all the ſyonys and twyſtis wont to ſpryng
Or grow thar fra, as ȝhe may ſe perfay,
With egge lumys bene ſned full quyte away;
Vmquhile a growand tre, thar it dyd ſtand,
That now thus by the crafty warkmanis hand
Incluſyt is and coverit luſtely
In burnyſt gold and finaſt alcomy,
And gevyn our forfaderis of Latyn land,
As ceptour ryall, forto bere in hand.

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With wordis ſik, and ferm relatioun,
This fynal ſuyr confideratioun
Athir pryncis has confermyt and ſworn,
Amyd thar nobillys ſtandyng thame beforn:
Syne, eftyr thar auld cerymonys and ȝys,
The beſtis dewly adreſt for ſacryfys
Thai brytnyt haue amyd the flawmys red,
And rentis out, or thai war fully ded,
The entralys of all thir beſtis ȝit alyve;
Syne furth of platis or ballancis belyve
With paſyt fleſch plenyſt the altaris large,
Tharon beſtowand in hepys mony a charge.
Bot tho begouth of new this ilk bargane
Semyng to the Rutilianys, euery man,
Tobe ane rycht onevynly interprys,
And diuers rumour can in thar breſtis rys,
With mony ſyndry demyng and conſait;
He thynkis thus, and he ane other gait;
And ay the nerrar and mar diligently
At thai the mater conſider and aſpy,
Weill thai perſaue and behaldis, ſans faill,
Thir campionys war not of ſtrenth equaill.
And onto this opinioun the ilk thraw
Helpit mekill, that with ſtill pays ſo ſlaw
This Turnus muſand towart the altar paſt,
And it lawly adornyt with face doun caſt,
With chekis walxin leyn, to thar ſemyng,
Quharon the ſoft berd newly dyd furth ſpryng,
As all to ȝyng with ſic ane to haue daill,
Thai thocht hys viſſage all becummyng paill.

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CAP. V.

Quhou Juturna be ſlycht and enchantment
Brekis the peax, and haſty batale ſent.

And eftyr that this ilk commonyng
Thus walxand mare and mare by mony a ſyng
Juturna hys ſyſtyr dyd perſaue,
And ſaw the common wlgar hartis wave
In diuers ſentens and ententis ſeir;
Than in amyd the rowtis drew ſcho neir,
In form and lyknes of Camertis bald,
Of nobill blude cummyn and lynage ald,
And of hys fader the bruyt and renowne
Was magnifeit in wirſchip wondir hie,
Tharto hym ſelf maſte douchty cheveller
In dedis of armys and in fait of weir.
Amyd the oſtis this wys dyd ſcho thryng,
Not onexpert to convoy ſik a thing,
And diuers rumouris in the pres ſkalis ſche,
Syne ſiclyke wordis carpis apoun hie:
O Rutilianys, aſchame ȝhe not for feir
Into ſa gret a perrell and danger
A ſylly ſawle to put in aventour,
That for ȝow all ſall vndirly ſik cuyr?
Quhidder ar we not equale in our entent
To the Troianys in number or hardyment?
Lo, all the Troianys and Archadianys
Befor ws heir arrayt on the planys:

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The fatall piſſans is hail in this ſted,
And the Tuſcanys that Turnus hes at fed.
Sa few tha beyn, ȝhe may behald and ſe,
That gif we lift mak onſet, traſtis me,
The half of all our menȝe gret and ſmall
Sall not fynd ȝondyr a fa to mach withall.
Ȝon Turnus, to the Goddis abuf full ſtraucht,
To quhais altaris hym vowyt and betaucht
He hes for ȝou, as that ȝhe ſe, ſaid ſche,
With fame eternal ſal vpheit be,
As euermar alyve and maiſt name couth,
Carpit and ſung in euery mannis mowth;
Quhen we, as thrallys, leif ſal our natyve land,
And onto prowd tyrrantis, hes the ovirhand,
Salbe compellit as lordis till obey,
That now, thus ſleuthfully, ſa fant and fey
Hufys ſtill on thir feldis as we war ded,
And for our ſelf lift ſchape for na remeid.
With ſiclike wordis the myndis and conſait
Of the ȝongkeris was inflawmyt hait,
And mair and mar now, all the feld abowt,
The murmur crepys out throw euery rowt;
So thai quhilkis air deſyrit peax and reſt,
And for the common weill thocht it was beſt
To mak end of the bargane on this wys,
Ar alterit haly in ane other avys:
For now deſyre thai batale, but abaid,
Prayand God this contract had neuer bene maid,
And has compaſſioun caucht in hart, but faill,
Of Turnus chans, ſemyng ſo inequale.

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Thys ſelf tyme eik hes Juturna, I wys,
Ane other grettar wondir ekit to this,
And heich vp from the hevyn befor thame plane
A takyn hes ſcho ſchawyn auguriane;
Syk a ſyng, that nane other to that entent
Was mar effectuus nor conuenient
To trubbill Italian myndis, and mak thame raif,
And with fals demonſtratioun to diſſaue.
For Jovis fowle, the ern, com ſorand by,
Fleand vp heich towart the brycht red ſky,
Befor hym catchand ane gret flycht or oft
Of fowlys that dyd hant endlang the coſt,
Quhilk on thar weyngis, ſair dredand hys wraik,
Skrymmys heir and thar with mony ſprauch and craik;
Quhil ſuddauly this egill with a ſurs,
As he towartis the ſludis maid hys curs,
Diſpittuuſly intill hys punſys he
Hes claucht a ſwan excellent of bewte.
Than the Italianys apon athir ſyde
Raſyt thar myndis to ſe quhat ſuld betyde;
And ſone the other fowlys heich in the ſky
Turnyt agane with mony ſcreym and cry,
To chais and to aſſail thar aduerſar,
A wondir thing to ſe! vp in the air:
The lyght thai dirkyn with thar pennys thik,
And throw the ſkyis with mony a ſtrake and pik,
Sammyn in a ſop, thik as a clowd, but baid,
Thar ſa thai dyd aſſalȝe and invaid,
Sa lang, quhil that by fors he was ourſet,
And of the hevy byrdyng ſa mait and het

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That hys mycht falȝeit, and of his clukis rude
The egil leit hys pray fall in the flude,
And vp amang the clowdis flaw away.
  Than the Rutilianys all, full glaid and gay,
With huge brute and clamour lowd onane
Saluſt this ſyng or takyn augurian;
Syne ſped thar hand, and maid thame for the fight.
And, firſt of othir, Tolumnyus the wight,
That was a ſpa man and diuinour ſle;
Ȝa, this was it, ȝa, this was it, quod he,
Quhilk oft I viſſeit and deſirit by and by:
This gud takyn I reſſaue and ratify,
And knawys the Goddis favour in our ſupple.
Rutilianys, hynt ȝour wapynnys, and follow me,
Quham now ȝon vauengeour, ȝon ilk ſtranger,
Affrays ſo with hys onworthy weir,
Lyke tyll onweldy fowlys on the coſt,
And our marchis with fors and mekill boſt
Inuadis, rubbis, and ſpulȝeis, as ȝe ſe:
He ſall, for fer, ſone gif the bak and fle,
Mak ſail onon, and hald for euer away
Throu the deip ſey outour the fludis gray.
Tharfor ȝhe ſall all ſammyn, with ane aſſent,
Aſſembil now ȝour rowtis heir preſent,
And into feild defend, as men of mayn,
Ȝour kyng Turnus he be nocht reft and ſlane.
  Thus ſaid he, and with that word als ſa faſt
Towartis his fais forganys hym dyd caſt
A weirly dart onon with all his byr:
The ſovir ſchaft flaw quhiſland with a quhir,

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Thar as it ſlydis ſcherand throw the ayr,
Oneſchewabill, bath certane, lang, and ſquar.
Sammyn with this, vp ryſis for the nanys
Ane huge noys and clamour all at anys;
With ſik affray and hydduus dyn and beir
The wardis all and oftis war on ſteir,
That, for the rerd and deray, hait in ire
The hartis kyndillis of euery bald ſyre.
Furth flaw the takill rycht our forgane his face,
Thiddir as for the ilk tyme ſtude, percace,
Nyne brethir germane, freſch and ȝyng of age,
Nane in thar oft mair ſemly perſonage,
Quham the trew faithfull wife Tyrrhene ilkane
Bair till hir ſpows Gilip Archadiane;
Of quham this dart hyt ane, thar he dyd ſtand,
A gudly ſpryngald, a fair ȝyng galland,
Richt ſchaiply maid, in armour ſchynand brycht,
And at the myddill markyt hym full rycht,
Quhar as the wovyn gyrdill or tyſche
Abufe his navill was beltit, as we ſe,
And ſmate hym evyn into the ſammyn place
Neyr quhar the bukkill hys ſydis dyd enbrace,
Throw gyrd hys body with a grevos wond,
And ſpaldyt hym ſtark ded apon the grond.
Bot than hys bald brethir in a rowt,
Wod wraith for wo, ſum hyntis ſwerdis owt,
Sum claucht in hand the dart with the ſteil hed,
And in thar blynd fury, full of fed,
Ruſchit on thar fays with a feirfull braid.
Aganys quham to refiſt and invaid,

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The rowtis of the army Lawrentanys
Ran to recontyr thame: and tho atanys
Agane aſſemblit, as a ſpait of flud,
The Troianys and the Tuſcanys wraith and wod,
With thame of Arcad in arrayt feildis,
With burnyſt armour and thar payntit ſcheildis;
Apon ſik wys that all, with ane aſſent,
Caucht haill deſyre to feght apon the bent,
And to dereyn in feild with bytand brand
The haill mater. Sum ſchot doun with thar hand
The altaris markyt for the ſacryfys:
Belyve our all the lyft vp ſemyt rys
The fell tempeſt of dartis ſchote and flanys,
So thik as ony ſchour of ſcharp hailſtanys,
As dyd incres this flycht of ſtelit hedis;
Full grewos grew the bargane in all ſtedis:
Sum ran to the wyn flacconys for gret ire,
And ſum hynt vp the furnace full of fyre.
The kyng hym ſelf, Latinus, for the affray
Fled to the cite, and turſyt with hym away
Hys Goddis and hys mawmentis, drevyn abak
With a ſchamefull rebute and mekill lak,
Left the concord ondone, not brocht till end.
Sum brydillys ſtedis, and cartis vp dyd bend,
And ſum in haiſt with a lowp or a ſwak
Thame ſelf vpcaſtis on the horſys bak,
And war all reddy in the ſtowr at hand
With drawyn ſwerd and nakit burnyſt brand.
Meſapus, full deſyrus in the pres
Fortill confund the trety and the pes,

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A kyng Tyrreyn, Auleſtes, in that ſted
With kyngis enſenzeis and with crown on hed,
Affrays ſore, at hym dryvand hys ſteid:
The tother drew away for feir and dreid,
And bakwartis fallys on hys ſchuldris and crovn,
Onhappely, apon ane altar dovn,
Quhilk ſtud percace behynd hym on the land.
Meſapus than, full fers, with ſpeir in hand
Apon hym drave, thocht he beſocht hym fair,
And with this ſchaft, that was als rude and ſquar
As it had beyn a cabyr or a ſpar,
Dovn from hys ſtowt curſor, na thyng ſkar,
Smait hym a grewos wond and dedly byt,
And ſyne thir wordis ſaid; Ha, art thou hyt?
Ha, that thou has: this is, be myne avys,
To our gret Goddis mair ganand ſacrifys.
Italianys hurlys on hym in a floyt,
Spulzeit hys corps, hys membris zit all hoyt.
Chorineus tho, that was a ſtowt Troiane,
To meit ane Ebuſus, com hym agane,
That wald haue ſmyt hym with a buſtuus dynt,
And on ane altar a byrnand ſchide has hynt,
And gan it rycht amyd hys viſſage ſtair,
That bleſyt vp hys lang berd of hair,
Quhilk, ſcaldit thus, a ſtrang fleur dyd caſt.
And forthir this Chorineus alſſo faſt
Ruſchit on hys fa, thus fyrefangit and onſaucht,
And with hys left hand by the hair hym claucht;
Syne with hys kne hym poſſit with ſic a plat,
That on the erd he ſpaldit hym all flat,

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And with hys ſtyf ſtok ſwerd in ſik eſtait
Throu baith the ſydis at the firſt dynt hym ſmait.
And Podalirius with drawyn ſwerd liſt not ces
Alſus the hyrd to perſew throu the pres,
Quhilk ruſchis abak for feir, hys life to ſave,
In the vangart, throw mony a poyntit glave:
Bot, quhen he ſaw his fa ſa neir invaid
That he na wys mycht eſchew nor evaid,
Vpheſit he hys braid ax rude and ſquair,
And akwartly ſtrake at hys aduerſar,
Quhilk from amyd hys forhed, neir hys crovn,
Onto hys chyn the egge dyd carvyn doun,
That far onbreid hys armour, quhar he ſtude,
Was all byſprent and blandit full of blude.
Tho Podalirius the hard reft dyd oppres,
Or cald and irny ſleip of dethis ſtres;
And vp the breith he ȝald into thar ſycht,
With eyn cloſyt in euerleſtand nycht.

CAP. VI.

Enee ſair wondyt of the feild dyd pas;
In quhais abſens Turnus mair cruell was.

Than the reuthfull and pacient Eneas,
Behaldand quhou all wrang the gem dyd pas,
Hys rycht hand onenarmyt, to ſtynt thar fed,
Furth ſtrekis, and oncoverit hes hys hed,

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And cryis and clepis on his pepill tho;
My frendis deir, quhidder now hurl ȝe ſo,
Ilkane aganys other? quhou may this be?
Quhat has movit this haſty diſcord? quod he.
O, ſtanch ȝour wraith for ſchame, or all is lorn!
The payce and concord now is twichit and ſworn,
And the articulis and the lawys dyng
Appun&it vp, and promiſt euery thing:
Of det and ryght I aucht apon this land
Allane Turnus recontyr, hand for hand:
Suffir me perform my dereyn by and by,
And do away all dreid and villany.
I ſall with my hand ſone mak ferm and ſtabill
Our appoyntment, for evir onvariabill;
For this ilke ſacrifice violate in this ſted
Sall rendir onon Turnus to me ded.
Amyd ſic ſawys, as he thir wordis ſaid
Forto aſſwage thar mynd, but mar abaid
A quhirrand arrow, lo, with fedderit flycht
At ſwift randon dyd in hys the bayn lycht;
Oncertane fra quhat hand that it was ſent,
Quhat kynd of ſchote, nor of quhat inſtrument.
The hie glory of ſa notabill a deid
Is hyd, that nane knew quha it dyd but dreid,
Nor wiſt quha wrocht had to the Rutilianys
Sa gret wirſchip and lovyng for the nanys;
Quhidder it betyd on cace and aventur,
Or of ſum God be diſpoſitioun ſuyr;
Nor nevir perſon eftir, he nor he,
Dyd hym avant he wondit had Ene.

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Quhen Turnus all the chiftanys trublit ſaw,
And Eneas ſair wondit hym withdraw,
Than, for this haſty hope als hait as fyre,
To mell in feght he caucht ardent deſyre:
He aſkis hors and harnes baith at anys,
And haltandly in hys cart for the nanys
He ſkippis vp and muſturis wantonly,
Furth ſprentand throu the feildis by and by,
And at his will, quharſo hym liſt tobe,
With hys awyn hand the rengeis rewlis he.
And dryvand furth thus into his ire
Laid feill corpſis ded, and mony bald ſyre;
Down ſtrowand eik vnder fut in the plane
Diuers otheris ȝit throwand and half ſlane:
Owder with his cart the rowtis he drave away,
Or, as thai tuke the flycht for gret affray,
Caſtyng ſperis and dartis ſcharp hynt he,
And leit thame thik amang his fays fle.
Sik wys as bludy armipotent God Mars,
Beſyde hys froſty flude Hebrum in Tras,
Full haſtely bownand to batale feild,
Makis gret bruyt and clatteryng with hys ſcheild,
Quhen he liſt movyng weir maſt chevalrus;
Furth ſteris hys ſtedis, fers and furyus,
Quhilk fleys furth ſa ſwith with mony a ſtend
Owtour the planys at large quhar thai wend,
That thai forryn and goys befor alway
Ȝephyrus and Nothus, ſwyfteſt wyndis tway:
And, with the dyn of thar feyt and hys cart,
All Trace gronys onto the ferthar part.

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Abowt hym walkis, as hys godly feris,
Dreid with paill face, Debait, and mortale Weris,
The Wraith, and Ire, and eik fraudfull Diſſait,
Lyggyng vndir covert at enbuſchment or await.
Turnus ſiclike, als chery, prowd, and lycht,
Amyd the batale catchys to the fycht
Hys ſtedys, rekand of ſwete quhar thai raid,
And ſa baldly hys fays dyd invaid,
With ſik ſlauchter, that piete was to ſe;
And ſik deray has maid in the melle,
That hys ſwyft ſtedis hovys, quhar thai went,
Spangit vp the bludy ſparkis our the bent,
Quhil blude and brane, in abundans furth ſched,
Mydlit with ſand vndir hors feit was tred.
For he, or now, hes doun bet Sthenelus,
And kyllit eik Thamyrys and Polus:
The formaſt twa he ſlew machit at hand;
And this Polus, as he far of dyd ſtand:
On far eik ſlew he of Imbraſyus
The ſonnys twa, Glawcus and Iaſus,
Quham this Imbraſyus foſterit had, baith twa,
Into the far cuntre of Lycia,
And thame inſtrukit had full equaly
In fait of armys, and to hant chevelry;
Owder till aſſaill befor, or ȝit behynd,
Or with ſwift hors for till forryn the wynd.
ȝond, in ane other part, amyd the feild
The fers Eumedes walkis vnder ſcheild,
Quhilk was the ſon and air, as that thai tell,
Of agit Dolon valȝeant in batell:

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The name he bair of hys fore grandſchir wight,
Bot the ſtrang handis and ſtowt curage in fight
Of hys awyn fader, this Dolon, he bair;
Quhilk at Troy vmquhile, as the ſege lay thar,
Ane was of ſa ſtowt curage and hie will
That he durſt aſk the chariot of Achill
To his reward, for that he ſa baldly
The Grekis tentis tuk on hand to aſpy:
Bot the ſon of Tedeus, Diomed,
Ane other faſſoun hes hym quyt his meid
For ſa ſtowt ondyrtakyn, and hym ſleuch:
And ȝit for all his renovn, provit eneuch,
Ne durſt anys pretend, for all hys dedys,
That he was worthy to weld Achillys ſtedys.
Bot to our purpos; this forſaid Eumedes
As Turnus dyd behald ȝond in the pres,
On the plane feld thar as he dyd ryde,
Firſt weill a far way at hym leyt he glyde
A fleand dart; and furth with that, rycht thar,
Gan ſtynt hys horſſis and his quhirland char,
And ferely dyd lepyng from hys cart,
And ſone apon hys aduerſar aſtart,
Quhilk tho was fall to grond, and half deill ded:
Syne with hys fut doun thryſt in the ilk ſted
Hys fair nek bayn, and owt of hys rycht hand
Richt aufternly has he thrawyn the brand,
Quhilk ſchynand brycht into hys throte he wet,
And tharto ekyt thir wordys wondyr het:
O thow prowd Troian, lyggand thar at grond,
Now may thou myſſour the feld at thou has fund;

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Lo heir the bundis, lo heir Heſperia,
Quhilk thou to ſeik in weirfar was ſa thra:
Thys is the bontay thai ſal bair away
That dar with wapynnys or armour me aſſay!
To hym in feir alſo has he laid
With a ſcharp caſtyn hed, but mair abaid,
Ane Butys, and eftyr hym ane Chloreus,
Syne Sybar, Dares, and Therſilocus,
And Thymetes, a man of full gret fors,
Caſtyn from hys ſtaffage, ſkeich, and hedſtrang hors.
And as the blaſtis with thar buſtuus ſovn
From mont Edon in Trace cumis thuddand doun
On the deip ſey Egean faſt at hand,
Chaſand the flud and wallys to athir land;
And quhar the wyndis aſſalys, the ſuyth to ſay,
The clowdis fleys faſt our the hevyn away:
The ſammyn wys, quhat way at Turnus went,
The rowtis red hym plane rovm on the bent,
And all the oſtis faſt abak dyd fle;
For, with ſik fors and fard furth dryvys he,
Hys biſſy movand tymbrell euery art
Catchis the wynd and ayr forgane hys cart.
Phegeus, a Troiane, ſeand Turnus all mad
Sa inſtantly aſſaill with ſtrakis ſad,
Na langar mycht hym thoill, bot with bald hart
Hym ſelf keſt in the way to meit hys cart;
And he the renys in hys ryght hand hynt,
Syne writhit hes about, or euer he ſtynt,
The fomy mowthis of the haſty ſtedis.
And as this douchty man, ſa gud at nedis,

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Thus hang and harlyt was in euery art
By the lymouris and hamys of the cart,
That he hys body mycht nocht kepe nor held,
To covyr with hys armour and his ſcheld,
The ſpeir hym followis with ſcharp hed and braid,
And rent hys hawbrik of dowbill plyis maid,
Hurt his body ſum deill, nocht fully ſond,
Perſand the hyde, and maid a litill wond.
He, nocht the les, agane hys fa furth ſprent,
With hys braid ſcheild or target evir vp ſtent,
And in hys hand held drawyn the burnyſt blaid,
Cryand for help his aduerſar till invaid;
Quham tho, allace, gret piete was to ſe!
The quhirland quheill and ſpedy ſwyft extre
Smate doun to grond, and on the erd lay plat:
And, as he fell, Turnus followis with that,
And evyn betwix the helm can hym arras
And vmaſt roll or hem of hys curas,
Smait of his hed clenly with hys brand,
And left the corps lyke a ſtok in the ſand.

CAP. VII.

Na mannys cuyr nor craft of ſurrurgyne
Mycht heill Eneas, bot Venus medycyn.

And as Turnus thus in the batale ſted
With the ovirhand ſa feil corps laid ded,

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The meyn quhil Mneſtheus and traſte Achates
Hes led the bald Eneas of the pres,
Aſcanyus ȝyng with thame in cumpany,
And to the tentis brocht hym all bludy,
With ſteppis ſlaw furth ſtalkand all in feir,
Lenand ilk pays on a lang poyntit ſpeir.
Wod wroth he worthis, for dyſdene and diſpyte
That he ne mycht hys ferys ſuccur als tyte:
He wrythis, and enforſys tyll owtdraw
The ſchaft in brokkyn, and the hed withall:
He axis help at all thar ſtandand by,
Quhat was the nerreſt way and maiſt reddy;
And bad thai ſuld with a ſcharp knyf that tyde
Scheir doun the wond, and mak it large and wyde,
Rype to the boddum weill, and tak gude tent
To ſers the hyrnys quhar that the hed was went,
That thai mycht haſt thame ſelf, but mair delay,
To the batale, forto ſtynt this effray.
Now was thar than preſent in the pres
Iapis, that was ſon of Iaſides.
Abuf all otheris to the God Phebus he
Was beſt belovyt and haldyn in dante;
With quhais favour vmquhile ſtrangly caucht,
This God Appollo gladly has hym taucht
Hys craftis and his officis, by and by,
Of diuinatioun or of augury,
The muſik tonys to play on harp waill ſle,
And forto ſchute and lat ſwyft arrowis fle.
Bot this Iapis, fortill prolong, perfay,
Hys faderis fatis, quhilk as bedrall lay

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Befor hys ȝet, of hys lyfe in diſpar,
Had levyr haue knawyn the ſciens and the lair,
The myght and fors of ſtrenthy herbys fyne,
And all the cunnyng of vſe of medycyne,
And with ſik ſecrete craftis prevely
To leid hys lyfe and tyme mair eſely.
Eneas ſtandis byttyrly chidand,
Lenand apon a buſtuus ſpeir in hand,
Amyd gret confluens of thir childer ȝyng,
And eik his ſon Aſcanyus ſair wepyng;
Bot he na thing hym movit at thar terys.
Than this Iapis, ſage and ald of ȝheris,
With habyt ſchapyn on ſurrugyn mak,
Vprollit weill and wymplit far abak,
Rycht biſſely with hys nait handis tway
Begouth fortill exem, and till aſſay
The wond with mony crafty medycyn,
And mychty herbys taucht be God Appollyn;
Bot all for nocht his travale and hys pane.
Oft with hys rycht hand ſerſis he, invane,
To rype the owtgait of the wond ſa wyde,
And forto ſeik the ſchaft on euery ſyde,
With hys wynrys and grippand turcas ſle
To thrift the hed, and draw furth, preſſis he:
Bot, for na chance that evir betyd may,
Wald fortoun dres hys hand the ſovir way;
Na thing avalyt hys crafty medycyne,
Nor ocht hym helpys his maſter Appollyn.
And now the griſly dreid, ay mair and mair,
Our all the feildis walkis heir and thar,

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Nerrar drawys the perrell and affray;
So that all dyrknyt wolx the cleir day
Of dufty puldir in the hevyn dyd ftand;
The horfmen all approchis faft at hand,
That dartis thik amyd the tentis fell:
Wofull clamour with mony cry and 3ell
Went to the fkyis of 3ong men faucht in feild,
And thame that fwelt, fair wondit vnder fcheild.
Venus hys moder tho, this pane to meys,
Caucht rewth and piete of hir fonnys dyfeys,
And from the wod of mont Ida in Creit
Vp hes fcho pullit dictam, the herb fweit,
Of levis rank, rypit, and wondir fair,
With fprowtis, fprayngis, and vanys our alquhar,
As that we fe on fik verdour fpryngand,
And on the top a purpour flour curland:
Sik grefis gude beyn no wys onknaw
To the wyld beftis, quhen that ony thraw
Thai with the fleand arrow beyn ourtak,
The hed ftikand owther in fyde or bak.
Thiddir brocht Venus this herb; and fcho was fchrowd
Baith face and body, in a watry clowd;
And with the herb alfo mydlit hes fche
The hailfum thryfty watir wondir fle,
That from hir brycht lippys fcho 3et in hy;
And temperis and enbalmys prevely
The plaftyr tharwith, ftrynkland all ourane
The hailfum jus of herb ambrofian,
And the weill fmelland herb hait panaces.
This ancyent furrigian, Iapes,

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With ſik watir or jus, that he nocht knew,
The wond meſys, and ſoftnyt hes of new:
And ſuddanly the payn vanyſt als cleyn
Of hys body, as thocht it had beyn
Bot a dyrlyng or a litill ſtond;
All blud ſtanchit and ſtud in the deip wond.
Tharwith baith hed and ſchaft com owt droppand,
But ony pull following of manis hand,
That ſtrenth and fors of new to mak debait
Reſtoryt war onto thar ald eſtait.
Harnes, harnes, bryng hym hydder in hy!
Quhy ſtand ȝe ſa? Iapis gaue a cry;
And with this word aganyſt thar fays he
Hes firſt thar ſpreit inflammyt to melle.
O Eneas, quod he, I mak ȝou ſuyr,
Throw manis mycht was neuer wrocht this cuyr,
Nor be na maſtir craft of medycyne;
Thou art not helyt by this hand of myne,
Bot be ſum grettar God, full weill I ſe,
The quhilk to grettar workis preſervis the.
Eneas tho, deſyrus of bargane,
Hys lymmys in legharnes gold begane
Claſpyt full clos, and dyd hym ſelf array;
Bad ſpeid in haiſt, for he hatit delay:
He ſchuke and branglit faſt his ſpeir that tyde.
And eftir hys active ſcheild was by his ſyde
Cowchit full meit, and on his bak full thik
Seſyt his curace or hys fyne hawbrik,
Aſcanyus ȝyng tendirly the ilk place,
With all his harnes bilappit, dyd embrace,

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And throw his helmys ventall a litill we
Hym kyſſyt hes; ſyne on this wys ſaid he:
O thou my child, do lernyng, I the pray,
Vertu and verray laubour till aſſay
At me, quhilk am thy fader, as thou wait;
Deſyre tobe chancy and fortunate
As othir pryncis, quhilkis mair happy beyn.
Now ſall my rycht hand thy querrell ſuſteyn,
And the defend in batale by and by,
To mak the partiſman of gret ſengeory.
Do thou ſiclyke, I pray the, myne awyn page,
Als faſt as thou cumis to perfyte age,
Ramembir heiron, and revolue in thy mynd
Thy lynage, thy forbearis, and thy kynd;
Exempill of prowes in the ſteris frendis befor,
Baith fader Eneas and thyne vncle Hector.

CAP. VIII.

Juturna gydys hir brotheris cart rycht ſle
Frawart the batal, he ſuld nocht mache Enee.

Quhen this was ſaid, furth at the portis hee,
Schakand in hand a gret ſpeir, iſchit he:
With hym alſo to the feild ruſchis owt
Anteus, Mneſtheus, and ane full thyk rowt;
Alhaill the barnage flokkis furth atanys,
Left voyd the tovn and ſtrenth with waſty wanys.

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Than was the playn ourſet, quha com behynd,
With duſty ſtew of puldyr maid folk blynd,
And, for ſtampyng and fell dynnyng of feyt,
The erd movit and trymlyt euery ſtreyt.
Turnus, apon the party our rycht forgane,
Perſauyt thame thus ſterand throw the plane,
Thame ſaw alſo the pepill Auſonyanys,
And the cald dreid for feir ran throw thar banys.
Firſt of the Latynys all, this ilke maid
Juturna thame knew, and was not glaid;
Scho hard the ſoundis and the fell deray,
And quakand faſt for feir hes fled away.
Bot this Eneas, full bald vndyr ſcheild,
With all hys oft drave throw the plane feld,
And with hym ſwyftly bryngis our the bent
A rowt coill blak of the ſtew, quhar he went.
Lyke as the bub or plaig of fell tempeſt,
Quhen that the clowdis brekis eſt or weſt,
Dryvys by fors throw the ſey to the land,
Doand the cayrfull huſbandis vnderſtand
The gret myſcheif tocum, and felloun wraik;
Quhilk, with ſair hartis quakand, allake, allaik!
Says, lo ȝon bub ſall ſtryke dovn growand treys,
Doun bet our cornys, and by the ruyt vpheis,
And far onbreid ourturn all doys vpſtand:
Hark! heir the ſwouch cumis brayand to the land.
On ſiclyke wys this ilk chiftane Troian
The corſy paſand Oſyris hes ſlane:
Mneſtheus kyllyt Archet, and Achates
Byhedit has the wight Epulones;

Gyas doun bet Vfens the gret captane;
Dovn fell alſo the gret augurian,
Tolumnyus him ſelf, that the ilk day
Threw the firſt dart hys fays till aſſay.
Vpryſis than the clamour, and a ſcry
Quhilk ſemyt wend onto the ſtarnyt ſky.
Thar curs abowt than the Rutilianys
Hes tane the flyght, and gave the bak atanys,
Skatterit throw owt the feldis heir and thar,
Quhil ſtovr of puldir vpſtrikis in the air.
Bot the chiftane, this vailȝeant Ene,
Dedenȝeit nane doun bet as thai dyd fle,
Ne thame invaid that met hym face for face,
All thocht thai fawght with wappyn, ſwerd or mace;
Bot throw the thikaſt ſop of duſt in hy
Only Turnus went to ſeik and aſpy,
And hym allane, accordyng the tretye,
He aſkis and requiris into melle.
With dreid heirof the mynd was ſmyttyn ſo
Of Juturna, the verray virago;
Quhilk term to expone, be myne avys,
Is a woman exerſand a mannys offys;
Amyd the lyamys and the thetis thar
Doun ſwakkis ſcho Metiſcus the cartar,
That Turnus char had forto rewle on hand,
And left hym lygand far ȝond on the land,
Fra the cart lymmowris warpit a gret way;
And ſcho, in ſted, hys office dyd aſſay,
And with hir handis abowt writhis ſche
The flexibill renys frawart the melle,

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Berand the lyknes in all maner thing
Of Metiſcus voce, perſon, and armyng.
Als feill wrynklis and turnys can ſcho mak
As dois the ſwallow with hir plumys blak,
Fleand and ſeirſand ſwiftly thar and heir
Our the gret lugyngis of ſum myghty heir,
Apon hir weyngis ſcummand euery ſyde
Thir heich hallys, bene full large and wyde,
Gadderand the ſmall morcellis eſt and weſt
To bair hir byrdis chepand in thar neſt;
Now into gowſty porchis doith ſcho fle,
Now by the donky ſtankis ſoundis ſche:
In ſiclike wys this Juturna belyfe
Throw owt the oſtis gan the horſſis dryfe,
Circuland abowt with ſwift fard of the cart
The feildis our all quhar in euery art,
And ſchew hir bruthir Turnus in his char,
Now brawland in this place, now vouſtand thar;
Na be na way wald ſcho ſuffir that he
Aſſembill hand for hand ſuld with Enee;
Bot fled hym far, and frawart hym held ay,
Writhand hir cartis curs ane other way.
In na les haiſt Eneas on the bent
Hys quhelys turnys and writhis mony a went;
The man he ſeirſis throw the effrait routis,
And on hym callis with lowd cry and hie ſchowtis.
And als feill ſys as he his eyn keſt
Apon his fa, al tymys he hym adreſt
To chas hym with ſwyft curs throu the melle,
On hors that ſemyt ryn as fowle dois fle;

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Bot evir als oft Juturna ane other art
Awaywart turnys and writhis hyr broderis cart.
And thus Eneas remanys all on flocht
In ſyndry motioun of ire, bot all for nocht:
Allace! ne knawis he not now quhat to do:
Diuers thochtis, and ſeir conſatis, lo,
Hys mynd in mony contrar purpos ſent.
And as he thus was trublit in entent,
Meſapus, that on cace was neirhand by,
And in hys left neif haldis all reddy
Twa ſowpill caftyng ſperis hedit with ſteill,
Of quham that ane full ſovirly and weill
Towart Ene addreſſit leit he glyde.
Eneas hovit ſtill the ſchote to abyde,
Hym ſchrowdand vndir his armour and his ſcheild,
Bowand hys howch, and ſtude a litill onheld:
And, netheles, this ſpeir, that ſcharply ſchar,
Of hys baſnet the tymbrell quyte doun bair,
And ſmait away the creiſtit toppis hie.
Than mair in greif and ire vpgrowis he,
Seand hym catchit with diſſait and ſlycht,
Quhen that he hes perſauyt in his ſycht
Turnus horſis drevyn ane other art,
Awaywart turnyng ſa feill ſys his cart:
Tho mony tymys lowd did he teſtify
Gret Jupiter, quhou that ſa wrangwiſly
He was iniurit, and conſtrenyt to fight;
To witnes drew he als with gret onrycht
The altaris of confiderans violate;
And now at laſt, full furyus and hait,

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The mydwart of his ennemys dyd invaid:
With proſpir chance of batale, ſa onglaid
And terribill to his fays walxis he,
That hail, but ony differans of degre,
All goith to wraik; for na man lift he ſpair:
A cruell ſlauchter he hes rafit thar.
All kynd of wreth and breithfull ire now he
Leyt ſlyp at large, but brydill, with rengeis fre.

CAP. IX.

Heir followys of the ſlauchter monyfald
Maid by Turnus and be Eneas bald.

Quhat God ſall now me techyng to endite
Sa mony wondis and this cairfull ſyte?
Or quha me lern in metyr to declar
Sa feill and diuers ſlauchteris as was thar,
And gret deces of dukis in that ſted,
Our all the feildis ſtrowyn lyggis ded,
Quham euery ane ſammyn hys curs abowt
Now down bet Turnus, now Eneas ſtowt?
O Jupiter, was it pleſand to the,
With ſa gret motioun of crudelyte
Athir pepill ſuld ruſch on other in pres,
Quhilkis eftir ſuldbe ane in etern pes?
Eneas firſt, that tareit not to lang,
Smate ane Sucron, a Rutilian ſtrang;

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A grevous wond he hyt hym in the ſyde,
Throw owt hys rybbys can the ſtif ſwerd glide,
Perſyt hys coſt and breiſtis cundyt in hy,
Thar as the fatale deth is maſte haſty:
This bargane firſt fermyt Troianys to ſtand,
That langeir fled Turnus fra hand to hand.
Tho Turnus has rencontyrit in the pres
Amycus, and hys brother Diores,
Quham, fra thar horſſis on the grond doun bet,
On fut in feild ſtrangly he ombeſet:
And the formaſt with a lang ſtif ſpeir
Smate ded, and with a ſwerd the tother in feir,
Syne baith thar hedis hakkit of in hy,
And at his cart thame hyngis by and by,
The blude tharfra dreippand, turſys away.
The ſelf ſtound Eneas at ane aſſay,
Or ane onſet, hes kyllit Tanaus,
Talon alſo, and the ſtowt Cethegus;
Syne, eftyr thame, he kyllyt in the pres
The ſad and ay ſorofull Onytes,
Renownyt of Thebes blude, and the offſpryng
Diſcendyng down from Echion the kyng,
And of hys moder born, Peridia.
This othir chiftane, Turnus, killit twa,
That brethir war, and owt of Lycia ſend,
Appollois cuntre, Troianys to defend;
And eftir thame ane Meneit hes he ſlane,
A ȝong man that was born ane Archadane,
That all his days evir hatit the melle,
Bot all for nocht, for he moſt neid thus de:

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About the laik of Lern and ſludis gray
Hys craft was forto fyſchyng euery day;
A puyr cote hous he held, and buyr hym law;
Rewardis of rich folkis war to hym onknaw;
Hys fader eyrit and ſew ane peys of feld,
That he in hyregang held tobe his beild.
And lyke as that the fyre war new vpbet,
And in ſum dry wydderit wod vpſet,
Baith heir and thar, at diuers partis ſeir,
Amyd the ſovndand buſkis of lawrer;
Or quhar the ſomy ryveris, red on ſpait,
Hurlys doun from the month a large gait,
With hydduus bruyt and felloun fard atanys,
Thar as thai ryn ourflowand all the planys;
Ilkane diſtroys, waſtis, and dryvis away
All that thai fynd befor thame in the way:
Na ſlawar baith this Turnus and Ene
Hurlys and ruſchis fers throw the melle.
Now, now, the brethfull ire and felloun thocht
Within thar myndis boldynnys all on flocht,
And tha breiſtis, can na wys venquyſt be,
Now briſtis full of greif and cruelte;
Now laſch thai at with bludy ſwerdis brycht,
Fortill mak wondis wyd in all thar mycht.
The tane of thame, that is to knaw, Enee,
Kyng Murranus, of ancheſtry maiſt hie,
Sovndand the name of his forfaderis ald,
Our all the clan of Latyn kyngis bald
Obſervyt man by man onto his day,
Furth of hys cart hes ſmyttyn quyt away,

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And bet hym doun onto the erd wyndflaucht,
With a gret roik or quhirrand ſtane ourraucht;
That this Murranus the renys and the thetis,
Quharwith hys ſtedis ȝokkit war in thretis,
Vndyr the quhelis hes do weltit doun;
Quhar, as he lyggis in hys mortall ſwoun,
Of hys awyn ſtedis abuf hym rap for rap
The ſterand hufis, ſtampand with mony clap,
Ourtreddis and doun thryngis thar maſter law,
And gan thar lordis hie eſtait myſknaw.
And Turnus hes recontryt ane Hilo,
That ruſchand hurlit throw the melle tho,
Full fers of muyd and auſtern of curage:
Bot this Turnus, for all hys vaſſalage,
At hys gilt halffettis a grundyn dart dyd thraw,
That fixit throu hys helm the ſchaft flaw,
Perſand hys braue, quhill owt bruſchit the blude.
Nor thy rycht hand, Creteus, ſa gude,
Thou forcyaſt Greik, cumyn from Archad land,
Mycht the deliuer from this ilk Turnus brand:
Nor all hys goddis Cupencus in the plane
Myght defend from Ene, com hym agane,
Bot at hys breiſt with the ſteill poynt is met,
That thirlyt hes throu all, and hym doun bet,
That nother ſcheild nor obſtant plait of ſteill
This catyvis breiſt hes helpit neuir a deill.
O Eolyn, the feildis Lawrentane
Hes the behald tharon dovn bet and ſlane,
And with thy braid bak in thy rich weid
The grund thou hes byſpred rycht far onbreid:

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Thar lyis thou ded, quham Gregioun oftis in fyght
Nothir venquys nor to the erth ſmyte mycht,
Nor fers Achilles to the grund couth bryng,
That was ourquhelmar of kyng Pryamus ryng:
Heir war thy methis and thy term of ded:
The hous and famyll or the nobill ſted
Of thy kynrent ſtant vndir mont Ida,
In the gret cyte of Lyrneſſia;
Bot in the feildis of Lawrentane ſulȝe
Thy ſepultur is maid for ay tobe.
Apon this wys the oſtis and wardis haill
On athir part returnyt in bataill,
Aganyſt othir to feght ſammyn attanys,
All the Latynys and alhaill the Troianys;
Duke Mneſtheus, and the ſtern Sereſtus,
And, on the tother half, prynce Meſapus,
That of gret hors the dantar clepit was,
And with hym eik the ſtalwart Aſylas,
The Tyrreyn rowtis ſemblit all atanys,
And kyng Evandrus army Archadianys:
Euery man for hym ſelf, as he beſt mycht,
At the vtyrrans of all hys fors gan fyght.
No reſt nor tary was, thai ſo contend,
Sum to confoundyng all, ſum to defend.

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CAP. X.

Quhou Eneas ſegit the town agane,
And queyn Amata hir ſelf for wo has ſlayn.

At this tyme, the bargane induryng thus,
Eneas moder, the fareſt dame Venus,
Into hys mynd ſcho has put this entent,
To hald onto the wallys incontinent,
And ſteir hys oft the cyte till aſſay
With haſty onſet and ſuddane affray,
At gret myſcheif the Latynys to effeir,
Quhilk of hys cummyng tho onwarnyt wer.
And as at he held movyng to aſpy
Turnus throu ſyndry rowtis by and by,
On euery ſyde he has caſtyn hys E;
And at the laſt behaldis the cite,
Saikles of batale, fre of all ſyk ſtryfe,
But payn or travale, at quyet man and wyfe.
Than of a grettar bargane in hys entent
All ſuddanly the figour dyd imprent:
He callys Mneſtheus and eik Sergeſtus,
Chiftanys of hys oft, and ſtrang Sereſtus,
And on a lytill mote aſcendit in hy,
Quhar ſone forgadderit all the Troian army,
And thik abowt hym ſlokkyng can, but baid;
Bot nother ſcheld nor wapynnys doun thai laid.
And he amyddis on the knollis hight
Onto thame ſpak thus, herand euery wight:

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Heir I command no tary nor delay
Be maid of my preceptis, quhat I ſal ſay,
Nor ſe that na man be ſweir nor ſlaw to ryn;
Till our haſty onſet we will begyn,
Sen Jupiter aſſiſtis onto our ſyde.
Now harkis quhat I purpos do this tyde:
This day I ſal diſtroy and cleyn bet doun
Of Lawrent haill the cite and the tovn,
Quhilk is the caus of all our werying,
And quyte confund the kyng Latinus ryng,
Les than thai wil reſſaue the bridill at hand,
Be at obeyſans, and grant my command;
And ȝon hie turrettis, and tha toppis hie
Of rekand chymnais ȝondir, as we ſe,
I ſal mak plane and equale with the grond.
Quhat ſuld I tary or delay a ſtond,
Abydand heir into ſik plyte, quod he,
Quhil Turnus lyft feght with ws in melle;
Or quhil that he, ane other tyme agane
Ourcum and venquyſt into batale plane,
May haue refuge to this tovn to releif,
Syne eftir in feild vs recontyr and greif?
O citeȝanys, the hed is this cite
Of our weirfair, and cheif of iniquyte:
Turs thiddir in hy the hait byrnand fyre brandis,
And with the bleſand flawmys in ȝour handis
Renewys and requir agane, ſaid he,
The trety ſworn and promyſt ȝou and me.
Quhen this was ſaid, thai put thame in array,
Togiddir all the cite tyll aſſay:

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Thai pyngill thraly quha mycht formeſt be
With dowr myndis onto the wallys hie;
Knyt in a ſop, with gret piſſans thai thriſt
The leddyrris to the wallys, or ony wiſt,
And haſty fyre blefis dyd appeir.
Sum otheris of the Troianys ruſchit infeir
Onto the portis, and the firſt thame met
Hes kyllyt at the entre and doun bet:
Sum otheris ſchutis dartis, takillis, and ſlanys,
At thame quhilkis on the barmkyn hed remanys,
That with the flycht of ſchaftis heir and thar
Thai dyrknyt all the ſkyis and the air.
Ene hym ſelf with the formaſt can ſtand
Vndyr the wallys, puttand to hys hand
To the aſſalt, and with lowd voce on hie
The kyng Latinus faſt accuſys he;
Drawand the Goddys to wytnes, quhou agane
He is conſtrenyt on fors to move bargane;
And quhou at the Italianys, thus twys
At ſyndry tymys, ſchew thame hys ennemys;
And how falſly that day thai brokyn had
The ſecund confideratioun ſworn and maid.
Amang the citezanys, into gret affray,
Vprais diſcord in mony ſyndry way:
Sum bad onclos the cite, and als faſt
Warp vp the portis, and wyde the ȝettis caſt
To the Troianys, and thar gret prynce Ene
Reſſane as for thar kyng in the cite;
Otheris ſtart to thar wapynnys and thar geir,
Forto defend thar tovn in feir of weir:

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As we may geif a ſymylitude, wail lyke
Quhen that the hyrd hes fund the beys byke,
Cloſit vnder a dern cavern of ſtanys,
And fillit hes full ſone that litill wanys
With ſmoik of ſowr and byttir rekis ſtew;
The beys within, affrayt all of new,
Ourthwort thar hyvis and walxy tentis rynnys,
With mekill dyn and bemyng in thar innys,
Scharpand thar ſtangis for ire, as thai wald fycht:
Swa heir, the laithly odor rais on hycht
From the fyre bleſis, dyrk as ony roik,
That to the ruffis toppys went the ſmoik;
The ſtanys warpit in faſt dyd rebund,
Within the wallis rays gret bruyt and ſound,
And vp the reik all void went in the air,
Quhar as na tenementis ſtud nor howſis war.
Betyd alſſo to thir wery Latynys,
Quhilk ſo irkit at ſik myſcheif and pyne is,
Ane chance of myſſortoun, that all the tovn
With womentyng ſtraik to the boddum doun.
For as the queyn Amata ſaw ſyk wys
The cyte ombeſet with ennemys,
The wallys kyndlyt be with flambys heit,
The fyre bleſis abuf the ruffis gleyt,
Na Turnus army cumand thame aganys,
Nor ȝit nane oſtis of Rutilianys;
Scho, full onhappy, in the batell ſted
Wenyt ȝong Turnus feghtand had bene ded:
And tho for verray ſorow ſuddanly,
Hyr mynd trublit, gan to rame and cry,

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Scho was the caus and wyte of all this greif,
Baith crop, and ruyte, and hed of ſik myſcheif;
And in hir dolorus fury thus myndles,
All enragit for duyll tho dyd expres
Full mony a thing, and reddy to de with all
Rent with hir handis hyr purpour weid ryall,
And at ane hie balk teyt vp ſcho has
With a lowp knot a ſtark cord or a las,
Quharwith hir ſelf ſcho ſpilt by ſchamefull ded.
And fra the Latyn matronys, will of red,
Perſavit hes this vile myſchewos wraik,
Thai rent thar hair, with harrow, and allaik!
Hyr douchter firſt beſyde the ded corps ſtandis,
Ryvand hyr gyltyn treſſys with hir handis,
Hyr roſy chekis to tor and ſcartis ſche:
Than all the laif, that piete was to ſe,
Of ladeis that about the ded corps ſtud,
Rentis and ruggis thame ſelf as thai war wod,
That of thar gowlyng, greting, and deray,
The large hald reſundis a far way,
Quhil from the kyngis palyce inveroun
Dywlgat went and ſpred our all the tovne
The fey onhappy fame of ſik a deid;
Than euery wight tynt hart for wo and dreid.
With habyt rent kyng Latyn on the gait
Walkis wobegone, aſtonyſt of the fait
Of hys deir ſpous, and of the cite ſyne,
That ſemyt brocht onto fynall ruyne:
Hys canos hair, ſair movit in hys entent,
With onclene puldyr has he all byſprent,

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And mony tymys hym ſelvyn hes accuſyt,
That he ſa lang had lachit and reffuſyt
To reſſaue glaidly the Troiane Ene;
Repentyng ſair, for weill of the cyte,
That he had nocht requirit hym, and draw
Or than tobe his mawche and ſon in law.

CAP. XI.

The quenys deces fra Turnus cleirly wiſt,
Went to the ſege Eneas to reſiſt.

In the meyn tyme, as weriour vnder ſcheild,
Turnus ȝond at the far part of the feld
A few menȝe perſewand our the plane,
Quhilk at the ſtragill fled in all thar mayn,
Sum deill or than walxis dolf this ſyre,
Seand his horſſis begyn to ſowpe and tyre;
That euer the les and les joyus was he
Of thar renkis and gait throu the melle.
Tharwith the wynd and ſowchquhyng of the air
This feirfull clamour brocht to hym rycht thar,
Mixt with oncertane terrour and affeir;
The confuſioun of ſovnd ſmait in hys eyr,
Com from the cyte, of felloun murmuryng,
Rycht onglaid bruyt of cayr and womentyng.
Ha, ways me! he ſaid, quhat may this be?
Quhou beyn the wallys trublit of this cite

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With ſo gret duyll and ſorrow as I heir?
Or quhou thus ruſchis ſo felloun noys and beir
And clamour from the tovn at euery part?
Thus has he ſaid, and can do ſtynt his cart,
And all enragit tyt the rengeis abak.
Quhamto his ſiftir tho Juturna ſpak,
As ſcho that was turnyt, as I ſaid air,
In ſemlant of Metiſcus the cartar,
That horſſis, rengeis, ſyd rapis, and cart, dyd ſche
Rewle and direct amydwart the melle;
With ſic wordis ſcho anſueris hym fute hait:
Turnus, lat ws perſew Troianys this gait,
Quhar victory ws ſchawis the reddy way;
Thar beyn enew otheris, be my fay,
Forto defend and weill manteym the tovn.
Gon is Eneas makis the brute and ſovn,
That can invaid Italianys, as ge heir,
Mydlit in batale on ſik feir of weir.
Tharfor lat ws with cruell hand in this ſted
Lay als feill corpſis of the Troianys ded;
For with na les numbir ſlane vnder ſcheild,
Nor les honour, ſall thou wend of the feild.
Turnus anſweris; O thou my ſiftyr deir,
I knew full weill at it was thou, langere,
That be thi craft and quent wylis ſa ſle
Our conſideratioun trublit and trete,
And entrit in this batell quhilk thou wrocht:
And now, Goddes, thy wylis ar all for nocht.
Bot quha was that ſend the from hevyn ſo ſcheyn,
So huge ſturt and travell to ſuſteyn?

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Quhidder gif thou com to that entent to ſe
The cruell deth of thy fey brother? ſaid he:
Quhat ſall I do, lat ſe; quhar ſall I now?
Or quhat ſuccurs promittis fortoun, and quhou?
I ſaw myſelf befor myne eyn langere
Gret Murranus, quham nane mair leif and deir
Onto me was that levand is this day,
Swelt on the grund, and with lowd voce, perfay,
On me dyd call, quhar as he lay onſound
At erth diſcomfyt with ane griſly wond:
And lo, doun bet and ſlane in hys defens
Is not alſſo the ſtowt capitane Vfens,
That he ſuld not our lak and ſchame behald?
Hys corps and armour doys Troianys baith withhald.
Sall I als ſuffir thame doun the cyte dyng?
Of our myſcheif thar reſtis bot that a thing:
Nor ſall I not with this rycht hand in hy
Confund ſchir Drances langage onworthy?
Sall evir this grund behald or ſe ſik lak,
That I ſall fle, or Turnus gif the bak?
Is it all owt ſa wrachit thing to de,
That, or thai ſtervyn, men ſuld rathar fle?
Ȝhe Manes, clepit Goddis infernal,
Beis to me frendly now, ſen that all
The Goddis myndis abuf ar me contrar;
Be ȝhe benevolent quhen that I cum thar:
Ane haly ſaule to ȝou diſcend ſall I,
Saikles of all ſic cryme or villany,
Na wys onworthy mamyt forto be
With my eldris and forſaderis maſt hie.

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Scars hes he ſaid, quhen, lo, throu the plane
Ruſchand amyd hys fays, com hym agane
Ane Sages, montit on a fomy ſteid;
And he was wondit ſair, and gan to bleid,
In the face with ane arrow vndir the E,
Cryand, help, Turnus, be his name, quhar is he?
Turnus, quod he, in the and thy twa handis
The extreme help and lattir weilfar ſtandis:
Haue reuth and piete of thyne awin menge.
Now, as the thundris blaſt, faris Ene
In bargane, ſo enragit he doith mannays
The cheif cyte of Italy doun to arrays,
And into fynal ruyne to bet doun
The principall palyce and all the ryall tovn;
And now onto the thak and ruffis hie
The flambys and the fyre bleſys doys fle.
In the thar wltys, in the thar eyn, but faill,
The Latyn pepill dreſſyt hes alhaill:
The kyng hym ſelf Latinus, the gret heir,
Quhiſpyris and muſys, and is in maner feir
Quham he ſall cheis or call, into this thraw,
Tobe hys douchteris ſpous, and ſon in law,
Or to quhat frendſchip or allyans fyne
Is beſt hym ſelwyn at this tyme inclyne.
And forthirmore, Amata the fair queyn,
Quhilk at all tymys thyne afald frend has bene,
With hir awyn hand doith ſterve, now liggand law,
And for affray hir ſelf hes brocht of daw.
Only Meſapus and Atynas keyn
At the portis doys the ſtour ſuſteyn:

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Abowt thir twa on athir ſyde thik ſtandis
Arrayt rowtis, with drawyn ſwerdis in handis,
Full horribill and auſtern athir barnage,
Cled in ſteill weid with wapynnys, man and page;
And thou, thus rollyng furth thy cart bedene,
Walkis at avantage on the void grene.
Turnus aſtonyſt ſtude dum in ſtudeyng,
Smyt with the ymage of mony diuers thyng:
Deip in hys hart boldynnys the felloun ſchame,
All mixt with dolour, angyr, and defame;
Syne fervent luf hym catchit in fury rage,
And hys bykend hardyment and curage.
As firſt the ſchaddois of pertrublans
Was dryve away, and hys rememberans
The lycht of reſſoun has recoverit agane,
The byrnand ſycht of baith his eyn twane,
Sore aggrevit, towart the wallys he keſt,
And from hys cart blent to the cyte preſt.
Bot lo, a ſworll of fyre bleſys vpthraw!
Lemand towart the lyft the flambe he ſaw,
Amang the plankis and the loftis ſchire
Stremand and kyndland faſt the hoyt fyre,
That caucht was in a mekill towr of tre;
Quhilk towr of fillys and geſtis gret belt he,
And thar vnder, to roll it, quhells ſet,
With ſtaris hie and batelling weirly bet.
Now, now, ſyſtir, quod he, lo all and ſum
The fatis has vs venquyſt and ourcum:
Deſiſt tharfor to mak me langar tary;
Lat ws follow that way, and thiddir cary,

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Quhar God and this hard fortoun callys me.
Now ſtandis the poynt, I am determyt, quod he,
Eneas hand for hand fortill aſſaill;
Now ſtandis the poynt, to ſuffir in bataill
The bittir ded and all paynfull diſtres:
No langar, ſiſtir germane, as I ges,
Sall thou me ſe ſchamefull onworthy wight.
Bot, I beſeik the, manly as a knycht
Into this fervent furour ſuffir me
To go enragit to batale, or I de.
Thus has he ſaid, and from the cart in hy
Apon the land he lap deliuerly,
And left his ſiſtir triſt and diſſolate;
Thriſt throu hys fays and wapynnys all, fute hait,
And with ſa ſwift fard ſchot throu the melle
That the myd rowtis and wardis ſchuddris he.
And like as the gret roch crag with a ſovn
From the top of ſum montane tumlyt doun,
Quhen at it is our ſmyt with wyndis blaſt,
Or with the drumly ſchowris ſpait doun caſt,
Or than be lang proces of mony ȝheris
Lowſyng tharfra the erd, and away weris,
Is maid to fall and tumbill with all his ſwecht,
Lyke till a wikkit hill of huge weght,
Halding his fard the diſcens of the bra
With mony ſkyp and ſtend baith to and fra,
Quhill that he ſchut far on the plane grund,
And all that he ourrekis doith confund;
Woddis, heyrdis, flokkis, catale, and men,
Our welterand with hym in the deip glen:

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Towart the wallys Turnus ruſchit als faſt
Throw owt the rowtis, by hys ſard doun caſt,
Quhar tho the grund wet and bedyit ſtude
A weill far way with effuſioun of blude,
And large on breid the ſkyis and the ayr
For ſchaftis ſchot dyd quhiffilling heir and thar:
A bekyn with hys hand to thame maid he,
And ſammyn eik with lowd voce cryis; lat be!
Stynt, ȝhe Rutilianys, ſe ȝhe feght na mair,
And, ȝhe Latynys, ȝour dartys caſtyng ſpar;
Quhou evir the fortoun ſtandis at this tyde,
The chance is myne, the fait I mon abyde.
It is mair juſt and equale I allane
For ȝou ſuſtene the payn was ondertane,
And purge the cryme, ſo happynnyt now of lait,
Of this confideratioun violate:
Lat me ſtand to my chans, I tak on hand
Forto derene the mater with this brand.
Than euery man amydward thame betwene
Can draw abak, and maid rovm on the greyn.

CAP. XII.

Eneas feghtis and Turnus, hand for hand,
And Turnus fled, for he had brokkyn his brand.

Thys fader than, this gret prynce Ene,
Herand the name of Turnus cryit on hie,

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The wallys left, and fra the tovn went away
Richt haſtely, ſecludand all delay;
Styntis all the wark that he begunnyn had,
And hoppit vp for joy, he was ſo glaid:
The huſlyng in his armour dyd rebund,
And keſt a terribill or a feirfull ſound.
Vpraxit hym he hes amyd the place,
Als byg as Athon, the hie mont in Trace,
Or heich as mont Erix in Scycily,
Or than the fader of hillys in Italy,
Clepyt mont Apennynus, quhen that he
Doith ſwouch or bray with roky quhynnys hie,
And joys to ſtreik hys ſnawy top on hycht
Vp in the ayr amang the ſkyis brycht:
That is to ſay, amang all other wightis
Eneas ſemyt to ſurmontyn in hyghtis
The remanent of all the mekill rowt,
As thir montanys excedis the knollys abowt.
And than, forſuyth, Rutilianys egyrly,
And all the Troian oſtis or army,
Towart thar dukis dyd return thar eyn;
The Rutilianys, I ſay, and eik bedeyn
All the Latynys that on the wallys ſtud,
And all thai als, tofor as thai war void
The barmkyn law ſmait with the rammys faſt,
Now of thar ſchuldris can thar armour caſt.
The kyng hym ſelf, Latyn, abaſyt to ſe
Twa men ſa byg of huge quantite,
Generit and bred in realmys far inſundir
Of ſeir partis of the warld, that it was wondir

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Twa of fik ſtatur, onmyſurly of hycht,
Fortill aſſembill ſammyn into fyght,
Or forto ſe thame, matchit on the greyn,
Dereyn the bargane with thar wapynnys keyn.
And than athir thir campionys vndir ſcheild,
Quhen voydit weill and rowmyt was the feild
That patent was the plane a weil large ſpace,
With haſty fard on far hes tane thar rays,
And can thar ſperis caſt, or thai cum neir,
Quhil ſcheildis ſoundit and all thar other geir;
Ane marcial batale thai begyn, but baid,
And athir ſternly dyd hys fa invaid.
So dyd the ſtrakis dyn on thar ſteill weid,
The erd granys and dyndlys far onbreid,
Syne raſchit togidder with ſwerdis, or euer thai ſtynt,
And rowtis thik thai doublit, dynt for dynt;
With fors of prowes and fatale aventur
Mydlit ſammyn the bargane thai endur.
Lyke as twa buſtuus bullys by and by,
On the hie month Taburn in Champany,
Or in the mekill foreſt of Syla,
Quhen thai aſſembill in auſtern bargane thra,
With front to front, and horn for horn, attanys
Ruſchand togiddir with cronys and feirfull granys,
That ſe maſteris and hyrdmen, euery wight,
Abaſyt gevys thame place, ſo brym thai fight;
For feir the beſtis dum all ſtandis by,
And all in dowt ſquelys the ȝong ky,
Quha ſalbe maſter of the catal all,
Or quhilk of thame the bowys follow ſall:

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Tha twa bullys, thus ſtryvand in that ſtond,
By mekill fors wyrkis other mony a wond,
And duſchand feſtynnys faſt thar hornys ſtowt,
Quhill that abundans of blude ſtremys owt,
That can do weſch, bedy, or all to baith,
Thar grym nekkis and thar ſpaldis baith;
That of thar rowſtyng all the large plane
And woddis rank rowtis and lowys agane.
Nane other wys Ene, the Troian heir,
And Dawnus ſon, Turnus, ſammyn infeir
Hurlys togiddir with thar ſcheildis ſtrang,
That for gret raſchis all the hevynnys rang.
Thus Jupiter hym ſelf hes atheris chance
A weill lang ſpace to hungyn in ballance
Be equale myſſour, and paſyt hes alſſo
The fatis diuers of thame baith two;
Quham the ſtowt laubour ſuld deliuer fre,
And quham the paſand wecht ourwelt to de.
Turnus at this tyme walxis bald and blyth,
Wenyng to caucht a ſtound hys ſtrenth to kyth
But ony danger or aduerſyte;
He raxis hym, and hevis vp on hie
Hys bludy ſword, and ſmait in al hys mayn.
A gret clamour gave the pepill Troian,
And eik the Latynys quakyng gaue a ſchowt,
Full preſt thame to behald ſtud athir rowt.
Bot this ontraſte fals blaid is brokyn in ſundyr,
And ardent Turnus brocht hes in gret blundir;
For it amyddis of hys dynt hym falys,
And diſſolet hym left, that nocht avalys

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To hym hys ſtrenth, hardyment, and mycht,
Les than he tak for hys defens the flycht:
Ȝa, ſwyftar than the wynd he fled, I ges,
Quhen that he ſaw hys rycht hand wapynles,
And perſauyt the plummet was onknaw.
For ſo the fame is, at the ilk thraw
Quhen he firſt ruſchit in hys cart inhy,
And gart do ȝok hys ſtedis by and by
To go onto the batale the ſam day,
That, for the ſuddand onſet and effray,
The cartar Metiſcus ſword he hynt in hand,
And all forȝet hys faderis nobill brand:
And this ilk ſwerd was ſufficient a lang ſpace,
Quhill that he followit the Troianys in the chais,
That gaue the bak, as we haue ſaid or this;
Bot alffaſt as it twichit and matchit is
With dyvyn armour maid by God Wlcan,
And tharon ſmyttyn in al Turnus mayn,
This ontrew temperit blaid and fykkill brand,
That forgit was bot with a mortal hand,
In ſlendris ſlaw, and at the firſt clap,
As brukkill ice, in litill pecis lap,
Quhil the ſmall partis of the blaid brokin in twa
As glas gletand apon the dun ſand lay.
Quharfor this Turnus, half myndles and brane,
Socht diuers wentis to ſle throu owt the plane;
With mony wyndis and turnys, all on flocht,
Now heir, ſyne thar, onſovirly he ſocht.
Troianys ſtude thik bylappit inveroun
In maner of a conpas or a crovn;

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And on the ta half eik a laik braid
Hym ſo incluſyt that he mycht nocht evaid,
And on the tother ſyde fermyt als was he
With the hie wallys of the cheif cyte.
And thocht the wond tarreis Ene ſum deill,
Wrocht to hym by the takill with hed of ſteill,
To weild hys kne maid ſum impediment,
That he mycht nocht braid ſwyftly our the bent,
With na les pres and haiſt ȝit, nocht for thy,
He, fute for fut, perſewys him fervently:
Lyke as, ſum tyme, quhen that the huntar ſtowt
Betrappit has and ombeſet about
With hys ralys and with hys hundis gude
The mekill hart ſwymmand amyd the flude,
Quhilk thar incluſit neidlingis mon abyd;
For he may not eſchape on nother ſyd,
For feir of hundis, and that awfull bern
Baryng ſchaftis fedderit with plumys of the ern;
The rynnyng hund dois hym aſſail in threte
Baith with ſwift rays and with hys queſtis grete:
Bot this hart, all abaſyt of thar ſlycht,
And of the ſtrait and ſtay bankis gret hycht,
Can fle and eik return a thouſand ways;
Bot than the ſwypir Tuſcan hund aſſays
And nerys faſt, ay reddy hym to hynt,
Now, now, almaſte lyke, or euir he ſtynt,
He ſuld hym hynt, and, as the beſte war tak,
With hys wyd chaftis at hym makis a ſnak,
The byt oft falȝeis for ocht he do mycht,
And chakkis waiſt togiddir hys wapynnys wycht.

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Richt ſo, at this tyme, apon athir ſyde
The clamour rays, that all the laik wyde
And brays abowt thame anſwerd, ſo thai ferd,
The hevyn our all eik rumlyt of ther rerd.
And Turnus, fleand, ſammyn faſt can call
Rutilianys, chidand baith ane and all,
Every man clepand by hys proper name,
To reke hym hys traiſt ſwerd for ſchame:
And by the contrar, awfully Ene
Can thame mannans, that nane ſa bald ſuldbe,
And ſchew preſent the deth all reddy heir
To thar ondoyng, gif that ony drew neir,
And quakyng for affeir maid thame agaſt;
Schorand the cite to diſtroy and doun caſt,
Gif ony help or ſupple to hym ſchew,
And, thocht he ſair was, ferſly dyd perſew.
Thus fyve tymys round intill a rays
About the feild can thai fle and chais,
And als feill ſys went turnyng heir and thar,
Lyke as befor the hund wiſkis the hair.
And na wondir; for ſa the mater lyis,
To na bowrdyng twichit thar interprys,
Na for ſmall wagis thai debait and ſtryfe,
Bot apoun Turnus blude ſchedding and lyfe.
On cace, amyd this feild had grow of lait
Ane wild olyve to Fawnus conſecrait,
Quharon grew bittyr levys, and mony ȝheris
Was hald in wirſchip with all maryneris;
At the quhilk tre, quhen thai eſchapit had
The ſtormys blaſt, and wallis maid thame rad,

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Tharon thar offerandis wald affix and hyng
Onto this God vmquhile of Lawrent kyng,
And tharon eik the clathis bekend vpſtent:
Bot tho the ſtok of this tre doun was rent
By the Troianys, myſknawand it hallowit was,
To that entent to plane the batale place.
Eneas byg lance or hys caſtyng ſpeir
Percays apon the poynt was ſtykand heir;
Thiddir this ſchaft the gret fors of his caſt
Had thraw the ilk ſtund, and thar fixit faſt,
Amang the grippill rutis faſt haldand,
Weggit full law the lance on end dyd ſtand.
The Troiane prynce it grippis in that ſted,
Willyng in hand to pull owt the ſteill hed,
With caſt tharof to follow hym at the bak,
Quham he throw ſpeid of fut mycht nocht ourtak.
Bot than Turnus, half mangit in effray,
Cryis, O thou Fawnus, help, help! I the pray;
And thou Tellus, maſt nobill God of erd,
Hald faſt the ſperis hed by 3our werd;
As I that evir has wirſchipit on thir planys
3our honour, that be the contrar Eneadanys
Hes violet and prophanyt be ſtryfe, quod he,
With blude ſcheddyng, and down hewyn 3our tre.
Thus ſaid he, and no thyng in vane, I wys,
The Goddys help he axit; for, at hys wys,
A full lang tyme wrelis and tareis Ene
Furth of the teuch rutis of this ilk tre
Hys ſpeir to draw, and bytis on his lip;
Bot feſtynnyt ſa is in the war the gryp,

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That by na maner fors, thocht he was wight,
Furth of the ſtok the ſchaft vp pull he mycht.
And as he brymly thus inforcis faſt
To draw the ſpeir, this Goddes at the laſt,
I meyn Juturna, douchter of Dawnus king,
Owt throw the feld com rynnand in a lyng,
Changit agane, as that befor ſcho was,
Into Metiſcus ſemlant and lyknes,
And to hir brother hes hys ſwerd betaucht:
Quhar at Dame Venus gret diſdenge caucht,
Sik thyng ſuldbe tholit this bald nymphe to do;
Than ſuddanly to the ſpeir rakis ſcho,
Baith ſchaft and hed onon, or evir ſcho ſtent,
At the firſt pull from the deip rute hes rent.
Than athir reſtit and refreſchit weill
Baith in curage and ſcharp wapynnys of ſteill,
He traſtand in hys ſwerd that weill wald ſcheir,
And he full prowd and ſtern of hys byg ſper;
Incontrar otheris baldly lang thai ſtand
In marciall batale athir reſiſtand,
Ilkane full wilfull otheris till ourthraw,
At ſic debait that baith thai pant and blaw.

CAP. XIII.

Quhou Jupiter and Juno dyd contend
Eneas ſtryfe and Turnus fortill end.

The fader almychty of the hevyn abuf,
In the meyn tyme, onto Juno his lufe,

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Quhilk tho down from a watry ȝallow clowd
Beheld the bargane, therof na thing prowd,
Thus ſpak and ſaid; O my deir ſpous, quhat now?
Quhat end ſalbe of this mater, or quhou?
Quhat reſtis finaly now atall? lat ſe.
Thou wait thi ſelf, and grantis thou wait, Enee
Is deſtinat onto the hevin to cum,
And for tobe clepit with all and ſum
Amang the Goddis a God Indigites,
And by the fatis forto reſt in pes,
Seſit abuf the ſtarry ſkyis hie.
Quhat purpoſis or etlys thou now? lat ſe;
Or into quhat beleif, or quhat entent,
Hyngis thou ſwa in the cald firmament?
Was it honeſt a godly dyvyne wight
With ony mortal ſtrake to wond in fight?
Or ȝit ganand, the ſwerd loſt and adew,
To rendir Turnus, lo, hys brand of new,
And ſtrenth encreſs to thame at venquiſt be?
For quhat avalit Juturna, but thy ſupple?
Deſiſt heirof, now at laſt, be the leſt,
And condiſcend to bow at our requeſt;
Ne ſuffir not thy hyd ſorrow, I pray,
Na langar the conſume and waiſt away,
That I na mar ſik wofull thochtis ſe
Schyne nor appeir in thy ſweit face, quod he:
For now is cum the extreme lattir punct.
Thou mycht, quhil now, haue catchit at difiunct
The ſilly Troianys baith be ſey and land;
And eik thou mycht alſſo at thyne awin hand

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A fell ontellabill batal rays or weir,
Deform the howſhald, and bryng all on ſteir
Be mony diuers ways of fury rage,
And all with murnyng mixt thar mariage:
Bot I forbyd ȝou ony mar ſic thing.
Thus ſpak and carpis Jove, gret hevynnys kyng.
Saturnus dochtir, Juno the Goddes,
Anſuerit on this wys, caſtand doun hir face:
O Jupiter, deir lord, certis, ſaid ſche,
Becauſe this thy gret will was knawyn to me,
On fors tharfor, and incontrar my mynd,
I left the erd and my frend Turnus kynd.
Ne, war not that, ſuld thou me ſe allone
Thus ſittand in the ayr al wobegone,
Suſtenand thus al maner of myſcheif,
And euery ſtres, baith leſum and onleif;
Bot at I ſuld, gyrthit with ſlambis red,
Stowtly haue ſtandyn in ȝon batale ſted,
And ſuld haue drawyn ȝon Troianys, ane and all,
Into fell mortal bargane inimicall.
I grant, I dyd perſuading owt of dreid
Juturna to pas doun at ſik neid
To hir brothir, and for his lyfe eik I
Approvis weill, and als dois ratify,
To vndertak mair than to hir pertenyt;
Bot I forſuith perſuadit neuer, nor menyt,
That ſcho ſuld dartis caſt, or takillis draw,
Nor with the bow mak debait ony thraw:
I ſwer tharto be the onpleſand well
Of Stix, the ſlud and cheif fontane of hell,

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Quhais only dreidfull ſuperſtitioun heir
The Goddis kepis, that nane dar it forſwere.
And now, forſuith, thy will obey ſall I,
And giffis owr the caus perpetualy;
And heir I leif ſik werys and debait,
The quhilk, certis, I now deteſt and hait.
Bot for the land of Latium or Itaill,
And for maieſte of thine awin blude, ſans faill,
A thing I the beſeik, quhilk, weill I wait, is
Na wys include in ſtatutis of the fatis:
That is to knaw, quhen that, as weill mot be,
With happy wedlok and felicite
Ȝon pepillis twane ſall knyt vp peax for ay,
Bynd confiderans baith coniunct in a lay,
That thou ne wald the ald inhabitantis
Byd change thar Latyn name nor natyve landis,
Ne charge thame nother tobe callyt Troianys,
Nor ȝit be clepit Phrigianys nor Tewcranys;
Ne ȝit the Latyn pepill thar leid to change,
Nor turn thar clething in other habyt ſtrange.
Lat it remane Latium, as it was air;
And lat the kyngis be namyt euermar
Pryncis and faderis of the ſtile Albane;
The lynage eik and gret offpring Romane
Mot diſcend tharfra potent and mychty,
Vndir the virtuus titill of Italy.
Troy is doun bet; doun bet lat it remane,
With name and all, and neuer vprys agane.
Than gan to ſmyle Jupiter the gret kyng,
That is producear of men and euery thing:

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Syſtir german, quod he, to Jove art thou,
And ſecund child to Saturn ald; ha, quhou
Sa gret a ſtorm or ſpait of felloun ire
Vndir thy breiſt thou rollis hait as fyre?
Bot wirk as I the byd, and do away
That wreth conſauyt but ony caus, I pray.
I geif and grantis the thi deſyre, quod he;
Of fre will, venquyſt, referris me to the.
Thir ilk pepill clepit Auſonyanys,
On otherwys callit Italianys,
The auld vſans and leyd of thar cuntre
Sall bruke and joys, and eik thar name ſalbe
As it is now, and as thar ſtile remanys:
Alanerly thar perſonys the Troianys
Sall entyr myddill and remane thame amang:
The faſſonys and the ritis, that nocht ga wrang,
Of ſacrifice to thame ſtatute I ſall,
And Latyn pepill of a tung mak thame all.
The kynd of men diſcend from thir Troianys,
Mydlit with kyn of the Italianys,
Thou ſall behald in piete and gentilnes
To go abufe baith men and Goddis expres;
Nor neuer clan or other nation by
Lyke thame ſall hallow, ne git ſanctify
Thy wirſchip, eik and honour, as thai ſall do.
Juno anerdit, and gaue conſent heirto,
Ful blith and joyus of this grant, perfay,
Fra hir ald wraith hes writhit hir mynd away;
And in the meyn tyme onto the heyyn hir drew,
And left the clovd, and bad Turnus adew.

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Thys beand done, as ſaid is, on ſik wys,
This hie fader can with hym ſelf devys
Ane other craft; and providis the way
Quhou that he ſall Juturna dryfe away
From helpyng of hir brother intill armys.
Thar beyn twa vengeabill monſtreis full of harmys,
Clepit to ſurname Dire, wikkit as fyre,
That is to ſay, the Goddis wraik or ire:
Quhilk myſchewos and cruell ſiſteris twa,
Sammyn with the hellys fury Megera,
Bair at a birth, for na thing profitabill,
The Nycht thar moder, that barntyme miſerabill;
And all elike wymplit and cled thir trakis
With eddris thrawin, and harys full of ſnakis,
And tharto ekit weyngis ſwift as wynd.
Thir wikkit ſchrewys reddy ſal ȝe fynd
Befor the troyn of Jove, and eik alſo
Within the wanys of cruell kyng Pluto:
Thai ſcharp the dreid to mortale wrachit wightis,
Quhen euir the kyng of Goddis by his mychtis
The deth, or the contagius ſeiknes ſeir,
Diſponys hym to ſend in the erth heir,
Or quhen that hym lift do ſmyte and affray
Citeis with weirfar, as deſervit haue thai.
Jove ane of thir, full ſwipper to diſcend,
Furth of the hevin abuf onon hes ſend,
And bad hir hald doun baldly to the erd,
Forto reſiſt Juturnais ire and werd.
And ſcho onon doun flaw, to ples the lard,
And to the grund thuddis with haſty fard:

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Nane other wys than from the ſtryng doith fle
The ſwift arrow owt throw the ayr we ſe,
Or, into bittyr vennom wet, ſum flane
Caſtyn or ſchot by ſum archer Perſayn,
By ſum Perſayn or man of Cydony
The ſchaft thrawyn, that quhirris throu the ſky,
And, quhar it hyttis, wirkis a wond of pyne,
Oncurabill by the craft of medycyne,
And ſa ſwiftly flydis throu the clowdis gray
That quhar it went nane may perſave the way.
On ſik maner the Nyghtis douchtir onflocht
Throw the ſkyis doun to the erth ſone ſocht:
And eftir that ſcho ſaw the Troian oſtis,
And Turnus rowtis arrayt on the coſtis,
Scho hir tranſformyt in lyknes of a fowle,
Quhilk we a litil howlet cleip, or owle;
That ſum tyme into gravis, or ſtokkis of tre,
Or on the waiſt thak, or hows rufis hie,
Sittand by nycht ſyngis a ſorowfull toyn
In the dyrk ſkowgis, with ſcrykis inoportoyn:
This vengeabill wraik, in ſik form changit thus,
Evyn in the face and viſſage of Turnus
Can fle and flaf, and maid hym forto grow,
Scho ſoundis ſo with mony hys and how,
And in hys ſcheild can with hyr weyngis ſmyte.
A new dolfnes diſſoluyt hys membris tyte;
For verray dreid and for gret horrour als
Vp ſtert hys hair, the voce ſtak in hys hals.
Bot as Juturna ſoyn on far dyd heir
Of this fury the quhiſlyng and the beir,

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The ſwouchyng of hir weyngis and hir flycht,
This woful ſiſter hyr hair rent for that ſycht,
With nalys ryvand reuthfully hir face,
And ſmytand with hir nevis hir breiſt, allace!
Turnus, my beſt belovit brother, quod ſche,
Quhat may thy ſiſtir help now, wa is me!
Or quhat now reſtis to me, wrachit wight?
Thy life prolong quhou may I? Be quhat ſlycht
May I oppone me to reſiſt or ſtryve
With ſik a monſtre? Na, nane wight alyve.
Now, now, I leif the feild, and goys away.
O ȝe myſchewos fowlis, I ȝou pray,
Do me na mair agrys trymland for feir;
The clappyng of ȝour weyngis I knaw and heir,
And eik the dedly ſovndis weill on far:
The provd command of myghty Jupiter,
That gydis al thing by hys maieſte,
Dois me not now aſtart, for I it ſe.
Is this the gangeld that he rendris me
In recompens of my virginite?
Quharto eternal lyfe hes he me geif?
Quharto ſuld I on this wys euer leif?
Quharto is me byreft the faculte
Of deth, and grantit immortalite?
For, gif I mortal war, now, now ſuythly,
Thir ſa gret dolouris mycht I end in hy,
And with my reuthfull brother go withall
Amangis the dym ſchaddoys infernall.
O deir brother german, without the
Is na thing ſweit nor pleſand onto me.

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O now quhat grund, land, or erd tewch
Sal ſwelly me tharin half deip eneuch,
And, thocht I beyn a Goddes, doun me draw,
And ſend ontil infernal wightis law?
Thus mekil ſaid ſcho; and tharwith bad adew,
Hir hed valit with a haw claith or blew,
And, murnand gretly thar as that ſcho ſtud,
This Goddes dowkit deip vnder the flud.

CAP. XIV.

At Eneas Turnus a ſtane dyd caſt;
Bot Eneas has ſtane hym at the laſt.

Ene with this inſtantly liſt not ces
Forto recontyr Turnus in the pres,
And hys big ſpeir apoun hym ſchakis he,
Quhilk ſemyt rude and ſquar as ony tre;
And with a bald and buſtuus breift thus ſpak:
Quhat menys this langſum delay ȝhe mak?
Quhy tary ȝe for ſchame, Turnus, all day?
Quharto withdrawis thou the ſo away?
We pyngill not for ſpeid na curs to ryn,
Bot we debait ſuld, this barres within,
With wapynnys keyn and with our burnyſt brandis,
Togiddir met dereyn it with our handis.
Do change thy ſelf, or turn at thy awyn eys
In all maner of figuris as the pleis;

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Gaddir togiddir and aſſembill now, lat ſe,
All that thou has of ſtrenth or ſubtelte;
Wys now to fle vp to the ſtarnys on hycht
With fedderit weyngis forto tak thy flycht,
Or forto cloys thy ſelf this ilk thraw
Into ſum cavern vnder the erd law.
  Turnus, ſchakand hys hed, ſaid, thou fers fo,
Thy fervent wordis compt I not a ſtro,
Thy ſawis makis me not agaſt, perfay;
It is the Goddis that doith me affray,
And Jupiter becummyn myne ennemy.
  Ne mor he ſaid, bot blent about in hy,
And dyd aſpy quhar that a gret roke lay,
Ane ald crag ſtane huge gret and gray,
Quhilk on the plane, percace, was liggand neir,
A marche ſet in that grund mony ȝeir
Of twa feildis, forto decern tharby
The ald debait of pley or contrauerſy;
Scarſly twys ſax ſtowt walit men and wight,
Quhilk now the erd producis, hes ſik mycht
To charge it on thar ſchuldris or to beir;
Quham full lychtly Turnus, that nobill heir,
Hynt in hys hand, and ſwakkit at his ſo,
And raxit hym on hicht thar vndir alſſo,
And tharwith chargit a full ſwyft curs ran.
Bot ſa confundit is this douchty man,
That he ne knew hym ſelvyn in that ſted,
Nowder quhar that he ran, nor quhar he ȝed,
Nor felt hym ſelf liftand on the land
The mekill ſtane, nor ſteir it with his hand:

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Hys kneis ſtummerit, and hys lymmys ſlydis,
The blude congelit for feir within hys ſydis;
So that the ſtane he at his foman threw
Fayntly throwowt the voyd and waiſt air flew,
Ne went it all the ſpace, as he dyd mynt,
Nor, as he etlyt, perfornyſt not the dynt.
Lyk as, ſum tyme, in our ſwevyn we tak keip,
Quhen langſum dravillyng or the onſound ſleip
Our eyn ourſettis in the nyghtis reſt,
Than ſemys ws full biſſy and full preſt
That we ws ſtreke, and doith adres in hy
Lang renkis for to mak and ryn ſwiftly:
Bot all for nocht, for at the firſt aſſay,
Or in the myddis of the ſtart, by the way,
All fante we faill, as forfeblit war we;
The tung avalis not, it will not be;
Ne ȝit the ſtrenthis in our body knaw
Semys ſufficient to ws at that thraw;
For, ſet we pres ws faſt to ſpek owt braid,
Ne voce nor wordis followys, nocht is ſaid.
Siklyke wys hes this Goddes myſchews
Ombeſet all the ways of Turnus:
Quhat evir to do by hys ſtrenth etlyt he,
Scho maid obſtakill; all that ganeſtandis ſche.
Than in hys mynd becom his wittis ſtrange,
And begouth forto vary and to change;
And oft he dyd behald Rutilianys,
And oft the cite with all that ryall wanys:
He hovirris all abaſyt for dreid and feir,
And gan do quaik, ſeand at hand the ſpeir;

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Ne can he fynd quhiddir away to wend,
Nor on quhat wys hym ſelf he may defend,
Nor with quhat ſtrenth aſſaill hys aduerſar,
Nor be na ways perſaue hys cart or char,
Nor ſe hys fiſtir, that had hys cartar be.
And as he ſtud on hovyr thus, Ene
The fatale dedly ſpeir in hand gan tays,
And with hys eyn markit and walit has
Ane place be fortoun to ſmyte oportune,
And with the hail fors of hys body ſoyn
Furth from hys hand weil far the lance gan thraw.
Neuer ſa ſwiftly quhidderand the ſtane flaw
Swakkit from the engyne onto the wall,
Nor fulderis dynt, that cauſis towris fall,
With ſik a rummyll com bratland on ſa faſt.
Lyke the blak thud of awfull thundris blaſt
Furth flaw the ſchaft to ſmyte the dedly ſtraik,
And with it brocht cruell myſchewos wraik;
Quhilk throu the hawbrik ſkyrtis perſyt has,
And the extreme bordour gan arras
Of hys ſtrang ſcheild, cowchit of ſevyn ply,
And quhirrand ſmait hym throw the thee in hy:
That with the dynt huge Turnus, full onſound,
With ſaldyn howchis duſchit to the grund.
Vpſtart Rutilianys ſammyn complenyng
With a ȝelloch and cairfull womentyng,
Quhill all the hillys rumyſit thame abowt,
And far on breid thyk woddis gaue a ſchowt.
And Turnus than, quhar he at erth dyd ly,
Addreſſis furth full humyll and lawly

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Towart Ene hys ſyght and eyn tway,
And ſtrekis eik hys rycht hand hym to pray:
And thus he ſaid; forſuyth, I haue deſerve
The deth, I knaw, and of thy hand to ſterve,
Ne wil I not beſeik the me to ſpair;
Oys furth thy chance: quhat nedis proces mar?
Bot gif that ony cuyr or thocht, quod he,
Of ony wofull parent may twich the,
Haue rewth and mercy of kyng Dawnus the ald;
Thou had forſuyth, as I haue hard betald,
Anchiſes, ſik a fader as is he;
And me, or than, gif bettir lykis the,
My body, ſpulȝeit and the life byreft,
Onto my folkis thou may rendir eft.
Thou hes me venquyſt, I grant, and me ourcum;
Italian pepill preſent all and ſum
Hes ſene ſtreke furth my handis humylly;
Lavinia is thy ſpows, I not deny:
Extend na forthir thy wraith and matalent.
Eneas ſtern in armys tho preſent
Rolland hys eyn toward Turnus dyd ſtand,
And lyſt nocht ſtryke, bot can withdraw hys hand;
And mor and mor thir wordis, by and by,
Begouth inclyne hym to reuth and mercy,
Abydand lang in hovir quhat he ſuld do:
Quhen, at the laſt, on Turnus ſchuldir, lo!
The fey gyrdill hie ſet dyd appeir,
With ſtuthis knaw and pendes ſchynand cleir,
The belt or tyſche of the child Pallas,
Quhilk by this Turnus laitly venquyſt was,

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As we haue ſaid, and with a grews wond
Slane in the feld, bet doun, and brocht to grund;
And Turnus, in remembrans of this thing,
Abowt his ſchuldris bair this onfrendly ſyng.
Bot eftir that Eneas with hys eyn
Sa cruell takynnys of dyſeys hes ſeyn,
And can ſik weid byreft thar aſpy,
All full of furor kyndlys he inhy,
Full brym of ire and terribill thus can ſay:
Sall thou eſchape me of this ſted away,
Cled with the ſpulge of my frendis deir?
Pallas, Pallas, with this wond rycht heir
Of the ane offerand to the Goddys makkis,
And of thy wikkit blude punytioun takkis.
And ſayand thus, full fers, with all hys mayn,
Law in hys breiſt or coſt, lay hym forgayn,
Hys ſwerd hes hyd full hait; and tharwithall
The cauld of deth diſſoluyt hys membris all:
The ſpreit of lyfe fled murnand with a grane,
And with diſdeyn vnder dyrk erth is gayn.

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HEIR THE TRANSLATOUR OF THIS BUK MAKIS MENSIOUN OF THRE OF HYS PRYNCIPALL WARKIS.

Lo thus, followand the flowr of poetry,
The batellys and the man tranſlait haue I:
Quhilk ȝoir ago in myne ondantit ȝouth,
Onfructuus idylnes fleand, as I couth,
Of Lundeys Lufe the Remeid dyd tranſlait;
And ſyne of hie Honour the Palyce wrait;
Quhen paill Aurora, with face lamentabill,
Hir ruſſet mantill bordowrit all with ſabill, &c.

TO KNAW THE NAYM OF THE TRANSLATOUR.

The *Gaw* onbrokkyn mydlyt with the *Wyne*,
The *Dow* jonyt with the *Glas* richt in a lyne:
Quha knawys nocht the Tranſlatouris naym,
Seik na forthar, for lo, with litill pyne
Spy leill this vers; men clepys hym ſwa at haym.
Quod the compilar G. D.

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THE PROLOUG OF THE THRETTENE BUKE OF ENEADOS EKIT TO VIRGILL BE MAPHEUS VEGIUS.

Towart the evyn, amyd the ſymmyris heit,
Quhen in the Crab Appollo held hys ſete,
Duryng the joyus moneth tyme of June,
As gone neir was the day, and ſupper doyn;
I walkyt furth abowt the feildis tyte,
Quhilkis tho replenyſt ſtud full of delyte,
With herbys, cornys, catal, and frute treis,
Plente of ſtoir, byrdis and byſſy beys
In amerant medis fleand eſt and weſt,
Eftir laubour to tak the nychtis reſt.
And as I lukit on the lift me by,
All byrnand red gan walxin the evyn ſky:
The ſon enfyrit haill, as to my ſight,
Quhirlit about hys ball with bemys brycht,
Declynand faſt towart the north in deid,
And fyry Phlegon, his dun nychtis ſteid,
Dowkit hys hed ſa deip in ſludis gray
That Phebus rollis doun vndir hell away;
And Eſperus in the weſt with bemys brycht
Vpſpryngis, as forrydar of the nycht.

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Amyd the hawchis, and euery lufty vaill,
The recent dew begynnys doun to ſcaill,
To meys the byrnyng quhar the ſon had ſchyne,
Quhilk tho was to the neddir warld declyne:
At euery pilis poynt and cornys croppis
The techrys ſtude, as lemand beryall droppis,
And on the hailſum herbis, cleyn but wedis,
Lyke criſtal knoppis or ſmal ſiluer bedis.
The lyght begouth to quynchyng owt and faill,
The day to dyrkyn, declyne, and devaill;
The gummys ryſis, doun fallis the donk rym,
Baith heir and thar ſcuggis and ſchaddois dym:
Vpgois the bak with hir pelit ledderyn flycht,
The lark diſcendis from the ſkyis hycht,
Syngand hir complyng ſang, eftir hir gys,
To tak hir reſt, at matyn hour to rys:
Owt our the ſwyre ſwymmys the ſoppis of myſt,
The nycht furthſpred hir cloke with ſabill lyſt,
That all the bewte of the fructuus feld
Was with the erthis vmbrage cleyn ourheld;
Baith man and beſte, fyrth, flude, and woddis wild,
Involuyt in tha ſchaddois warryn ſyld.
Still war the fowlis fleis in the air,
All ſtoir and catall ſeyſit in thar lair,
And euery thing, quharſo thame lykis beſt,
Bownys to tak the hailſum nychtis reſt
Eftir the days laubour and the heyt.
Cloſs warryn all and at thar ſoft quyet,
But ſterage or removing, he or ſche,
Owder beſt, byrd, fyſch, fowle, by land or ſey:

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And ſchortlie, euery thing that doith repare
In firth or feild, fiude, foreſt, erth or ayr,
Or in the ſcroggis, or the buſkis ronk,
Lakis, marraſis, or thir pulys donk,
Aſtabillit lyggis ſtill to ſlepe, and reſtis;
Be the ſmaill byrdis ſyttand on thar neſtis,
The litill mygeis, and the vruſum fleys,
Laboryus emmotis, and the biſſy beys;
Als weill the wild as the taym beſtiall,
And euery othir thingis gret and ſmall,
Owtak the mery nychtgaill, Philomeyn,
That on the thorn ſat ſyngand fra the ſpleyn.
Quhais myrthfull notis langyng fortil heir,
Ontill a garth vndir a greyn lawrer
I walk onon, and in a ſege down ſat,
Now muſyng apon this and now on that.
I ſe the poill, and eik the Vrſis brycht,
And hornyt Lucyne caſtand bot dym lycht,
Becaus the ſymmyr ſkyis ſchayn ſa cleir;
Goldyn Venus, the maſtres of the ȝeir,
And gentill Jove, with hir participate,
Thar bewtuus bemys ſched in blyth eſtait:
That ſchortly, thar as I was lenyt doun,
For nychtis ſilens, and this byrdis ſovn,
On ſleip I ſlaid: quhar ſone I ſaw appeir
Ane agit man, and ſaid; quhat dois thou heir
Vndir my tre, and willyſt me na gude?
Me thocht I lurkit vp vnder my hude
To ſpy this ald, that was als ſtern of ſpech
As he had beyn ane medicyner or lech;

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And weill perſavit that hys weid was ſtrange,
Tharto ſo ald, that it had not beyn change,
Be my conſait, fully that fourty ȝeir,
For it was threidbair into placis ſeir:
Syde was this habyt, round, and cloſyng meit,
That ſtrekit to the grund doun our his feit;
And on his hed of lawrer tre a crown,
Lyke to ſum poet of the ald faſſoun.
Me thocht I ſaid to hym with reuerens;
Fader, gif I haue done ȝou ony offens,
I ſall amend, gif it lyis in my mycht;
Bot ſuythfaſtly, gyf I haue perfyte ſycht,
Onto my doym, I ſaw ȝou nevir ayr:
Fayn wald I wyt quhen, on quhat wys, or quhar,
Aganyſt ȝou treſpaſſit ocht haue I.
Weill, quod the tother, wald thou mercy cry
And mak amendis, I ſal remyt this falt;
Bot, other ways, that ſete ſalbe full ſalt.
Knawis thou not Mapheus Vegius, the poet,
That onto Virgillis luſty bukis ſweit
The thretteyn buke ekit Eneadane?
I am the ſammyn, and of the na thyng fayn,
That hes the tother twelf into thy toung
Tranſlait of new, thai may be red and ſoung
Our Albyon ile into ȝour wlgar leid;
Bot to my buke ȝit lyſt the tak na heid.
Maſtir, I ſaid, I heir weill quhat ȝhe ſay,
And in this cace of perdon I ȝou pray:
Not that I haue ȝou ony thing offendit,
Bot rathir that I haue my tyme myſſpendit,

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So lang on Virgillis volume forto ſtair,
And laid on ſyde full mony grave mater,
That, wald I now write in that trety more,
Quhat ſuld folk deym bot all my tyme forlore?
Als, ſyndry haldis, fader, traſtis me,
Zour buke ekit but ony neceſſite,
As to the text accordyng neuer a deill,
Mair than langis to the cart the ſift quheill.
Thus, ſen ghe beyn a criſtyn man, at large
Lay na ſik thing, I pray zou, to my charge;
It may ſuffys Virgill is at ane end.
I wait the ſtory of Jherom is to zou kend,
Quhou he was dung and beſt intill hys ſleip,
For he to gentilis bukis gaif ſik keip.
Full ſcharp repreif to ſum is write, ze wiſt,
In this ſentens of the haly Pſalmyſt;
Thai ar corruppit and maid abhominabill
In thar ſtudeyng thingis onprofitabill:
Thus ſair me dredis I ſal thoill a heit,
For the grave ſtudy I haue ſo long forleit.
Za, ſmy, quod he, wald thou eſchape me ſwa?
In faith we ſall nocht thus part or we ga!
Quhou think we he eſſonzeis hym to aſtart,
As all for conſciens and devoit hart,
Fenzeand hym Jherom forto contyrfeit,
Quhar as he lyggis bedovyn, lo, in ſweit!
I lat the wyt I am nane hethyn wight;
And gif thou has afore tyme gayn onrycht,
Followand ſa lang Virgill, a gentile clerk,
Quhy ſchrynkis thou with my ſchort criſtyn wark?

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For thocht it be bot poetry we ſay,
My buke and Virgillis morall beyn, baith tway:
Len me a fourteyn nycht, how evir it be,
Or, be the faderis ſawle me gat, quod he,
Thou ſalt deir by that evir thou Virgill knew.
And, with that word, doun of the ſete me drew:
Syne to me with hys club he maid a braid,
And twenty rowtis apon my riggyng laid,
Quhil *Deo, Deo*, mercy dyd I cry;
And, be my rycht hand ſtrekit vp inby,
Hecht to tranſlait his buke, in honour of God
And hys Apoſtolis twelf, in the numbir od.
He, glaid tharof, me be the hand vptuke;
Syne went away, and I for feir awoik,
And blent abowt to the north eſt weill far,
Saw gentill Jubar ſchynand, the day ſtar,
And Chiron, clepit the ſyng of Sagittary,
That walkis the ſymmyrris nycht, to bed gan cary.
Ȝondyr dovn dwynys the evyn ſky away,
And vpſpryngis the brycht dawyng of day
Intill ane other place nocht far in ſundir,
That to behald was pleſans, and half wondir:
Furth quynchyng gan the ſtarris, one be one,
That now is left bot Lucifer allone.
And forthirmor to blaſon this new day,
Quha mycht diſcryve the byrdis bliſſfull bay?
Belyve on weyng the biſſy lark vpſprang,
To ſalus the blyth morrow with hir ſang:
Sone our the feildis ſchynys the lycht cleir,
Welcum to pilgrym baith and lauborer:

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Tyte on hys hynys gaif the greif a cry,
Awaik on fut, go till our huſbandry;
And the hyrd callis furth apon hys page,
Do dryve the catall to thar paſturage:
The hynys wife clepis vp Katheryn and Gill;
Ȝa, dame, ſaid thai, God wait, with a gude will.
The dewy greyn, pulderit with daſeis gay,
Schew on the ſwerd a cullour dapill gray;
The myſty vapouris ſpryngand vp full ſweit,
Maiſt confortabill to glaid all manis ſpreit;
Tharto, thir byrdis ſyngis in the ſchawys,
As menſtralis playng, *The joly day now dawys.*
Than thocht I thus: I will my cunnand kepe,
I will not be a daw, I will not ſlepe,
I will compleit my promys ſchortly, thus
Maid to the poet maſter Mapheus,
And mak vpwark heirof, and cloys our buke,
That I may ſyne bot on grave materis luke:
For, thocht hys ſtile be nocht to Virgill lyke,
Full weill I wayt my text ſall mony like,
Sen eftir ane my tung is and my pen,
Quhilk may ſuffys as for our wlgar men.
Quha evir in Latyn hes the bruyt or glor,
I ſpeke na wers than I haue doyn before:
Lat clerkis ken the poetis different,
And men onletterit to my wark tak tent;
Quhilk, as twitching this thretteynt buke infeir,
Begynnys thus, as furthwith followis heir.

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THE THRETTENE BUKE.

CAP. I.

Rutilian pepill, eftir Turnus deces,
Obeys Eneas, and takis thame to hys pes.

As Turnus, in the lattir bargan loft
Venquyft in feild, ȝald furth the fleand goft,
This marciall prynce, this ryall lord Enee,
As victor full of magnanymyte,
Amyddis baith the rowtis baldly ftandis;
That to behald hym apon athir handis
Aftonyft and aghaft war all hym faw.
And tho the Latyn pepill haill on raw
A fellon murnyng maid and wofull beir,
And gan devoid and hoftit owt full cleir
Deip from thar breiftis the hard forow fmart,
With curage loft and doun fmyttyn thar hart:
Lyke as the huge foreft can bewaill
Hys granys doun bet and his branchis fkaill,
Quhen thai beyn catchit and all to fchakyn faft
With the fell thud of the north wyndis blaft.

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For thai thar lancis fixit in the erd,
And lenys on thar ſwerdis with a rerd;
Thar ſcheldis of thar ſchuldris ſlang away,
That bargan and that weir faſt wary thai,
And gan abhor of Mars the wild luf,
Quhilk laitly thay deſyrit and dyd appruf:
The brydyll now refus thai nocht to dre,
Nor ȝok thar nekkys in captiuite,
And to implor forgifnes of all greiff,
Quyet, and end of harmys and myſcheif.
As quhen that twa gret bullys on the plane
Togiddir rynnys in bittir gret bargane,
Thar lang debait mydland quhar thai ſtand
With large blude ſcheddyng on athir hand,
Quhill athir of thame onto the batalis fyne
Hys awyn beſtis and heyrdis doys inclyne:
Bot, gyf the prys of victory betydis
Till ony of thir twa on athir ſydis,
Onon the catall, quhilkis favorit langer
The beſt ourcummyn as thar cheif and heir,
Now thame ſubdewis vndir his ward inhy
Quhilk has the ovirhand wonnyn and maſtry,
And of fre will, thocht thar myndis be thra,
Aſſentis him till obey: and evin rycht ſwa
The Rutilianys, all thocht the gret ſyte
Thar breiſtis had bedowit and to ſmyte,
With gret effray of ſlauchter of thar duke,
Ȝit thocht thame levir, and haill to purpos tuke,
To follow and obey, for all thar harmys,
The gentill chiftane and bettir man of armys,

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And thame ſubdew to the Troian Enee,
And hym beſeik of peax and amyte,
Of reſt and quyet evirmar from the weir,
For thame, thar landis, moblis, and other geir.
Eneas tho with pleſand voce furth braid,
And, ſtandand abuf Turnus, thus he ſaid:
O Dawnus ſon, quhou com this hafty rage
Into thy breiſt with foly and dotage,
That thou mycht nocht ſuffir the Troianys,
Quhilkis at command of Goddis onto thir planys,
And by power of hie Jove ar hiddir cary,
Within the bundis of Italy to tary,
And, all invane, thame ſo expellyng wald
Of thar land of beheſt and promyſt hald?
Lern forto dreid gret Jove, and nocht gaynſtand,
And to fulfyll glaidly the Goddis command;
And for thar greif weill aucht we tobe war:
Sum tyme in ire will grow gret Jupiter,
And oft remembrans of the wikkit wraik
Soliſtis the Goddis tharof vengeans to take.
Lo, now of all ſik furour and effeir
The lattir meith and term is preſent heir,
Quhar thou aganyſt reſoun and equyte,
Aganyſt lawte, and brokyn all vnyte
Of confideratioun ſworn and bund or now,
The Troian pepill ſair trublit hes thow.
Behald and ſe the extreme fynale day,
To geif all otheris gud exempill for ay,
That it mot nevir lefull be agane
Tyll ony to contempne gret Jove invane,

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As forto rays with ſik dreid and effeir
Sa onworthy motioun of wikkit weir.
Now beis glaid, bruke thyne armour but pled:
Allace, a nobill corps thou lyggis ded,
The gret Turnus! and, as to my demyng,
Lavynya has the coſt na litill thyng:
Nor thou na ſchame nedys thynk in na part,
That of Eneas hand thou kyllit art.
Now cumys heir Rutilianys, but delay,
The body of ȝour duke turs hyne away;
I grant ȝou baith the armour and the man:
Hald on, and do tharto all that ȝe can,
As langis onto the honor of bereyng,
Or to bewail the deth of ſik a kyng.
Bot the gret paſand gyrdill, and ſik geir
That Pallas, my deir frend, was wont to weir,
To Evander I will ſend, for tobe
Na litill ſolace to hym, quhen he ſall ſe
Hys felloun fa is kyllit thus, and knaw,
Full glaid tharof, Turnus is brocht of daw.
And netheles now, ȝe Italianys,
That otherwys be clepe Auſonyanys,
Ramembir heirof, and lern in tyme cummyng
With bettir aſpectis and happy begynnyng
To move and tak on hand debait or weir:
For, be the blyſſit ſternys brycht I ſweir,
Neuir nane oſtis nor ȝit armour glaidly
Aganyſt ȝou in batal movit I;
Bot conſtrenyt by ȝour fury, as is kend,
With all my fors I ſet me to defend

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The Troian party and our awyn offſpryng,
As, lo, forſuyth this was bot leſum thing.
No mor Eneas ſaid, bot tharwithall
Addreſſys hym towart hys cite wall,
And throu the feildis ſocht full joyuſly
To hys new Troian reſet and herbry.
Sammyn hym followis all the rowt atanys,
The piſſans haill and ȝynkeris of Tewcranys,
And our the planys, glaid and wondir lycht,
Thar ſwyft ſtedis, as the fowle at flycht,
Throw ſpeid of fut aſſays by and by,
And oft with bittir mouth dyd crying, fy!
And can accus the Latyn pepill all,
Oft fant folkis and ſleuthfull dyd thame call;
That with thar rerd and bemyng, quhar thai fair,
For the deray full heich dynnys the air.

CAP. II.

Quhou Eneas, glaid of hys victory,
Lovyt the Goddis, and can thame ſacryfy.

And thocht Ene the biſſy thochtfull curis
Conſtrenyt has, as twychand ſepulturis
Of hys folkis yſlane, and bereyng,
With funeral fyre and flambis accordyng;
Ȝit, netheles, in hys breiſt rollys and ſterys
Ane grettar mater and largyar, as efferis.

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For firſt the ſouerane honour, on thar gys,
On the altarys with detfull ſacrifice
He ordand has, and than, fra hand to hand,
Eftir the ryte and vſans of thar land,
The ȝyng oxin gan thai ſteik and ſla:
Within thar tempill haue thai brocht alſſua
The buſtuus ſwyne, and the twynteris ſnaw quhite,
That with thar clovis can the erth ſmyte,
With mony palt ſcheddand thar purpour blude.
Furth haue thai rent thar entralis, full onrude,
And gan denude and ſtrippyn of thar hydis;
Syne hakkyn thame in talȝeis, and beſydis
The hait flambis brochit hes thame laid.
And furth thai ȝet the wyne in cowpis glaid,
God Bachus giftis faſt thai multiply:
With platis full the altaris by and by
Thai can do charge, and wirſchip with ſat lyre;
The ſmelland ſens vpbleſis in the fyre.
Than throu that hald thai feſt and mak gud cheir;
Vprays the mery rerd and joyus beir:
Thai dyd extoll and lovyng with gret wondir
Gret Jupiter, the feirfull God of thundir,
And dame Venus thai wirſchippit alſſo,
And the, Saturnus douchter, queyn Juno,
Now pacifyit, and bettir than befor,
Ane huge lawd thai ȝald to the tharfor;
And eik hym ſelf Mars, the gret God of armys,
Thai magnyfy, as wrekar of thar harmys:
Syne haill the remanent of the cumpany
Of the Goddys thai name furth by and by,

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With hie vocis and with lowd cryis
Lovit and born vpheich abufe the ſkyis.
Befor thame all maſte gracius Eneas
Hys handis twa, as tho the cuſtum was,
Towart the hevyn gan vplift and arays,
And ſyne the child Aſcanyus dyd enbras,
Sayand a few wordis, that all mycht heir:
O thou my ſon and only child maſt deir,
In quham only reſtis thy faderis beleve,
Quham throu ſamony laubouris of myſcheve
I careit haue, catchit full mony gatis
Be the hard fortoun and the frawart fatis,
Lo, now our reſt and quyet fund for ay!
Lo, now the laſt and maiſt deſyrit day,
To mak end of our harmys and diſtres!
Our paynfull laubour paſſit is expres:
Lo, the acceptabill day for euermor,
Quhilk I full oft haue ſchawin the befor,
Quhen ontill hard bargan callit was I,
This was tocum and betyd by and by
Be diſpoſitioun of the Goddys abufe.
And now, my derreſt child, for thy behufe,
To morn, ſoyn as Aurora walxis red,
To the cite of Lawrent, that ryall ſted,
I ſall the ſend, as victor with ovirhand,
Tobe maſtir and to maynteym this land.
And eftir this he turnyt hym agane
Onto hys folkis and the pepill Troian,
And from the boddum of hys breiſt weill law
With ſoft ſpech furth gan thir wordis draw:

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O ȝe my ferys and my frendis bald,
Throu mony hard perrellis and thikfald,
Throw ſa feill ſtormys baith on land and ſe
Hiddir now careit to this coſt with me,
Throu ſa gret fervour of batall into ſtowr,
And dowbill fury of weirfar in armour,
Be ſa feill wynteris blaſtis and tempeſtis,
By all ways noyſum and onreſtis,
And all that horribill was, or ȝit hevy,
Wofull, hydduus, wikkyt, or onhappy,
Or ȝit cruell or myſchews; now ſtad
In bettir hoip, return ȝour mynd, beys glaid:
Now is the end of all ennoy and wo,
The term is cumyn, heir ſall thai ſtynt, and ho:
And, lyke as we deſyrit for the beſt,
With Latyn pepill in ferm peax and reſt
We ſall conioyn, and leif in vnite;
And Lavinia, of that ilk blude, quod he,
Quham I defendit haue in ſtrang bargan,
Of Troian kyn, with blude Italian
Sammyn mydlit, to me as ſpous in hy
Sal ȝeld lynnage to ryng perpetualy.
A thing, my fallowis and my frendis deir,
I ȝou beſekyng, and I ȝou requer;
Bair ȝour myndis equale, as all anys,
And common frendis to the Italianys,
And to my fader in law, the kyng Latyn,
Obeis all, and with reuerens inclyn:
Ane myghty ceptre and riall beris he:
This is my mynd, this is my will, perde.

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Bot into batale and douchty dedis of armys,
Zou forto wreke and revenge of zour harmys,
Lern forto follow me, and tobe meik,
Zhe contyrfyt my reuth and piete eik.
Quhat glor is ws betyd full weill is knaw:
Bot the heich hevyn and ſtarris all I draw
To witneſſyng, that I, the ſammyn wight
Quhilk zou deliuerit hes into the fight
From ſa huge harmys and myſchevis ſeir,
I ſall zou ſeys and induce now, but weir,
In far largyar rewardis myghtyly,
And zou rendir zour deſert by and by.
With ſik wordis gan he thame comfortyng,
And in his mynd full mony ſyndry thyng
Of chancis bipaſt rollyng to and fro,
Thynkand quhou he is brocht to reſt alſſo
With na litill laubouris, ſturt, and panys;
And with excedand luf of the Troianys
Full ardently he flowis all of joy,
Glaid at the laſt from danger and ennoy,
So huge and hevy perrellis mony fald,
Thai war eſchapit, and brocht to ſovir hald.
Lyke as quhen that the gredy gled on hycht
Scummand vp in the ayr oft turnys hys flycht,
With felloun fard wachand the chiknys lyte,
Thar deth mannaſand, reddy forto ſmyte:
The criſtit fowle, thar moder, tho full ſmert
For hyr pullettis, with harmys at hir hart,
Affrait gretly of thar wofull chance,
Gan rax hir ſelf and hir curage avans,

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Forto refiſt hir fa ſcharpand hir byll,
And with haill fors, and mycht, and egir will,
Apon hir aduerſar baldly ſettis ſche,
Quhill, at the laſt, to gif the bak and fle
With mekill payn and verray violens
Scho hym conſtrenys, and to pyk hym thens:
Hyr byrdis ſyne, clokkand, ſcho ſekis on raw,
And all affrait dois thame ſammyn draw,
Ennoyt gretly for hir childir deir;
And quhen thai beyn aſſemlit all infeir,
Than glaid ſcho worthis, and thar meyt gan ſcrape,
For that thai haue ſa gret perrell eſchape.
Nane other wys, the ſon of Anchiſes
With frendly wordis thus amyd the pres
The Troian myndis gan meys and aſſwage,
As man fulfillit of wit and vaſſalage,
Dryvand furth of thar hartis all on flocht
The ald dreid and byrnand hevy thocht,
That weill thame lykis now thar joy and eys
At laſt fundyn eftir ſa lang diſeys;
And it that layt tofor was tedyus
To ſuffir or ſuſtene, and ennoyus,
Now to remember the ſammyn, or reherſyng,
Doys to thame ſolace, comfort, and lykyng:
Bot maiſt of all onto the gret Ene,
Quhilk in excelland vertu and bonte
Excedit all the remanent a far way;
And for ſa feill dangeris and mony affray
The Goddis power and mychty maieſte
With gyftis gret and offerandis wirſchippis he;

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Eyk Jupiter, the fader of Goddis and kyng,
Gan to extoll with maiſt ſouerane lovyng.

CAP. III.

Quhou Turnus folkis for hym maid ſair regrait,
And kyng Latyn contempnys his wrachit eſtait.

In the meyn tyme the Rutilianys ichone
The gret ded corps reuthfull and wobegone
Of thar duke Turnus, ſlayn, as ſaid is air,
Within the cite of Laurentum bair,
With mekill murnyng in thar myndis enprent,
And from thar eyn a large ſchour furth ſent
Of teris gret, as thocht the hevyn dyd rayn,
And far on breid dyd fyll the erys twayn
Of kyng Latyn with cry and womentyng,
That al to irkyt was the nobill kyng,
And in his breiſt, the ſelf tyme, in ballance
Was rollyng mony diuers ſelcouth chance.
Bot quhen he hard thar lowd womentyng
Increſſyng mair and mair, and Turnus ȝyng
With ſa gryſly a wond throw gyrd hes ſeyn,
Than mycht he nocht fra terys hym conteyn;
And ſyne this rowt, ſa tryſt and wobegone,
Full curteſly chargis be ſtill onon,
Baith with hys hand and wordis in his preſens
Inionyt has and commandit thame ſilens.

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Lyke as quhen that the fomy bair hes bet
With his thunderand awfull tuſkis gret,
Throw owt the coſt and eik the entralis all,
Ane of the rowt, the hund maſte principall;
Than the remanent of that queſting ſort,
For this onfilly chance effrait, at ſchort
Withdrawys, and about the maſter hunteir
With quhyngeand mouthis quakand ſtandis for feir,
And with gret ȝowlyng doith compleyn and meyn:
Bot quhen thar lord raſys hys hand bedeyn,
And byddys ces, thai hald thar mowthis ſtill,
Thar quhyngng and thar queſtyng at his will
Refrenys, and all clos gan thame withhald:
The ſammyn wys thir Rutilianys, as he wald,
Gan at command debait thar voce and ces,
To heir the kyngis mynd, and held thar pes.
Than thus, wepyng, from hys hart ruyt waill law
The kyng Latyn begouth thir wordis ſchaw:
O quhou gret motioun, quhat alteryng onſtabill,
Quhou oftſys interchangit and variabill
Beyn the a&is and dedis of man! quod he.
With quhou gret trubill, but tranquylyte,
Is quhirlit abowt the lyfe of man, behald!
O dampnabill pryde and ambitioun, that wald
Bruke crovn or ceptre, prowd in thyne entent,
Quhilk beyn ſa fragill, and not permanent!
O fury, O luſt, that beyn our gretumly
Bred in our breſtis, to covat ſenȝeory!
Thou blynd deſyre inſaciabill, may not tary,
Our mortal myndis quhidder doith thou cary?

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O glory and renoun of loys, in vayn
Conqueſt with ſa feill perrellis and huge pane,
To quhat conditioun or to quhat eſtait
Thou ſterys furth thir provd myndis inflait!
Quhou mony ſlichtis and diſſatis quent
With the thou turſis! quhou mony ways to ſchent,
Quhou feill maneris of deth and of diſtres,
Quhou feill tormentis, gret harm, and wikkytnes!
Quhou mony dartis, quhou feill ſwerdis keyn,
Gyf thou beheld, thou hes befor thyne eyn!
Allace! thou ſweit vennom ſchawis, and ȝit
This warldly wirſchip hes the dedly byt.
Allace! the ſorofull reward in all thyng
Of realmys, and thame covatis forto ryng,
Quhilk coſtis oft na litill thing, but weir.
Allace! the hevy byrdyng of warldly geir,
That nevir hour may ſuffir nor permyt
Thar poſſeſſour in reſt nor peax to ſyt.
Allace! the miſerabill chance and hard eſtait
Of kyngly honour ſa myſfortunate:
The chance of kyngis ſtandis onderlowt,
To mekill dreid ay ſubiect, and in dowt
From thar eſtait to dekey ſuddanly,
That all quyet and eys is thame deny.
O Turnus, quhat avalit the to ſteir
In huge bargan ſo and feir of weir
All Italy with ſik deray atanys,
And to perturbe the ſtrang Eneadanys,
Conſtrenyng thame hard batal to aſſay?
Or quhat avalis now, I pray the ſay,

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Fortill haue brokkyn, violate, or ſchent,
The haly promys and the bandis gent
Of peax and concord oblifit and ſworn?
Quhou was thi mynd to rent and all to torn
With ſamekill impaciens on this wys,
That the lyft move the weir, but myne avys,
With tha pepill, ſa ſtrang, bald, and ſage,
That beyn diſcendit of the Goddys lynnage,
And at command of Jove the God of thundir
Ar hyddir careit? and forto mak ſic blundir,
That wilfully, but motyve, ſo belyve
Enforſyt the thame from our coſt to dryve?
And forto brek the band that promyſt we
Of our douchtir till our gude ſon Ene?
And with thy hand hard bargan rays and ſteir,
Quhen I planely denyit to move weir?
Quhou was ſa gret foly and dotage
Involuyt in thy mynd with fury rage?
Quhou oft, quhen thou to awfull batale wend
Amyd thy rowtis, and on thy ſteid aſcend,
In ſchynand armour arrayt all at rycht,
I aſſayt the to withdraw from fycht!
And feill tymys defendit the and forbad
To go the way that thou begunnyn had;
And all efferit, quhen thou wald depart,
Amyd the ȝet the ſtoppit with ſair hart!
Bot all for nocht; no thyng mycht ſtyntyng the.
Quhat I haue ſufferit ſen ſyne, quhou ſtandis with me,
Our cyte wallys wytneſſyng fut het,
With tenementis and biggyngis half doun bet,

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And the large feldis ſtrowit quhite of banys,
And haill the piſſans of Italianys
All waſtit and diſtroyit thus, alake!
The huge ſlauchtir and myſchews wrake,
And all the fludis walxyn red or brovn
Of mannys quelling gret and occiſioun,
The lang abaſit quakyng feirfull dreid,
And hard laubour, quhilk in extreme neid
I in myne age ſa oft hes ondertane,
In ſa feill dangeris quhar remed was nane.
Bot now, Turnus, heir thou lyggis ded:
Quhar is the nobill renovn of thy ȝouthed?
And quhar is thyne excellent hie curage?
Quhiddir is went thy ſtrenth and vaſſallage?
Quhar is the ſtaitly bewty of thy face?
Quhar is thy ſchynand figur now, allace!
Of thy fair viſſage quhidder ar gone, but weir,
Thy pleſand forret ſchaply and eyn cleir?
Ha, quhou feill terys and wofull dolouris ſmart
Sall thou, Turnus, rendir to Dawnus hart!
And with quhou large wepyng, duyll, and wa,
Ourfleit ſal all the cite of Ardea!
Bot thai ſal nocht behald the with ſik lak
Throu gyrd with ſchamefull wond caucht in the bak,
Ne noyt the of na cowardys in thar mynd,
Nor that thou was degenerit owt of kynd;
And to thy wofull fader, will of red,
At leſt this ſalbe ſolace of thy ded,
All thocht thy harmys doith hym ſoir ſmart,
That gret Eneas ſwerd hes perſyt thy hart.

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And, ſayand thus, with terys of piete
Hys chekis baith and face ourchargit he:
Syne, turnand hym towart the mekill rowt,
The reuthfull corps of this ilk Turnus ſtowt
Bad turs away, and cary furth onon
Ontill hys faderis cite wobygone;
And commandit to do the body cald
All funerall pomp, eftir the vſage ald.

CAP. IV.

Quhou Turnus corps till Ardea was ſent,
Quhilk was by ſuddand fyre brynt doun and ſchent.

The Rutilianys onon all in a rowt
This ded corps, that ſlayn lay, ſtart abowt:
The gentill body of this ſtowt ȝongkeir
Thai haue addreſſit, and laid on a rich beir;
And with hym eik feill takynnys by the way,
Reft from Troianys in the bargan, bair thai,
Baith helmys, hors, ſwerdis, and other geir,
Scheildis, gittarnys, and mony ſtalwart ſpeir.
Syne eftir this hys wery cart furth went,
Of Troian ſlauchter and hait blude all byſprent.
Furth haldis wepand Metiſcus, the carter,
As he that in the craft was not to leir,
Ledand the ſteid bedowyn all of ſwete,
And chekis wait of ſlotterand terys grete;

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Quhilk ſteid had careit Turnus oft tofor
As victor hame with gret triumphe and glor
Full pompuſly, apon ane other wys,
Eftir fervent ſlauchter of his ennymys.
Ȝondir otheris, about hym inveroun,
Baris thar armour and ſcheildis turnyt dovn;
The remanent ſyne of the haill barnage
Followys wepand, knycht, ſwane, man, and page,
With habundans of mony trigland teyr
Wetand thar breſtis, wedis, and other geir:
And thus wery furth went thai euery wycht
Amyd the dirk ſilens of the nyght,
Betand thame ſelf with wondir drery cheir.
And kyng Latyn, with all thame with hym wer
Towart hys palyce gan return onon,
With mynd trublit, triſt, and wobygone,
For ſa excelland ded corps as was ſlane;
Terys all ſammyn furth ȝettis euery ane,
Baith agit men, matronys, and childer lyte,
The cite fyllis with womentyng and ſyte.
Dawnus, hys fader, na wys wittand tho
He ſuld remane to ſe ſik duyll and wo,
Nor that his ſon hys ſtalwart ſpreit had ȝald,
And maid end in the lattir bargan bald,
That thus was brocht to tovn ded by his feris
With ſik plente of bittir wepand terys;
The ſammyn tyme with othir dyſeys was ſocht,
At mekill ſad dolour and hevy thocht.
For, as the Latyn pepill war ourſet
Into batall by Troianys, and dovn bet,

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And Turnus be his hait and recent ded
Had with hys blude littit the grond all red,
A ſuddan fyre within the wallys hie
Ombeſet halyly Ardea cite:
The biggyng of this fader wobegon,
Brynt and doun bet, of reky flammys ſchone,
And all returnys intill aſſys red;
The fyry ſparkis into euery ſted
Twynkland vpſpringis to the ſtarnys on hie,
That now na hope of help may fundyn be:
Quhidder ſo it was onto the Goddis lykyng,
Or that the fatis befor lift ſchaw ſum ſyng
Of Turnus deth, in horribill batal ſlane.
And quhen the pepill ſaw remed was nane,
Belyfe the wofull trublit citeſanys,
Thar drery breſtis betand all atanys,
Gan faſt bewaill with petuus wepand face
Of this onhappy chance the wrachit cace;
In lang rabill the wemen and matronys
With all thar fors fled reuthfully atonys
From the bald flammys and brym bleſys ſtowt.
And lyke as that of emottis the blak rowt,
That ithandly laubouris and byſſy be,
Had beldit, vnder the ruyt of a heich tre,
Intill a clift thar byke and duellyng ſted,
To hyd thar langſum wark and wyntry bred:
Gyf ſo betyde thai feill the ax ſmyte
Apoun the treis ſchank, and tharon byte,
So that the crop doun weltis to the grund,
That with the felloun ruſch and gryſly ſound

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Thar ſmall cavernys all to brok and rent is;
Than ſpedely this litill rowt furth ſprentis
All will of red, fleand thai wait nocht quhar,
Turſand thar byrdyngis affraytly heir and thar:
Or lyke as that on the hous ſyde the ſnaill,
Schakand hir coppit ſchell, or than hir taill,
Fleand the byrnand heit that ſcho doith feill,
A lang tyme gan do wraſſill and to wreill,
Thriſtand faſt with hir feit onto the wall,
And ȝit hir hed with fors and ſtrenthis all
Frawart the fervent flammys faſt withdrawys;
Scho ſcaldis, and with mony wrikis and thrawys
Preſys forto eſchew the feirfull heit:
Nane other wys in ſa feill perrellis gret
Thir woful citeſanys gan thame ſelf flyng,
Ruſchand with trublit mynd intill a lyng
Baith heir and thar, and wiſt not quhar away.
Bot maiſt of all, allace! and weil away!
With reuthfull vocis cryand to the hevyn,
The agit kyng Dawnus with wofull ſtevyn
Gan on the Goddis abuf clepe and call.
And tho amyd the flambis furth with all
Ardea the fowll, quham a heron clepe we,
Betand hir weyngis, thai behaldyn fle
Furth of the fyre heich vp in the air,
That baith the name and takyn our alquhar
Baris of this cite Ardea the ald;
Quhilum with wallis and towris hie ontald
Stud weirly wrocht, as ſtrenth of gret defens,
That now is changit and full quyte goyn hens,

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With weyngis wyde fleand baith vp and doun,
Now bot a fowle, was ayr a ryall tovn.
Aſtonyſt of this nyce and new cace,
And of the wonderus mervellis in that place,
Quhilk ſemyt no thing litill fortobe,
As thocht thai ſend war by the Goddis hie,
The pepill all confuſyt ſtill dyd ſtand,
Thir byrdyngis on thar ſchuldris caryand,
And movit nowthyr fut, tung, nor mouth:
And kyng Dawnus, for this affray onkouth,
With ardent luf ſmyttin and hait deſyre
Of hys cheif ſete diſtroyt and brynt in fyre,
The hard dolour and the ſorow ſinert
Haldis full clos, deip gravyn in hys hart.

CAP. V.

Fra that Dawnus his ſon Turnus ſaw ded,
Huge lamentatioun maid he in that ſted.

Amyd all this deray and gret effeir,
Fame, of dyſeys forrydar and meſſynger,
Com hurland with huge movyng faſt to tovn,
And with large clamour fyllys inveroun
Thar myndis all; quhou ane ded corps new than
Was cumand at hand, with mony wofull man,
And Turnus lyfles laid with mortal wond,
In feld diſcomfiſt, ſlane, and brocht to grund.

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Than euery wight, trublit and wobegone,
The blak bleſand fyre brandis mony one,
As was the gys, hes hynt into thar handis;
Of ſchynand flammys glitteris all the landis:
Thus thai recuntyrrit thame that cumand weir,
And ſammyn jonyt cumpaneis in feir.
Quham alſſaſt as the matronys gan eſpy,
Thai ſmait thar handis, and raſyt vp a cry,
That to the ſternys went thar wofull beir.
Bot fra Dawnus the corps of hys ſon deir
Beheld, he gan ſtynt and arreſt hys pais:
And ſyne, half deill enragit, in a rays,
With huge ſorow ſmyte, in ruſchis he
Amyd the rowt, that reuth was forto ſe,
And apon Turnus corps hym ſtrekis doun,
Enbraſyng it ongrouf all in a ſwoun;
And, alſſaſt as he ſpek mycht, hes furth braid
With wordis lamentabill, and thus wys he ſaid:
Son, the dyſeys of thy fader thus dreſt,
And of my febill eild the reuthfull reſt
Now me byreft, quhy hes thou ſo, allace!
Into ſa gret perrellys and in ſik cace
Me catchit thus, and dryve quhidder? quod he;
And vndir cruell bargan, as I may ſe,
Now fynaly thus venquyſt and ourcum,
Quhar is thy worthy valour now becum?
Quhar hes the douchty conſtans of thy ſpreit
Me careit thus from reſt and all quyet?
Is this the notabill honour and lovyng
Of thy manhed, and glory of thy ryng?

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Is this the gret wyrſchip of thyne empyre?
O my deir ſon, quhilum thou bald ſyre,
Bryngis thou ws hame ſikkyn triumphe aȝ this?
Is this the reſt and eys thou dyd promys
To thy fader, ſa tryſt and wobegone,
And oft ourſet with ennemys mony one?
Is this the meith, and finale term or end
Of all laubouris, as we deſyrit and wend?
O ways me, wrachit and wofull wyght!
Quhou haſtely doun fallyn from the hight
Thir ſlyddir warldly chancis dryvis faſt!
With quhou gret fard ourrollyt and down caſt
So haſtely beyn thir fatis, behald!
He that was laitly ſa ſtowt, heich, and bald,
Renownyt with gret honour of chevelry,
And haldyn gret throu owt all Italy,
Quham the Troianys ſa awfull felt in armys,
And dred ſa oft hys furour, wrocht thame harmys;
Myne awyn Turnus, lo now apon ſik wys
Ane lamentabill and wofull corps thou lyis:
Now dum and ſpechles that hed liggis thar,
Quhilum in all Italy none ſa fair,
Nor nane mair gracius into eloquens,
Nor nane ſo byg but harnes, nor at defens!
Son, quhar is now thy ſchynand luſtyhed,
Thy freſch figour, thy viſſage quhite and red,
Thy pleſand bewte, and thyne eyn twane
With thar ſweit blenkand lukis mony ane,
Thy gracyus glitterand ſemly nek lang,
Thy vocis ſovn, quhilk as a trumpet rang?

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The glor of Mars in batale or in ſtowr
Is conqueſt with ſik aventouris ſowr.
Had thou ſic wyll thy ſelvyn to ſubmyt
To ſervent bargan, and to dedis byt,
Quhen thou departit of this ſted fra me,
Forto return with ſik pompe as we ſe?
O haitfull deth! that only, quhar thou lykis,
With thy revengeabill wapynnys ſa ſair ſtrikis,
That thou thir prowd myndis brydill may;
To all pepill elyke and common ay
Thou haldis evyn and baris thi ceptre wand,
Eternaly obſervand thy cunnand,
Quhilk gret and ſmall doun thryngis, and nane rakkis,
And ſtalwart folkis to febill equale makkis,
The common pepill with the capitanys,
And ȝouth and age aſſemblys baith attanys.
Allace, deteſtabill deth, dyrk and obſcur!
Quhat chance onworthy or myſaventur
Hes the conſtrenyt my child me to byreif,
And with a cruell wond thus ded to leif?
O ſyſtir Amata, happy queyn, quod he,
Be glaid of ſa thankfull chance hes hapnyt the,
And of thyne awyn ſlauchtir be blith in hart,
Quharby thou has ſa gret dolour aſtart,
And fled ſa huge occaſions of myſcheif,
Sa hard and chargeand huge wo and greif!
O Goddis abuf, quhat ettill ȝe mor to do
Onto me wrachit fader? ſen ellys, lo,
My ſon ȝhe haue byreft, and Ardea
My cite, into flambis brynt, alſſua

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Conſumyt is, and turnyt in aſſis red,
With weyngis fleys a fowle in euery ſted.
Bot ha, Turnus! mar triſt and wo am I
For thy maſte petuus ſlauchter ſa bludy:
Wantit this laſt myſchance ȝit or ſik thing
To thyne onweldy fader, auld Dawnus kyng.
Bot ſikkyrly, with ſic conditioun ay
Thir warldly thingis turnys and writhis away,
That quham the furyus fortoun lyſt infeſt,
And eftir lang quyet bryng to onreſt,
Brayand apon that catyve for the nanys,
With all hir fors aſſalȝeis ſcho attanys,
And, with all kynd of torment, in hir greif
Conſtrenys hym with ſtundys of myſcheif.
This ſaid he, wepand ſadly, as man ſchent,
With large flude of teris hys face byſprent,
Drawand the ſobbys hard and ſychis ſmart,
Throw rageand dolour, deip owt from hys hart:
Lyke ſo as quhar Jovis byg fowle, the ern,
With hir ſtrang tallonys and hir punſys ſtern
Lychtyng, had claucht the litill hynd calf ȝyng,
Torryng the ſkyn, and maid the blude owt ſpryng;
The moder, this behaldand, is all ourſet
With ſorow, for ſlauchter of hir tendir get.

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CAP. VI.

Kyng Latyn till Eneas ſend meſſage
For peax, and eyk hys douchteris mariage.

The nixt day followyng with hys bemys brycht
The warld on breid illumnyt hes of lycht:
The kyng Latinus tho ſeand, but let,
Italyanys diſcumfyt and ourſet
By the fatale aventour of weir,
And weill perſavit quhou and quhat maner
The fortoun haill turnyt to ſtrang Enee;
And in hys mynd revoluyt eik hes he
The huge dowt of batall and deray,
Full mony feirfull chance and gret effray,
Hys confideratioun and hys ſworn band,
The wedlok promyſt, and the ferm cunnand,
And ſpouſal of hys douchtir hecht withall:
Of all the rowt ontill hym gart he call
A thouſand worthy men walit at rycht,
The quhilkis the Troian duke and dowchty knycht,
Quham he deſyrit, ſuld convoy to town:
In robbys lang alſo, or traill ſyde govn,
With thame he jonyt oratouris infeir,
And to thame gaif feill ſtrait commandis ſeir:
And forthir eik, quhen thai depart can,
Of hys fre will thame chargit euery man,
That, ſen be favouris and admonyſyngis
Of the Goddis, be mony feirfull ſyngis,

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Expedient it was the kyn Troian
Conioyn and myddill with blude Italian;
At tharfor glaidly to thame gang wald thai,
And with gud willis viſſy, and aſſay
Forto convoy the ſaid Eneadanys
With joy within hys hie wallys attanys.
In the myd quhile, hym ſelf full biſſy went,
The cite, quhilk was diſarayt and ſchent,
To put to poynt and ordinans agane,
And the onweldy common pepill ilkane
To caus adres eftir thar faculte;
Thar myndis meſys and eſtabillis he,
And gan thame promys reſt in tyme cummyng,
And quhou, within ſchort tyme, he ſuld thame bring
Intyll eternall peax for evirmar.
Syne chargit he the pepill our alquhar,
In joy, blithnes, ſolace, and deray,
Tryumphe to mak, with myrth, game, and play,
As was accordyng, and in lugyngis hie
Thar kyngly honour and ſport ryall tobe;
And merely commandis man and page,
With ane aſſent, blith wlt, and glaid viſſage,
Hys gud ſon thai ſuld do welcum and meit,
And with hail hart reſſaue apon the ſtreit
The Troian pepill, feſtand thame in hy
With glaid ſemlant, ryot, and melody;
And to furthſchaw ſeir takynnys of kyndnes,
And of new peax ſo lang diſirit ſoles.
Be this the rowt, as thai inſtrukkit wer,
In full gude rewle and ordinans infeir

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Ar entrit in the Troianys new cite,
And on thar hed garlandis of olyve tre;
Peax thai beſocht as cheif of thar meſſage.
Quham gentill Eneas, euery man and page,
Within hys palys ryall to preſens
Chargit convoy, and gafe thame audiens,
And of thar cummyng the cauſys and maner
With viſſage full debonar dyd inqueir.
Than the agit Drances with curage hoyt
Begowth the firſt hys toung forto noyt,
As he that was baith glaid, joyfull, and gay
For Turnus ſlauchter, that tho was doyn away:
And thus he ſaid; O gentill duyk Troian,
Ferm hope and glory of the pepill Phrigian,
To quham of piete and dedis of armys fair
In all the warld thar may be na compair;
We venquyſt folkis to witneſſyng doith call,
And by the Goddis ſweris and Goddeſſis all,
Contrar hys willis ſair the kyng Latyn
Beheld the gret aſſemly and convyn
Of the Italyanys and folk of Latyn land:
Agane his ſtomak eyk, I bair on hand,
Owtragyuſly the contract is ybrokkyn,
Ne nevir he in deid nor word hes ſpokkyn
That mycht the Troian honour trubbill ocht;
Bot far rathar, baith in deid and thocht,
Sen that the Goddis reſponſis ſwa hes tald,
The weddyng of hys douchter grant 3ou wald,
And with full gret deſyre, full weill I knaw,
Oft covat 3ou tobe hys ſon in law.

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For, all the brek and ſterage that hes beyn
In feir of weir and burnyſt armour keyn,
With ſa gret rage of laubour and of payn,
The wild fury of Turnus, now lyis ſlayn,
Inflambit with the ſtang of wikkytnes,
And infekkit with hie haitrent expres,
Hes brocht on hand, and movit ſa to ſteir;
Agane thar will to rays batale and weir
The Latyn pepill conſtrenyng by and by,
Quhilk thai playnly refuſyt and gan deny:
Hym all the oft, turnand bakwart agane,
Beſocht to ces, and draw fra the bargane,
And ſuffir the gret Anchiſes ſon of Troy
Hys wedlok promyſt enioys but ennoy.
Syne the maiſt nobill kyng Latyn, full fayn
Hym forto breke and to withdraw agane,
Hys auld onweldy handis twa dyd hald,
Hym to requir hys purpos ſtynt he wald;
For weill he ſaw, in our ardent deſyre
Of the bargan he ſcaldit hait as fyre:
Bot all our prayeris and requeſtis kynd
Mycht nowder bow that dowr mannys mynd,
Nor ȝit the takynnys and the wondris ſeir
From Goddis ſend with dyvyne anſuer,
Bot that evir mor and mor ferſly he
Furth ſpowtit fyre, prouocand the melle.
And, for ſyk ſuccudrus ondertakyng now,
Hys awin myſcheif, weill worthy to allow,
He fundyn hes; quhilk finaly, on the land
Thou beand victour with the ovirhand,

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Hym bet to grond hes maid do gnaw and byte
The blak erd intill hys mortall ſyte.
Now lat that ilk rahatour wend inhy
The blak hellys byggyngis to viſſy,
Vndir the drery deip flude Acheron;
Lat hym go ſers, ſen he is thiddir gone,
Other oſtis or barganys in hys rage,
And als ane other maner of mariage.
Thou, far bettir, and gret deill worthiar
To bair the riall ceptyr, and tobe ayr,
Succeid to realm and heritage ſall
Of Lawrent cuntre with the moblys all:
In the alhaill the hows of kyng Latyn,
And hys onweldy age, lyke to declyne,
Hys hope and all beleif reſtis in the;
And the only Italianys all, ſaid he,
Abufe the ſchynand ſternys, as gold brycht,
Full wylfull ar fortill vphie on hycht;
As maſte excelland worthy weryour
Thai the extoll in batale and in ſtowr,
Thy hevynly armour eik, with lowd ſtevin,
And thy verray renoun ſyngis to the hevyn.
The graue faderis of conſale venerabill
In thar digeſt decretis ſage and ſtabill,
The ancyent pepill onweldy for age,
The glaid ȝong gallandis ſtalwart of curage,
The luſty matronys newfangill of fik thyng,
Wenſchys onwed, and litill childryn ȝyng,
All, with a voce and haill aſſent at accord,
Deſyris the as for thar prynce and lord,

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And joyus ar that into feild, fut het,
Vndir thy wapynnys Turnus lyis doun bet:
The all Itaill, clepit Auſonya,
Beſekis heirof, and forthirmor alſſua
Doith the extoll maſte worthy, wys, and wight;
In the only returnyt is thar ſyght:
The kyng hym ſelf Latinus, now full ald,
Hys ancient onweldy lyfe to hald,
Hes only this beleif and traſte, quod he,
That he hys douchter may do wed with the,
Quhilk of kyn, ſucceſſioun, and lynnage,
Be that ilk ſouerane band of mariage,
Of Troian and Italian blude diſcend
Sall childryng furth bryng, quhill the warldis end
Perpetualy to ryng in hie impyre.
Tharfor haue doyn, cum on thou gudly ſyre,
Thou gret ledar of the Troian rowt,
Cum entyr in our weirly wallys ſtowt;
Reſſaue this worthy notabill fair proffyr,
And ſaiſyn tak of honouris quhilkis we offir.
Thus endit he; and all the remanent
Intill a voce ſammyn gave thar conſent:
Quham the reuthfull Eneas with glaid cheir
Reſſauyt hes full tendyrly infeir;
And, in few wordis and a frendly mynd
Thame anſuerand, he carpys on this kynd.
Not ȝou, nor ȝit the kyng Latyn, but les,
That wont was forto ryng in pleſand pes,
Will I argew of this maner offens:
For ſuyth I wait, the wilfull violens

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Of Turnus all that gret wark brocht abowt;
And I am ſovir eik, and owt of dowt,
Sa gret danger of batale it was he
Provokit ſwa, and movit to melle,
For ȝyng deſyre of hie renown, perfay,
And loys of prowes mair than I byd ſay.
And netheles, quhou evir it be, I wys,
This ſpowſage Italian, at me promyſt is,
Ne will I not refuys on nakyn wys,
Nor forto knyttyng vp, as ȝhe devys,
This haly peax with frendly allyans,
With etern concord, but diſſeuerans.
The ſam kyng Latyn, my gud fader ald,
Sall hys impyre and venerabill ceptour hald,
And I Troian for me vp in this feild
Ane new reſſet and wight wallys ſall beld,
Quhilk cite ſall reſſaue hys douchteris naym;
And my Goddis domeſticall, that fra haym
With me I brocht, I ſall with ȝou conioyn;
In concord and in vnyte all commoun,
In tyme tocum ſammyn athir falloſchip
Vndir a law ſall leif in gret frendſchip.
In the meyn tyme go to, and ſpeid ws ſoyn
Onto our wark that reſtis ȝit ondoyn,
And lat ws byrn the bodeis, and bery eft,
Quham the hard wofull rage hes ws byreft,
And into batale kyllyt lyis ded:
Syne, tomorn ayrly, as the ſon worthis red,
And with hys cleir days lyght doyth ſchyne,
Blithly we ſeik to cyte Lawrentyne.

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Thus ſaid he; and the Latynys, quhill he ſpak,
With viſſage ſtill beheld hym ſtupifak,
Of hys wys gracius anſweris wonderand all,
And of ſik wordis debonar in ſpeciall;
Mayr evidently gan mervell he and he
Of hys gret warkis of reuth and ſik piete:
Belyve, with all thar forcis, euery wyght
Weltis doun treys grew full hie on hycht,
And haſtely togiddir gadderit has
In hepys gret, the funerall fyre to rays,
And thar abuf thar citeȝanys hes laid,
Vndir quham ſyne thai ſet in bleſys braid:
The flambe and reik vpglydis in the ayr,
That of the laithly ſmokis heir and thar
The hevyn dyrknyt and the firmament.
Thai hynt from all the feildis adiacent
Innumerabill rowch twyntir ſcheip ſyne,
And of thir akcorn ſwellyaris, the fat ſwyne;
And tydy ȝyng oxin ſteik thai faſt,
And in the funerall fyris dyd thame caſt:
The large planys ſchynys all of lycht,
And, throw thir hait ſcaldand flambys brycht,
Stude blowt of beſtis, and of treys bair:
With huge clamour ſmyt, dyndillit the ayr.

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CAP. VII.

Quhou kyng Latinus metis with Eneas keyn,
And frendly talking was thir twa betweyn.

Be this the ſchynand ſecund days lyght
Vpraſit Phebus with goldyn bemys brycht:
Than all the Troianys and Auſonyanys,
Full blithly in a rowt aſſemblit attanys,
Montit on hors, and held thar ways ſyne
Onto the maſtir cite Lawrentyne,
With wallys hie and biggingis weirly maid.
Bęfor thame all rewthfull Eneas raid;
And nixt per ordour Drances, that to the kyng
As agit man carpis of mony thyng;
Syne come hys only child Aſcanyus,
That otherwys was clepyt Julus;
Nixt hym Alethes, with mynd full digeſt,
Grave Ilyoneus, Mneſtheus, and ſtern Sereſt;
Syne followys thame the forcy Sergeſtus,
Gyas alſſo, and ſtalwart Cloanthus:
Eftir quham, mydlit ſammyn, went arayn
The other Troianys and folk Italian.
In the meyn quhile the Latyn citezanys
Without thar wallys iſchit furth atanys,
That with gret lawd, in mych ſolempnyte
And triumphe ryall has reſſauyt Enee.
Be this thai cummyn war onto the town;
Quham with blith front, to meyt thame reddy bown,

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The kyng Latyn with huge cumpany
Thame welcumis and feſtis by and by.
And fra that he beheld amyd the rowt
Eneas cumand, the Dardan capitan ſtowt,
Hys verray figur dyd hym nocht diſſaue;
For, quhar he went, excellent all the lave
And hyear far a gret deill ſemys he,
That far on breid his ryall maieſte
And pryncely ſchynand countenans dyd appeir.
And quhen that he cummyn was ſo neir
That athir gudly to othir ſpeke mycht,
And heir the wordis carpyt apon hycht,
And, lyke as thai deſyrit, on the land
To lap in armys, and adion hand in hand;
The kyng Latinus, as a curtas man,
With glaid ſemblant thus firſt to ſpeke began:
Weill be ȝe cummyn finaly, Enee,
And the ferm hope hes not diſſavit me
Of my deſyrus mynd, now full of joy;
O ſchynand gloryus light to folkis of Troy!
Quham the command of the gret Goddis mycht,
Throu ſa feill chancis catchit and evill dycht,
In Italy within our boundis plane
Hes deſtinat and ordanyt to remane:
All thocht that manis wanton willfull offens,
Be our malapert and ondantit licens,
In thar fury with brag and mekill onreſt
Tha haly lawis trublit and infeſt,
Prouocand and commovand the Goddis greif;
So that alſſo, quhidder me war loith or leif,

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Full oft reſiſtand and denyand the weir,
Conſtrenyt I was, and warpit thar and heir,
That, mawgre my hed, me behuffit ſuſteyn
The hard dangeris of Mars and mekill teyn.
Now is it endit; bot, certis, na litill thyng
Has it coſt ſum man ſik undertakyng:
The godly power, wilfull vengeans to tak,
Havand diſdeyn at ſik deray was mak,
Onto tha wikkyt ſawlys for the nanys
Hes ſend condyng punytioun and juſt panys.
Haue doyn, gret Troian prynce, now I the pray,
Sen baith the crop and rutys ar away
Of all ſeditioun and diſcord, I wys,
And wyrkaris of ſa gret treſpas and mys;
Cum and reſſaue thy ſpows and mariage
To the promyſt; ſucceid to heritage.
Realmys I haue, and citeys mony ane
Full ſtrangly beldit with hie wallis of ſtane,
And ſum alſſo that I in weir conqueſt,
And thar barmkynnys to grund bet and doun keſt;
Bot only the beleif and beld, quod he,
Of my wery age and antiquyte,
A douchtir haue I, quhilk ſuld be myn ayr:
Quharfor in tyme cummyn for euermar
I the reſſaue, and haldis in dante,
As ſon in law and ſucceſſour to me.
To quham the gentill Eneas reuerently
This anſuer maid agane, and ſaid in hy:
Maiſt ryall kyng, all tyme accuſtumate
To lyf in pleſand peax, but all debait,

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Of this weirfar and ſa gret ſtryfe, quod he,
I traſtit evir thar was no wyte in the:
Tharfor, my derreſt fader, I the pray,
Do all ſik dowtis of ſuſpicioun away,
Gyf ony ſik thochtis reſtis in thy mynd,
And traſtis weill Enee afald and kynd.
Now am I preſent, reddy as ȝe wald,
That ȝou reſſavis and fra thens ſall hald
As fader in law, and in all chancis, per de,
As verray fader that me bigat, but le:
The figour of the gret Anchiſes ded
I ſe heir preſent to me in this ſted;
And I agane in fervent hayt deſyre
Ȝow forto ples, my fader, lord, and ſyre,
Sall byrn in lufe, as ſum tyme wont was I
Towartis hym me engendrit of his body.

CAP. VIII.

Heir Eneas, that worthy nobill knycht,
Was ſpouſyt with Lavinia the brycht.

With ſikkyn ſermond athir othir grat,
And ſammyn to the cheif palys with that
Thai held infeir: than mycht thou ſe with this
The matronys and ȝong damyſellis, I wys,
That gret deſyre hes ſik thing to behald,
Thryng to the ſtretis and hie wyndoys thik fald;

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The agit faderis, and the ȝyng gallandis,
Per ordour eik aſſemlyt reddy ſtandis
In gret rowtis, to viſſy and to ſe
The gudly perſonys of the Troian menge.
Bot ſpecialy, and firſt of all the laif,
The gret capitan Enee notyt thai haue,
Attentfully behaldand euery wight
Hys ſtowt curage, hys byg ſtatur and hycht,
And in thar mynd compraſyt hys kyn maſte hie,
Hys pleſand viſſage, and knychtly large bonte;
And, glaid and joyfull, extoll and loif thai can
The gret apperans of gud in ſik a man,
And ſa fair gyftis and beleif, but les,
As thai deſyrit, of finale reſt and pes.
Lyke as, quhen the gret ithand weit or rayn,
From the clowdis furth ȝet our all the playn,
Haldis the huſbandis ydill aganys thar will,
Lang with hys crukyt beym the plewch lyis ſtill:
Syne, gif brycht Tytan liſt do ſchaw hys face,
And with ſwyft curs far furth a large ſpace
Doith cach hys ſtedis and hys giltyn char,
And kythis hys goldyn bemys in the ayr,
Makand the hevynnys fair, cleir, and ſcheyn,
The weddir ſmowt, and firmament ſereyn;
The landwart hynys than, baith man and boy,
For the ſoft ſeſſoun ourflowis full of joy,
And athir otheris gan exhort in hy
To go to laubour of thar huſbandry.
Nane other wys the pepill Auſonyan
Of this glaid tyme in hart wolx wonder fayn.

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Be this the kyng Latyn, lord of that land,
With maſte nobill Eneas hand in hand,
Within the cheif palys, baith he and he,
Ar entryt in the ſaill ryall on hie;
Quham followys nixt the ȝyng Aſcanyus fair,
That was hys faderis only child and ayr;
Syne folk of Itaill, mydlit with Troianys,
Ar entrit in that riall hall attanys:
With pompos feſt and joyus myrth our all
Reſoundis tho baith palys, bowr, and hall,
And all the chymmys riall rownd abowt
Was fyllyt with thar tryne and mekill rowt.
And tharwithall, of chalmyr by and by,
With ſa gudly a ſort and cumpany
Of ladeis fair and damyſellys onwed,
Innumerabill almaſt, als furth was led
The fair freſch Lavinia the may,
Amyd thame ſchynand in hir ryall array;
The cryſtall bemys of hir eyn twane,
That as the brycht twynkland ſtarnys ſchayn,
Sum deill eſchamyt, towart the erth doith hald.
Quham as this Troian prynce firſt gan behald,
Of bewte, ſchape, and all afferys, perfay,
Sa excelland that wondir war to ſay,
At the firſt blenk aſtonyſt half wolx he,
And muſyng hovirris ſtyll on hir to ſe;
And in hys mynd gan rew the hard myſchans
Of Turnus, quham na litill apperans
Sa baldly movit to dereyn bargane,
To rays the weir, and feght for ſykkyn ane:

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For weill, he thocht, the hope of ſyk a wight
To dedys of armys aucht conſtreyn ony knycht.
Syne, to abbryge our mater, hand in hand
Thai war coniun& intill eternall band
Of matrimonye; and tho at all devys
Thar wedlok with honour, as was the gys,
By menſtralys and herraldis of gret fame
Was playd and ſung, and throw the cowrt proclame.
Than joy and myrth, with danſyng and deray,
Full mery noys, and ſovndis of gam and play,
Abuf the bryght ſtarnys hie vpwent,
That ſemyt forto pers the firmament,
And joyus vocis ryngis furth alſſo
Our all the palys ryall to and fro.
And ſyk ryot indurand amyd the pres,
Ene thus carpys to traſte Achates,
And bad hym go belyve, but mair delay,
Do fech the rych robbys and array,
The freſch attyre, and all the precyus wedis,
Wrocht craftely, and weif of goldyn thredis,
Quhilum be fair Andromachais hand,
By quham thai war hym gevyn in preſand;
And eyk the collar of the fyne gold brycht,
With precyus ſtanys and with rubeys pight,
Quham ſcho alſo abowt hir hals quhyte
Was wont to weir in maſte pompe and delyte,
Quhill that the Troian weilfar ſtud abufe;
The gret cowpe eyk, the quhilk in ſyng of lufe
Quhilum kyng Priam to hys fader gave,
Ald Anchiſes, of fyne gold weill engrave.

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Than, but delay, Achates at command
Brocht thir rych gyftis, a wonder fair preſand:
Syne to hys fader in law, the kyng Latyn,
The precyus cowp gave he of brycht gold fyne,
And to hys ſpows, Lavinia the may,
The wedis ryall and the collar gay.
Than athir dyd thar dewly obſeruans
With breiftis blyth and pleſand dalyans,
To feſtyng, entertenyr, and cherys
Thar ferys abowt on the maiſt gudly wys:
With diuers ſermond carpyng all the day,
Thai ſchort the howris, and dryvis the tyme away.

CAP. IX.

Gret myrth and ſolace was maid at the feſtis,
Reherſand mony hiſtories ald and geſtis.

Be this it walxis layt towart the nycht,
And faſt declynyng gan the days lycht,
The tyme requiring, eftir the ald maner,
To go to meyt and ſyt to the ſupper:
Onon the bankat and the mangeory
For feſt ryall accordyng, by and by,
With all habundans pertenyng to ſyk thyng,
As weill efferit in the hows of a kyng,
With alkyn maner ordinans was maid
Amyd the hallys heich, lang, and braid,

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Apparalyt at all devys and array.
Onto the bankat haill aſſemlyt thai,
And on the carpettis ſpred of purpour fyne
To tablis ſet, quhar thai war ſervit ſyne
With alkyn danteys, and with metys ſeir,
That all to rakkyn prolixit war to heir:
As quhou the cryſtall eweris to thar handis
The watir gave, and quhou feill ſervandis ſtandis
To mak thame miniſtratioun in all curys,
And quhou thai traſyng on the large flurys
With blyth viſſage intil euery ſted,
And quhou that firſt on burdis thai ſet bred:
Sum with meſys gan the tabillys charge;
Ane other ſort doith ſet in all at large
The cowpys gret and drynkyn taſſis fyne,
And gan do ſkynk and byrll the nobill wyne:
That to behald thame walkyn to and fro
Throw the rowm hallys, and ſa byſſy go,
And thame at tabillis makand ſa glaid cheir,
A paradys it was to ſe and heir.
Bot with hys eyn onmovit Latyn kyng
Gan faſt behald the child Aſcanyus ȝyng,
Wondrand on his afferis and viſſage,
And of the ſpeche and wordis grave and ſage
Of ſik a childis mowth ſyk wys ſuld fall,
And of his digeſt and reddy wyt withall,
Befor the ȝheris of maturyte;
And of feill thingis hym demandis he,
Athir to other renderand mony a ſaw:
And ſyne wald he alſſo, ane other thraw,

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Full tendirly do kyſs hys luſty face,
And lap hym in hys armys and embrace;
And, wondirly reioſyt, declare wald he
Happy and to the Goddis bedettit Ene,
Quhilk hym had gevin ſyk a child as that.
And quhillis thai thus at the ſupper ſat,
Eftir that with ſamony danteis ſeir
Thar appetit of metis aſſuagit were,
With commonyng and carpyng euery wyght
The lang declinand and ourſlippand nyght
Gan ſchape full faſt to mak ſchort and ourdryve:
Now the Troianys hard aventouris belyve
Reherſyng our, and all the Grekis ſlycht;
Now the fers bargan and the awfull fight
Of Lawrent pepill callyng to thar mynd:
As quhou, and quhar, quham by, and be quhat kynd,
The oſtis firſt diſcumfiſt war in feild;
And quhar that athir rowtis vndir ſcheild,
With dartis caſtyng, dynt of ſwerd and mays,
Conſtrenyt was to fle in ſyk a place,
And leif the feild; and quha beſt dyd hys det,
Quha bald in ſtowr eyk maid the firſt onſet;
And quha firſt, on ane ſtartland curſour gude,
Hys burnyſt brand bedyit with red blude.
Bot principaly Eneas Troian bald,
And Latinus the kyng ſage and ald,
Of conquerouris and ſoueran pryncis dyng
The geſtis can rehers fra kyng to kyng,
Twichand the ſtait, quhilum be days gone,
Of Latium that myghty regioun:

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Quhou vmquhile Saturn, fleand hys ſonnys brand,
Lurkyt and dwelt in Italy the land,
Be quhilk rayſon he dyd it Latium call;
That kynd of pepill, dwelt ſkatterit our all
In montanys wild, togyddir maid conveyn,
And gaif thame lawys and ſtatutis, and full beyn
Tawcht thame to grub the wynys, and al the art
To eyr, and ſaw the cornys, and ȝok the cart:
And quhou the gret Jupiter, God dyvyne,
To this hys faderis reſſet ſocht hes ſyne;
And quhou that he engendrit thar alſſua
On Atlas douchter, the fair wench Ele&tra,
Schir Dardanus, that eftir, as thai ſayn,
Hys awyn brother Jaſyus hes ſlayn;
Syne from the cyte Choryte in Italy
To ſey is went with a gret cumpany,
And gan arryve eftir in Phrigia,
And belt the cyte on the mont Ida:
And quhou that he, in ſyng, for hys baner,
From Jupiter reſſauyt, hys fader deir,
The fleand egill diſplayt fair and playn,
Ane knawyn takyn to pepill He&torian,
As the firſt nobill armys and enſenȝe
Baith of the Troian anciſtre and menȝe,
By hym erekkit and vpraſyt ſtud,
Was firſt begun, and cheif ſtok of that blude.
Thus, with ſyk maner talkyn, euery wight
Gan dryvyn our and ſchortis the lang nycht.
Tharwith the bruyt and noys rays in tha wanys,
Quhill all the large hallys rang attanys

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Of mannys voce and ſound of inſtrumentis,
That to the ruyf on hie the dyn vp went is;
The bleſand torchys ſchayn and ſergis brycht,
That far on breid all lemys of thar lycht;
The harpys and the githornys plays attanys:
Vpſtart Troianys, and ſyne Italianys,
And gan do dowbill brangillys and gambatis,
Danſys and rowndis trayſyng mony gatis,
Athir throu other reland, on thar gys:
Thai fut it ſo that lang war to devys
Thar haſty fair, thar revellyng and deray,
Thar moryſis and ſyk ryot, quhil neir day.
Bot for to tellyng quhou with torch lycht
Thai went to chalmer, and ſyne to bed at nycht,
Myne author lift na menſioun tharof draw;
Na mair will I, for ſik thingis beyn knaw;
All ar expert, eftir new mariage,
On the firſt nycht quhat ſuld be the ſubcharge.

CAP. X.

Eneas foundis a wallit town and ſquair;
Quhamto Venus can diuers thingis declare.

And thus thai feſtyng days nyne at all,
With large pompe, and kyngly apparall,
Accordyng ſych a ſpowſage as was this.
And, quhen the tent morrow cummyn is,

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Than this ilk ſouerane and maſte douchty man,
Eneas, for to found hys town began:
Fyrſt gan he mark and cirkill with a pleuch
Quhar the wallys ſuld ſtand, thar drew a ſewch:
Syne Troianys fundis tenementis for thame ſelf,
And gan the fowceis and the dichis delf.
Bot lo, onon, a wonder thing to tell!
Ane huge bleys of flambys braid doun fell
Furth of the clowdis, at the left hand ſtraucht,
In maner of a lychtnyng or fyre flaucht,
And dyd alicht rycht in the ſammyn ſted
Apon the crown of fair Lavinias hed;
And fra thyne hie vp in the lyft agane
It glaid away, and tharin dyd remane.
The fader Eneas aſtonyſt wolx ſum deill,
Deſyrus this ſyng ſuld betakyn ſeill;
Hys handis baith vphevis towartis hevin,
And thus gan mak hys boyn with myld ſtevin:
O Jupiter, gif euer ony tyme, ſaid he,
The Troian pepill, baith by land and ſee,
Thyne admonitions, command, and impyre,
Obeyt has, page, man, or ſyre;
Or gif that I ȝour power and godhed
Dred, and adornyt intyll ony ſted
ȝour altaris, or ony wirſchip dyd tharto;
And be that thyng ȝit reſtis for to do,
Gif ony thyng behynd ȝit doith remane;
With this ȝour happy takyn augurian
ȝeld ws ȝour pleſand reſt and ferm pes,
Mak end of all our harmys, and caus thame ces.

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As he ſik wordis warpys owt that tyde
Hys goldyn moder apperis hym beſyde,
Confeſſand hir tobe the fair Venus,
And with hir bliſſyt mowth ſcho carpis thus:
Son, do ſyk thocht and dreid furth of thy mynd,
Reſſaue thir godly ſyngis in bettir kynd,
And joyuſly enioys, myn awyn Enee,
The gret weilfar fra thens ſal betyd the:
Now is thy reſt and quiet fund and kend,
Now of thy harmys is cummyn extreme end;
Now at the laſt, as thou deſyris, perfay,
This warld with the ſal knyt vp peax for ay.
Abhor thou nocht the fyre and flambis brycht,
From thy deir ſpowſys hed glaid to the hycht,
Bot conſtantly thy mynd thou now addres;
It ſalbe ſcho, I the declar expres,
That ſall with blude ryall thy douchty name,
Thy ſucceſſioun, renown, and nobill fame,
And Troian pryncis, of thy ſeid diſcend,
Abufe the clowdis hie and ſternys ſend.
Scho ſall of thy lynnage, my ſon Enee,
Bair childryng full of magnanymyte,
Of quhais offſpryng ſik men ſall ſucceid,
That all this large warld far onbreid
With thar excelland wirſchip ſall fulfill,
And by thar mychty power, at thar will,
As conquerouris, vnder thar ſengeory
Subdew and rewle this warldis monarchy;
Of quham the ſchynand ſouerane glor ſall wend,
And far begond the occean ſee extend,

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Makand thame equale with the hevynnys hie:
Quham, finaly, thar ardent gret bonte
And ſoueran vertu, ſpred ſa far onbred is,
Eftir innumerabill ſa feill douchty dedis,
Sall mak thame Goddis, and thame deify,
And thame vpheis full hie abufe the ſky.
This flambe of fyre the wirſchip and renovn
Doith ſignyfy of thy ſucceſſioun;
The God almychty from his ſtarrit hevin
Has ſchawin tharfor this fyng of fyry levin:
Tharfor, in recompens of ſykkyn thyng,
And ſamekill wirſchip of hir ſal ſpring,
This cite, quhilk thou cloſys with a wall,
Eftir thy ſpowſis name clepe thou ſall.
And forthir eyk, the Goddis quhom thou hynt
Of Troy, that tyme quhen it in flambys brynt,
Penates, or the Goddis domeſticall,
Thou ſet alſſo within the ſammyn wall:
Tharin thou gar thame ſoyn be brocht in hy,
In hie honour and tyme perpetualy
Thar to remane, eternally to dwell.
I ſall to the of thame a wonder tell;
Thai ſall ſa ſtrangly luf this new cyte,
That, gyf thame happynys careit for tobe
Tyll ony other ſted or place tharby,
All be thame ſelf agane full haſtely
Thai ſall return to this ilk town of thyne,
That thou beildis in boundis of kyng Latyn:
Ȝa, quhou oft ſys that thai away be tayn,
Thai ſal return haymwart agane ilkane.

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O happy cyte, and weil fortunat wall,
With quham ſa gret rellykis remane ſall,
Quharin thou ſall in tyme tocum, but leys,
Govern the Troian folk in pleſand pes!
Eftir this at laſt Latyn, thy fader in law,
Wery of hys lyfe, and far in age ydraw,
Doun to goſtis in the campe Elyſe
Sall wend, and end his dolly days, and de:
Onto hys ceptre thou ſall do ſucceid,
And vnder thy ſengeory, far onbreid,
Sall weld and led thir ilk Italianys,
And common lawis for thame and the Troianys
Statut thou ſall; and ſyne thou ſall aſcend,
And vp to hevyn glaidly thy ſelf ſend:
Thus ſtandis the Goddis ſentens and decreit.
Na mair ſcho ſaid; bot, as the gleym doith gleit,
From thens ſcho went away in the ſchyre ayr,
I wait nocht quhidder, for I com neuer thar.
Enee aſtonyſt, havand hys mynd ſmyte
With ſyk promys of renown and delyte,
Hys bliſſyt moderis command gan fulfill:
And now at pleſand reſt, at hys awyn will,
The Troian pepill rewlit he in pes.
With this the kyng Latynus can deces,
And left the ceptre vacand to hys hand:
Than the reuthfull Ene our all the land
Of Italy ſuccedis in hys ſted,
And gan full large bundis in lordſchip led,
That halely obeyt to hys wand,
And at hys lykyng rewlit all the land.

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Now equaly of fre will euery ane,
Baith pepill of Troy and folk Italian,
All of a ryte, manerys, and vſans,
Becummyn ar frendly but diſcrepans;
Thar myndis and thar breſtis in amyte,
In ferm concord and gret tranquylite,
Gan leif at eys, confiderat in ally,
As vnder a law ſammyn coniun& evynly.

CAP. XI.

Quhou Jupiter, for Venus cauſe and luſe,
Has ſet Eneas as God in hevyn abuſe.

Venus with this, all glaid and full of joy,
Amyd the hevynly hald, rycht myld and moy,
Befor Jupiter down hir ſelf ſet,
And baith hir armys abowt hys feyt plet,
Enbraſand thame and kyſſand reuerently;
Syne thus with voce expres ſcho ſaid in hy:
Fader almychty, that from thy hevynly ryng
At thy pleſour rewlys and ſterys al thyng,
That manis dedys, thochtis, and aventuris,
Reknys and knawys, and therof hes the curis;
Weill I ramember, quhen that the pepill Troian
With hard onfrendly fortoun was ourtane,
Thou promyſt of thar laubouris and diſtres
Help and ſupport, and eftir dyſeys ſoles.

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Nowder thy promys, fader, nor ſentens
Hes me diſſauyt: for lo, with reuerens
All the faderis of Italy hes ſe,
But diſcrepans, fully thir ȝheris thre,
In blyſſyt peax my ſon enioys that land:
Bot certis, fader, as I vndirſtand,
Onto the ſtarnyt hevynly hald on hie
Thou promyſt rays the maſte douchty Enee,
And, for hys meryt, abufe thy ſchynand ſky
Hym forto place in hevyn, and deify.
Quhat thochtis now doith rollyng in thy mynd?
Sen, ellys, doith the vertuus thewys kynd
Of this reuthfull Eneas the requyr
Abuf the polys brycht to rays that ſyre.
  The fader tho of men and Goddis all
Gan kys Venus hys child, and tharwithall
Thir profund wordis from hys breiſt furth braid:
My deir douchtir Citherea, he ſaid,
Thow knawys quhou ſtrangly the mychty Ene,
And the Eneadanys all of hys menȝe,
Ithandly and onyrkyt luffyt haue I,
On ſe and landis cachit by and by
In perrellis ſeir, and quhou that oft tyme eik,
Havand piete of the my douchtir meik,
For lufe of the, for thar dyſeys was wo;
And now I haue, lo, finaly alſſo
All thar harmys and ennoy brocht till end,
And maid Juno, as that full weill is kend,
Forto becum frendly and favorabill:
Now lykis me, forſuyth, all ferm and ſtabill

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My ſentens promyſt to compleit, quod he,
Quhen that the riall Troian duke Ene
Amang the hevynnys inſtitut I ſall,
And hym to numbyr of the Goddis call:
All this I grant with gud willis perfay.
Tharfor, ſe that thou clenge and do away,
Gif thar be in hym ony mortall thyng,
And ſyne abuf the ſtarnys thou him bryng:
I ſall alſſo heich ony of hys kyn,
Quhilk of thar proper vertu lyſt do wyn
Perpetuall lovyngis by dedis honorabill,
And doith contempn the wrachit warld onſtabill;
Thame in lykewys abufe the hevynnys hie
I ſal do place and deify, quod he.
The Goddis abufe alhaill gave thar conſent,
Nor ryall Juno, at that tyme preſent,
Lyſt not contrary, bot gan perſwaid full evyn
To bryng the gret Ene vp to the hevyn,
And frendly wordis of hym carpys thar.
Than Venus ſlaid diſcendand throw the ayr,
And ſocht onto the feildis Lawrentane,
Neir by quhar that Numycus throu the playn,
That freſch ryver, flowys to the ſee,
Dekkyt abowt with redis growand hie;
Quharin the body of hir ſon ſa deir
Scho maid do weſch, and vnder the ſtremys cleir
All that was mortale or corruptibill thyng
Gart do away; and ſyne, at hir lykyng,
The recent happy ſawl with hyr hynt ſche,
And bair it vp abuf the ayr full hie

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Onto the hevyn, quhar reuthfull Eneas
Amyd the ſtarnys choſyn has his place:
Quham the famyll and kynrent Julian
Doith clepe and call amangis thame euery ane
Indigites; quhilk is alſmekill to ſay,
As God induellar, at thar ſudiornys ay;
And, in remembrans of this ilk turn,
Thai gan hys templis wirſchip and adorn.

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CONCLUSIO.

Now is my wark all fynyſt and compleit,
Quham Jovis ire, nor fyris byrnand heit,
Nor trynſchand ſwerd ſal defas, ne doun thryng,
Nor lang proces of age, conſumys al thyng.
Quhen that onknawyn day ſall hym addres,
Quhilk not bot on this body power hes,
And endis the dait of myn oncertan eld,
The bettir part of me ſalbe vpheld
Abufe the ſtarnys perpetualy to ryng,
And heir my naym remane, but enparyng;
Throw owt the Ile yclepit Albyon
Red ſall I be, and ſung with mony one.
Thus vp my pen and inſtrumentis full ȝore
On Virgillis poſt I fix for evirmore,
Nevir, from thens, ſyk materis to diſcryve:
My muſe ſal now be cleyn contemplatyve,
And ſolitar, as doith the byrd in cage,
Sen fer byworn is all my childis age,
And of my days neir paſſyt the half dait
That natur ſuld me grantyn, weil I wait.

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Thus ſen I feill down ſweyand the ballans,
Heir I reſyng vp ȝyngkeris obſervans:
Adew, gallandis, I geif ȝou all gud nycht,
And God ſalf euery gentill curtas wight! Amen.

HEIR ENDIS THE THRETTEYN AND FINAL BUKE
OF ENEADOS QUHILK IS THE FIRST CORREK
COPPY NIXT EFTIR THE TRANSLATIOUN
WRYTTIN BE MASTER MATHO GEDDES
SCRIBE OR WRITAR TO THE
TRANSLATAR.

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HEIR THE TRANSLATAR DIREKKIS HYS BUK
AND EXCUSIS HYM SELF.

My Lord, to 3our nobilyte in effe&,
To quham this wark I haue abufe dire&,
Gawyn, 3our couſyng, proveſt of San& Geill,
Gretyng in God ay leſtyng, and gud heill.
Reſſave gude will, quhar that my cunnyng falys,
And gyf within this volume ocht avalys,
Or is onto 3our pleſour aggreabill,
Than is my laubour ſum thyng profytabill:
Quhar I offendit, or myſteris corre&ioun,
Vndir 3our ſalfgard and prote&ioun
I me ſubmyt; 3he be my ſcheld and defens
Aganys corruppit tungis violens,
Can nocht amend, and 3it a falt wald ſpy:
Quhen thai bakbyte, quhen evir thai clepe and cry,
Gyf neyd beys, for 3our kynyſman and clerk
Than I proteſt 3e anſuer, and for 3our wark.
Gyf thai ſpeir quhy I dyd this buke tranſlait,
3he war the caus tharof, full weill 3e wait;
3he cawſyt me this volume to endyte,
Quharthrow I haue wrocht myſelf ſyk diſpyte,

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Perpetualy be chydit with ilk knak,
Full weill I knaw, and mokkyt behynd my bak.
Say thai nocht, I myne honeſte haue degraid,
And at my ſelf to ſchute a but hes maid?
Nane othir thyng, thai threpe, heir wrocht haue I
Bot fenzeit fabillys of idolatry,
With ſik myſcheif as aucht not namyt be,
Oppynand the gravis of ſmert iniquyte,
And on the bak half wrytis wyddyr ſynnys
Plente of leſyngis, and ald perverſyt ſynnys.
Quhar that I haue my tyme ſuperexpendyt,
Mea culpa, God grant I may amend it,
With grace and ſpace to vpſet this tynſell;
Thocht not be far ſa largely as thai tell,
As that me ſemys, zit offendit haue I:
For weill I wait, our wark to mony a wy
Sall baith be pleſand and eyk profitabill,
For tharin beyn ſeir doctrynys full notabill;
It ſal eik do ſum folk ſolace, I ges,
To paś the tyme, and eſchew idylnes.
Ane othir proffit of our buke I mark,
That it ſalbe reput a neidfull wark
To thame wald Virgill to childryn expone;
For quha lyſt note my verſys, one by one,
Sall fynd tharin hys ſentens euery deill,
And almaſte word by word, that wait I weill:
Thank me tharfor, maſteris of grammar ſculys,
Quhar ze ſyt techand on zour benkis and ſtulys.
Thus haue I not my tyme ſwa occupy
That all ſuld hald my laubour onthryfty:

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For I haue not interpryt ne tranſlate
Every bural ruyd poet dywlgait,
Na meyn endyte, nor empty wordis vayn,
Common engyn, nor ſtile barbarian;
Bot in that art of eloquens the flude
Maſte cheif, profund and copyus plenitude,
Surs capitall in veyn poeticall,
Soverane fontane, and flum imperiall:
Quham gif I haue offendit, as thai meyn,
Deym as ȝe lyſt, quhen the wark is ourſeyn:
Be as be may, ȝour frendſchip, weill I wait,
Wrocht mair at me than dyd myne awyn eſtait;
For kyndnes ſo myne eyn almaiſt maid blynd,
That, ȝow to pleys, I ſet all ſchame behynd,
Offeryng me to my weriouris wilfully,
Quhilk in myne E faſt ſtaris a mote to ſpy.
Bot quha ſa lawchis heirat, or hedis noddis,
Go reid Bochas in the genology of Goddis;
Hys twa laſt bukis ſall ſwage thar fantaſy,
Les than na reſſon may thame ſatyſfy.
I rak nocht quhidder fulys hald me devill or ſanct,
For ȝou maid I this buke, my Lord, I grant,
Nowder for pryce, det, reward, nor ſupple,
Bot for ȝour tendir requeſt and amyte,
Kyndnes of blude grundyt in natural law.
I am na cayk fydlar, full weill ȝe knaw:
No thing is myne quhilk ſall not ȝouris be,
Gyf it afferis for ȝour nobilyte;
And of ȝour moblys and all other geir
Ȝhe will me ſerve ſiklyke, I haue na weir.

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Bot as twychyng this our wark now in hand,
Quhilk oft is ſaid was maid at ȝour command,
To quhat effect, gyf ony wald inqueir;
Ȝe may anſwer, thocht I neid not ȝow leir,
That Virgill mycht intill our langage be
Red lowd and playn be ȝour lordſchip and me,
And othir gentill compangeonys quha ſa lyſt;
Nane ar compellit drynk not bot thai haue thryſt:
And quha ſa lykis may taſtyng of the tun
Onforlatyt, new from the berry run,
Reid Virgill baldly, but mekill offens
Except our wlgar toungis differens,
Kepand na facund rethoryk caſtis fair,
Bot haymly playn termys famyliar,
Na thing alterit in ſubſtans the ſentens,
Thocht ſcant perfyte obſervyt beyn eloquens;
I will weill otheris can ſay mair curyuſly,
Bot I haue ſaid eftir my fantaſy.
I covait nocht to prefer ony wight,
It may ſuffice I ſaid na thing bot rycht;
And, ſet that empty be my brayn and dull,
I haue tranſlait a volum wondirfull:
So profund was this wark at I haue ſaid,
Me ſemyt oft throw the deip ſey to waid;
And ſa myſty vmquhile this poetry,
My ſpreit was reft half deill in extaſy,
To pyke the ſentens as I couth als playn,
And bryng it to my purpos, was full fayn;
And thus, becaus the mater was onkowth,
Not as I ſuld, I wrait, bot as I couth.

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Quha wenys I ſay thir wordis bot in vane,
Lat thame aſſay als lang laubour agane,
And tranſlait Ovid, as I haue Virgill;
Perchans that wark ſall occupy thame a quhile:
Zit haue I hard oft ſaid be men na clerkis,
Tyll idyll folk full lycht beyn lukand warkis.
To zou, my Lord, quhat is thar mair to ſay?
Reſſaue zour wark deſyrit mony a day;
Quharin alſo now am I fully quyt,
As twichand Venus, of myn ald promyt
Quhilk I hir maid weil twelf zheris tofor,
As wytneſſith my Palyce of Honour:
In the quhilk wark, zhe reid, on hand I tuke
Forto tranſlait at hir inſtance a buke:
Sa haue I doyn abuſe, as ze may ſe,
Virgillis volum of hir ſon Enee,
Reducit, as I cowth, intill our tong.
Be glaid, Ene, thy bell is hiely rong,
Thy fame is blaw, thy prowes and renown
Dywlgat ar, and ſung fra town to town,
So hardy from thens, that other man or boy
The ony mair reput traytour of Troy,
Bot as a worthy conquerour and kyng
The honour and extoll, as thou art dyng.
My Lord, all thocht I dyd this wark compyle,
At zour command, intill owr wlgar ſtyle,
Suffir me borrow this a word at the leiſt,
Tharwith to quyte my promys and beheſte,
And lat dame Venus have gud nycht adew,
Quhamto ſum tyme zhe war a ſervand trew.

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I haue alſſo a ſchort comment compyld
To expon ſtrange hiſtoreis and termys wild;
And gif ocht lakis mar, quhen that is doyn,
At ȝour deſyre it ſalbe writtyn ſoyn.
And forthir, ſo that I be nocht prolixt,
The etern Lord, that on the ruyd was fixt,
Grant ȝow and ws all in this lyfe weilfair,
With euerleſtand blys quhen we hyne fair! Amen.

Quod GAWINUS DOWGLAS.

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ANE EXCLAMATIOUN

AGANYST DETRACTOURIS AND ONCURTAS REDARIS, THAT BEYN OUR STUDYUS, BUT OCCASIOUN, TO NOTE AND SPY OWT FALTIS OR OFFENCIS IN THIS VOLUM, OR ONY OTHER THRYFTY WARKYS.

Now throw the deip faft to the port I mark,
For heir is endyt the lang deſparyt wark,
And Virgyll hes hys volum to me lent:
In ſovir raid now ankyrrit is our bark;
We dowt na ſtorm, our cabillys ar ſa ſtark;
We have eſchapyt full mony perrellus went:
Now God be lovyt, has ſyk grace tyl ws ſent!
Sen Virgyll beys wydquhar in Latyn ſoung,
Thus be my laubour red in owr wlgar toung.

Bot quhat danger is ocht to compyle, allace!
Herand thir detractouris intil euery place,
Or evir thai reid the wark, byddis byrn the buke:
Sum beyn ſa frawart in malyce and wangrace,
Quhat is weill ſaid thai love not worth ane ace,
Bot caſtys thame euer to ſpy owt falt and cruyk;
All that thai fynd in hydlys, hyrn, or nuyk,
Thai blaw owt, ſayand in euery manis face
Lo, heir he failȝeis, ſe thar he leys, luyk!

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Bot, gyf I le, lat Virgyll be owr juge,
Hys wark is patent, I may have na refuge;
Tharby go note my faltis one by one:
No wondir is, the volum was ſo huge,
Quha mycht perfytely all hys hie termys luge
In barbar langage, or thame dewly expone?
Bot weill I wait, of hys ſentens wantis none.
Quha can do bettir, lat ſe quhar I forvayt;
Begyn of new; all thing is gud onaſſayt.

Far eithar is, quha lyſt ſyt doun to moyt,
Ane othir ſayaris faltis to ſpy and noyt,
Than but offens or falt thame ſelf to wryte:
Bot forto chyde ſum beyn ſo brym and hoyt,
Hald thai thar peax, the word wald ſcald thar throte,
And has ſik cuſtum to jangill and to bakbyte,
That, bot thai ſchent ſum, thai ſuld bryſt for ſyte.
I ſay na mair, quhen all thar rerd is rong,
That wight mon ſpeke that can nocht hald hys tong.

Go, wlgar Virgill, to euery churlych wight
Say, I avow thou art tranſlatit rycht,
Beſeyk all nobillys the corect and amend,
Beys not afferyt to cum in pryſaris ſycht;
The nedis nocht to aſchame of the lycht,
For I haue brocht thy purpos to gud end:
Now ſalt thou with euery gentill Scot be kend,
And to onletterit folk be red on hycht,
That erſt was bot with clerkis comprehend.

Qd Douglas.

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HEIR FOLLOWYS

THE TYME, SPACE, AND DAIT, OF THE TRANSLATIOUN OF THIS BUKE.

Completyt was this wark Virgilian
Apon the feſt of Mary Magdelan,
Fra Cryſtis byrth, the dait quha lyſt to heir,
A thouſand fyve hundreth and thretteyn ȝeir;
Quhilk, for othir gret occupatioun, lay
Onſteryt clos beſyd me mony day:
And netheles, quhidder I ſerve thank or wyte,
Fra tyme I tharto fyrſt ſet pen to wryte,
Thocht God wait gyf thir bundis war full wyde
To me, that had ſyk byſſynes beſyde,
Apon this wys, as God lyſt len me grace,
It was compylit in auchteyn moneth ſpace;
Set I feil ſyth ſyk twa monethis infeir
Wrait neuir a word, nor mycht the volum ſteir,
For grave materis and gret ſolicitud,
That all ſik laubour far beſyde me ſtud.
And thus gret ſcant of tyme and biſſy cuyr
Has maid my wark mair ſubtell and obſcur,
And nocht ſa pleſand as it aucht tobe;
Quharof ȝhe curtas redaris perdon me,

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Zhe writaris all, and gentill redaris eyk,
Offendis nocht my volum, I beſeik,
Bot redis leill, and tak gud tent in tyme.
Zhe nother maggill nor myſmetyr my ryme,
Nor alter not my wordis, I zou pray:
Lo, this is all; now, bew ſchirris, haue gud day.

Qđ Gawinus Douglas.

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MANTUA ME GENUIT, CALABRI RAPVERE, TENET NUNC
PARTHENOPE; CECINI PASCUA, RURA, DUCES.

OF MANTUA AM I BEGET AND BOIR,
IN CALABRE DECESSIT AND FORLOR,
NOW STANT I GRAVE IN NAPLYS THE CITE,
THAT IN MY TYME WRAIT NOTABILL WARKIS THRE;
OF PASTURAGE, AND EIK OF HUSBANDRY,
AND DOUCHTY CHIFTANYS FULL OF CHEVALRY.

QUOD GAWINUS DOUGLAS.

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THE COMMENT.

I HAUE ALSSO A SCHORT COMMENT COMPYLD TO EXPON STRANGE HISTOREIS AND TERMYS WILD.

P. 6. *l.* 15.—*Innatyve* is alsmekil to say as *inborn*, or that quhilk cumis till ony person be thar natural inclinatioun of kynd throw thar forbearis.

P. 6. *l.* 18.—Ptholome kyng of Egipt, the famous gret clerk, astronomour, and discryvar of the warld, that causit lxxij interpretouris to translat the bibill, had sa gret plesour and delyte of bukis that he gadderit togidder in ane librar xxxvj thousand volummys.

P. 10. *l.* 10.—Thistory of Saul and the spreit of Samuel rasyt by the Phitones is in the first buk of Kyngis, in the xxviij. c.

P. 14. *l.* 21.—*Oppetere* is alsmekil to say as *ore terram petere*, lyke as Seruius exponys the sammyn term, quhilk to translate in our tung is, *with mowth to seik, or byte, the erd.* And lo, that is ane hail sentence for ane of Virgillis wordis.

P. 15. *l.* 15.—As for *animal* and *homo* in our langage is nocht a propir term, and thai be bot bestis that exponys *animal* for a beste. Ane beste is callit in Latyn *bestia* and *pecus*, and *animal* betakynnys all corporall substans that has ane saull quhilk felis payn, joy, or ennoy: and vndyr *animal* beyn contenyt all mankynd, beist, byrd, fowll, fisch, serpent, and all other sik thingis at lyfis and steris, that has a body; for all sik, and euery ane of thame, may be properly callit *animal*. And thus *animal* is ane general name for al sik maner thingis quhatsumeuer.

Homo betakynnys baith a man and a woman, and we haue na term corespondent tharto, nor yit that signifyis baith twa in a term alanerly.

P. 15. *l.* 19.—*Genus* is that thing quhilk is common, and may be verefyt of mony other thingis different in kynd, or of diuers kyndis: as this word, *a beste*, may be verefeit and is common till al and syndry kynd of bestis; for a hors is a beste, ane ox a beste, a scheip a beste, a dog a beste; and swa of otheris.

Species is that thing or word that is common, or may be verefeit of mony thingis different in numbir: as this word, *a man*, may be verefeit and is common till al maner of man particular; for Johne is a man, Thomas a man, Wilyam a man; and furth of otheris. Syk lyke, this word, *a hors*, is common to this hors, and that hors; the gray is a hors, the blak a hors, the quhite a hors.

Sexus is the discretioun, diuersitie, or differens in schap, betwix the mail and the female in al maner corporal creatouris: for thocht a man and a woman beyn baith of a kynd and natur, yit ar thai different and diuers in thar schap. Rycht swa is ane hors fra a mair, quhilk ar bath of a kynd; siklyke, a cok from a hen,

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a kow from a bull; and swa is of all kyndis quhar the mail is distinct fra the femell.

P. 17. *l.* 13.—This argument excusis nocht the tratory of Eneas, na his maynsweryng, considering quhat is said heirafoir, in the ij. c. of this prolog; that is,

> Juno nor Venus goddes neuer war,
> Mercur, Neptun, Mars, nor Jupiter,
> Of forton eik, na hir necessitie,
> Sic thingis nocht attentik ar, wait we.

It followis than, that Eneas vroucht not be command of ony goddis, bot of his awyn fre wyl, be the permission of God, quhilk sufferis al thing, and stoppis nocht, na puttis nocht necessite to fre wyll. He falit than gretly to the sueit Dydo; quhilk falt reprefit nocht the goddessis diuinite, for thai had na diuinite, as said is befoir.

P. 17. *l.* 25.—Heir he argeuis better than befoir.

P. 23. *l.* 1.—Virgille rehersis not Eneas naim, bot callis him *The Man*, be excellens; as thocht he said, The mast soueran man.

P. 23. *l.* 3.—Lavyn, Lavinium, Lawrentum, stud viij. mylis fra the mowth of Tibyr, and was cyte of the king Latynus; of quham eftyr in the vij. buyk, quhill the end of this volume.

P. 23. *l.* 8.—Quhat is Latium, or Latio, luyk eftyr in the vj. c. of the viij. buyk. The cite of quham heir is mention was new Troy, quham Eneas beggit at the mouth of Tibir, and fra Ene bein namyt the Latynis, and nowdir fra the cyte nor the land.

P. 23. *l.* 11.—Of Alba cyte luyk eftyr, in the fyfte c. of this buyk, and in the fyrst c. of the viij. buyk.

P. 23. *l.* 13.—Musa, in Grew, signifeis an inuentryce, or inuention, in our langgage; and of the ix Musis sum thing in my Palyce of Honour, and be Mastir Robert Hendirson in New Orpheus.

P. 23. *l.* 14.—The poet inqueris quhat maieste or power offendyt of Juno, quhilk is fenyeit to haf many poweris: sche is clepit queyn of goddis, mastres and lady of realmys, precident of byrthis, spous and sistir to Jupiter, &c.

P. 24. *l.* 12.—Samo is an ile in Trace, quhar Juno was weddit and born, as sais Seruius; and ther, as vitnessyth Sanct Jerom, stud the farest tempil of Grece, dedicat to Juno.

P. 24. *l.* 12.—Hir *see*, hir *seit*.

P. 24. *l.* 21.—Lybia, or Liby, is the thrid part of the warld, callit Affryk, quham now we call the land or cost of Barbary.

P. 24. *l.* 29.—The jugement of Paris is common to all knawis the sege of Troy.

P. 25. *l.* 5.—Hebe, douchter of Juno, and goddess of youth, seruyt Jupiter of his covp: quhilk, at a fest amang the goddis makand hir seruice, slaid and schew hir schame in al thar presens; for the quhilk lak Jupiter gaif to this Ganymedes, son to kyng Troyus, hir office. Of the ravisyng of this Ganymede ye haf benayth, in the v. c. of the v. buyk; and of this Hebe sum thyng in the prolog of the vij. buyk.

P. 25. *l.* 16.—*And as the Troianys* &c. First abuyf the poete proponis his entent; sayand, *The batellis and the man* &c. nyxt makis he inuocation, calland on his muse to tech hym thar; *O thou my Muse* &c. and ther, lyke as his muse spak to hym, declaris the caussis of the feid of Juno, sayand, *Ther was an anchient Cyte, hecht Cartage.* Now heir thridly procedis he furth on his narration and history, and beginnys at the sevint yeir of Eneas departyng of Troy, as ye may se in the end of this first buyk, and eftyr the deces of his fadir Anchises, quham he erdit in Sycill at Drepanon, as ye haf in the end of the thrid buyk; the remanent of his auenturis being reseruyt, be craft of poetry, to the banket of queyn Dido, quhar thai be then at lenth rehersit by Eneas in the secund and thryd.

P. 25. *l.* 29.—This offence was the ravising of Cassandra furth of the tempill of Pallas, as ye hane in the vij. cheptour of the secund buke following. And sum says this Aiax oppressit

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hir in the tempill: quhilk Aiax was son to kyng Oylus, prince of Locria, or Locrida, and his pepyll beyn namyt Locrj or Locranys.

Thocht, in verite, Juno was bot ane woman, dochter to Saturn, sistir and spows to Jupiter king of Crete, yit quhen poetis namys hir swa, thai ondirstand sum tyme by Juno the erth and the watir, and by Jupiter the ayr and the fyre: and for als mekyll as the ayr and the fyre is actyve, and the watyr and the erth patient, and that all corporall thyngis beyn engendrit therof, heirfoir bein thaj clepit spowsis. Bot, for that sum tym Juno betakinys alanerly the ayr, and Jove the fyre, than, be raison of ther contegwyte and qualite convenient, bein thai clepit sistyr and brothir: and for that all thyngis, by the influens of the planetis, starnys, and hevinnis abufe, be maid of thir elymentis, therfor bein thaj clepit kyng and queyn, fadir and mothyr to goddis and men. And ferthyr as twychyng this Juno, hir other namys and proprieteis, I refer to John Bocas in the Genealogy of gentille Goddis, onto the nynt buyk therof, and first c. of the sammyn.

P. 26. *l.* 13.—The cuntre or realm of Eolus, clepit Eolia, lyis betwix Sycill and Italy, vij. ilandis in the sey, of quham thir be the namys; Lipara, Hiera, Strongile, Didyme, Eriphusa, Phenycusa, and Evomynos. And for alsmekyll as thir ilis bene full of cavernys, with bryntstan blawand and byrnand ondir the erd, that therby, throw the swouch of the fire, may be persauyt a day or twa befor fra quhat part or art the wynd is for to cum; and this Eolus kyng therof, as an naturall man, first be experiens persauit this, and wald schaw the pepill therby, weill twa or thre dais befor, the wynd was to blaw from syk an art: for the quhilk rayson, with the rude pepill, was he namyt kyng or god of windis. And thai put that he had vj sonnys and vj dochtiris, quhilkis ar nocht ellis bot the xij wyndis, of quham the namys, to begin at the est and go round abowt, bein thir; Subsolanus, Ewrus, Nothus, Auster, Affricus, Zephyrus, Fauonius, Circius, Chorus, Boreas, Aquilo, and Wlturnus.

P. 26. *l.* 22.—John Bocas, be Eolus set hie in his chare to rewle and dant the windis, ondirstandis Raison set hie in the manis hed, quhilk suld dant, and includ law in the cave or boddum of the stomach, the windis of peruersit appetyte, as lord and syre set be God almychty therto.

P. 27. *l.* 15.—Ilion, or Ilium, was the cyte of Troy, havand his naym fra king Ilus, fader to Laomedon. The hayll cuntre was callit Troy fra kyng Tros, or Trojus, fadir to this Ilus: the awld naim therof is Phrigia, bot oft bein ather of all ther namys takin for other; as Troy, als weill for the cyte as the realm. And heir, be a maner dispite, Juno, for the pepill or gudis of Ilion, namys the hail cyte.

P. 28. *l.* 2.—For alsmekill as I hafe said abufe Juno betakinnys the air, in quham blawis thir windis, and by quham the mater quhareof windis bein engendrit beyn producit to ther perfection, therfor justly and of rycht Eolus grantis him to hald his ring of Juno.

P. 28. *l.* 15.—Ewrus is heir takyn for the gret est wynd, thocht it be bot the wind est to sowthin; siklyke, Nothus for the mayn sowth, thocht it be south to est: and Affricus is takin for plat west wynd, that is bot sowth sowthwest. And thus heir the thre principall gret windis contrarius blew attanys apon thaim, and the north wind also in the nyxt c.; *A blastirrand bub owt from the north braying* &c.

P. 29, *l.* 1.—Here fyrst namys Virgill Eneas.

This cald, sais Seruyus, coym of dreid; not that Eneas dred the ded, bot this maner of ded: and alsso he that dredis na thyng, nor kan haf na dred, is not hardy, but fuyll hardy and beistly.

P. 29, *l.* 6.—The maner was swa in tha dais, that nobillis alan in feld tuke ther mouth full of erd, to that effect that in the ded thrawis nain mysseyttand word nor voce suld be hard of ther mowth.

P. 29, *l.* 11.—Sarpedon, son of Jupiter and

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Laodomya, dochtyr to Bellerophon, was kyng of Lycia; of huge statur, and slane by Patroclus.

P. 30. *l.* 5.—Thar lyis betwix Affryk and the ile of Sardynia, amyd the sey, a hirst or ryg of craggy rolkis, quhilk beyn callit *altaris of suple or help*, becaus therat, on a tyme, the pepill of Affrik and Romanys band vp perpetwall payce. And thir schald bankis of sand, heir nammyt, bein the twa dangeris of the sey Affrican, callit Syrtis, the mair and the les; mar perellus than Yairmuth sandis or Holland cost.

P. 30. *ll.* 12 & 15.—Off Orontes and Lewcaspis sum thing in the v. c. of the vj. buyk; and of this Pander or Pandarus, in the ix. c. of the v. buyk.

P. 30. *l.* 22.—Of this Ilioneus, and the otheris Troianys heir nammyt, beyn oft benath maid mensioun.

P. 30. *l.* 30.—Neptun, or Neptunus, brother to Jove and Pluto, and son to Saturn. For that the partis of his heritage lay in Creit by the sey cost, and for he vsit mekill salyng and rowyng, and fand the craft or art therof, therfor is he clepit god of the sey. He was alsswa ane the first tawcht to dant and taym horsis: and onto hym beyn consecret the fundment of wallis, for alsmekill as it is said he biggyt the wallis of Troy, or than becaus the watyr inclusyt ondyr the erth is oft tymys caus of erdqwkyng, and trimbillyng or moving of the erth, as we se by experiens in watyr brekis. And, perchans, thir thre poweris signefeis the thre granyt ceptour, quhilk his statw in ald days bair in hand, lyk a crepar or a graip wyth thre granys. Tha discryve hym rydand in a cart, quhilk betakinnys the weltyng our of the sey wallys, that rollys, hurlys, and brais, lyke cart quhelis. Quha lykis mair of him, go reid Bocas, in the first c. and tent buyk of the Genealogy of Goddis.

P. 31. *l.* 15.—Heir is an notabyll doctryn, that nane nobill man suld hastely reveng him eftir his greif. Tharfor was gevin consell to August Octavian, the empriour, that eftir his commotioun, or euer he did or said ocht, he suld wryte xxiiij lettiris.

P. 31. *l.* 21.—This thre granyt ceptour in sum part haf I twychit abuf: it may betakyn alsswa the thre properteis of the water, quhilk is flowand, drynkabyll, and ganand to sayll or swym intyll.

P. 32. *l.* 1.—Cymothoe, as sais Seruyus, is, in Grew, als mekyll to say in our langage, as the flowand or rinnand flud, quhilk may be clepit a ganand dochtir to Neptun, god of seys. Trytton, as sais Bocas, is the bruyt or rowtyng of the wally sey; quharfor justly is he fenyeit trumpet to the occian, and son to Neptun. Netheles, Plynyus in his natural history reherssis that Triton is a verray monstre of the sey, and that in the tym of Tyberius the emperour syk ay was hard and seyn. His schap and portatour is discryvit in the x. buyk, in the iiij. c.; and he slais Mesenus in the iij. c. of the vj. buyk.

P. 32. *l.* 8.—Noyte Virgill in this comparison and symilytude, for therin and in syk lyke baris he palm of lawd, as I haf said in my proheme. It is to be considderit alsso that, our all this wark, he comparis batell tyll spait or dyluge of watyr, or than to suddan fyr, and to nocht ellis.

P. 32. *l.* 16.—Cristoferus Landynus, that writis moraly apon Virgill, says thus: Eneas purposis to Italy, his land of promyssioun; that is to say, a just perfyte man entendis to mast soueran bonte and gudnes, quhilk, as witnessyth Plato, is situate in contemplation of godly thingis or dyvyn warkis. His onmeysabill ennymy Juno, that is fenyeit queen of realmys, entendis to dryve him from Itall to Cartage; that is, Avesion, or concupissence to ryng or haf warldly honouris, wald draw him fra contemplation to the actyve lyve; quhilk, quhen scho falis by hir self, tretis scho with Eolus, the neddyr part of raison, quhilk sendis the storm of mony warldly consalis in the just manis mynd: bot, quhoubeyt the mynd lang flowis and delitis heirintyll, fynaly by the fre wyll and raison predomynent, that is, ondirstand, by Neptun, the storm is ceasit, and, as followis in the nyxt c., arryvit in sond havin, quhilk is tranquilite of

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consciens: and fynaly Venus, in the vj. c. following, schawis Ene his foris recouerit again; quhilk is, fervent lufe and cherite schawis the just man his swete meditationys and feruor of deuotion, quham he tynt by warldly curis, restorit to hym again; and all his schippis bot on, be quham I ondyrstand the tyme lost.

P. 33. *l.* 18.—Nympha may be clepit a spows, or a damysell. Bot thai bein takyn with poetis for goddessis of woddis, wildirnessis, fludis, or wellis: and Nympha is a generall naym to all syk Nymphis of wellis, bein callit Naydes; of hillis or montanys, Oreades; of woddis and forestis, Dryades; of salt fludis, Nereides; of flouris, Napee and Hamadriades, ar fenyeit to grow and de wyth the tre, as quha wald say the sawle of the tre.

P. 34. *l.* 5.—Ye sall ondirstand, Virgill, in all partis of his proses, quhat maner or fassoun he discrivis ony man at the begynnyng, sa contynewys he of that samin person all thro; and Eneas in all his wark secludis from all vylle offyce: bot, as twychand materris of pyety or devotion, thar labowris he euer wyth the first, as ye may se in the beginyng of the vj. buke.

P. 34. *l.* 13.—Thocht sum wald say, perchans, that in Affrik bein na hartis, therto answeris Landinus that albeit perchaus now ther be nain, in tha days tha war not to seyk: Or thocht in the ferther partis of Affrik be nain, in the hiddir partis, quharto was Eneas dryve, ther beyn mony.

P. 34. *l.* 29.—Acestes, kyng of Sycilly; of quham in the first c. of the v. buke.

P. 35. *l.* 7.—Sylla and Charybdis bein twa gret dangeris in the Sycill sey; of quham in the vj. and viij. c. of the thrid buke.

P. 35. *l.* 10.—Off thir Cyclopes alsso, in the ix. and x. c. of the thrid buyk.

P. 36. *l.* 2.—Wyne the eldar the bettir, sa that it be fresch; and euery man knawis vennyson owt of ply tynys the sesson.

P. 36. *l.* 16.—Jove, or Jupiter, by the gentillis was clepit the mast soueran god, fader of goddis and men, and all the otheris war bot haldyn as poweris dyuers of this Jupiter, callit *juuans pater*, the helply fadir; bot quham we cleip swa I haf writyn in my proloug of the x. buyk. Of Jupiter, as writis Sanct Augustyn in his volume clepit the Cyte of God, in the vij. buke and ix c. therof, thus writis poetis:

> Jupiter omnipotens, regum rex ipse, deusque,
> Progenitor genitrixque deum, deus vnus, et omnes.

Jupiter omnipotent, king of kingis, and god, fader and moder of goddis, an god, and all the goddis. Of him largly spekis he alswa, reprevand the gentile opinyonys, in the sam volum, in the first buk and xj. c. therof; and in the xij. c. repreuys the opynion of Plato, that haldis God the sawl of the warld. Of Jupiter sais the poet Lucan,

> Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moueris:

Jupiter is all that euer thou seis, and all that euer movis. Bot quhou ther beyn thre syndry Jupiteris, reid John Bocas in his Genealogy of Goddis, in the first c. of the xj. buyk, quhar he tretis of Jupiter, kyng of Crete, quhilk was Jupiter the thrid: and ther, at the full, of all the fiction and fabillis therof, and quhy he is clepit gret god, and of this Jupiter in the recollectis of Troy. Of the secund Jupiter, kyng of Archad, and syne of Athenes, quhich slew Lycaon, and was fadyr to Dardanus, of quham caym the Troianys, he writis in the first c. of his v. buyk: and of Jupiter the first, callit Lysanyan, and kyng Athenes, in the ij. c. of his ij. buke, quhar he tretis the proprietcis of Jupiter the planeyt. And now to speyk of Jupiter the planete, quhilk is secund in ordour, and vnermaste nyxt Saturn; he is gentyll and meyk, and full of gud influens, and profitabill aspectis, in sa far that gif he conionys with a frawart planete, sik as Mars, or Saturn, he meysis ther wreth: gif he conjonys with a meyn planete, as the Sone, the Moyn, or Mercury, he drawis thaim and makis inclyn to his gudnes. Quhen he conjonys with Venus, or is participant with hir, as he stud in the ascendent at

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this tym of Eneas landyng, quhilk is fenyeit the commonyng betwix hym and Venus, than, as heir apperis, batakynnys all gud; for Jove is clepit, *Fortuna maior*, and Venus, *Fortuna minor*. He completis his curs in xij yeris; and, by this constylation betwix him and Venus, Seruius ondirstandis felicite to cum be a woman; as followis be Dido: And that Venus was sorofull, that is to knaw, discendent, and nocht in hir strenth, signifeis the sorefull departyng and myschans of Dido.

P. 37. *l.* 18.—Becaus ther is mensioun of Anthenor, quham many, followand Gwydo De Columnis, haldis tratour, sum thing of him will I speyk, thocht it may suffis for his purgation that Virgill heir hayth namit him, and almaste comparit him to the mast soueran Eneas; quhilk comparison na wys wald he haf maid for lak of Eneas, gif he had bein tratour. Bot to schaw his innocens, lat vs induce the mast nobill and famus historian and mylky flud of eloquens, gret Tytus Lyuius, quhilk of Anthenor and Eneas sais thir wordis in his beginning: *It is weill wyt that, Troy beand takin, in all the otheris Troianys crudelite was exersit, exceppand twa, Athenor and Eneas: to quham the Grekis did na harm, bot abstenyt fra all power of batell as twichyng thaim, becaus of the rayson of hospitalite; for thai had beyn ther ald hostis and all tymys thai war solistaris and warkkaris to rendyr Helen and to procur paice.* Now I beseik yow, curtes redaris, considdir gif this be punctis of traison, or rathar of honour; and wey the excellent awtorite of Virgill and Tytus Lyuius with your pevach and corrupt Gwido. Landinus sais als of this Anthenor that, for his sone Glaucus followit Paris, he depechit him of him, and for that sam caus, quhen he was aftyr slan by Agamemnon, he maid na duyll for his ded.

P. 37. *l.* 19.—Ilyria hes his naym fra Illyrus, son to Polyphemus, and, as sais Sextus Rufus, it contenys xvij provyncis. It extendis endlang all the gret flud Danubyum, callit Hister, on bayth the sydis, and in it is Vngary, Pannony, Sclauony, Bohem, Denmark, and Macydon: and this Lyburnya is bot a part therof, contenand certan ilis. Timauus is a flud in Lumbardy, in the Venytian landis, that cumis furth of the Duch Montanys at ix beginnyngis, quhilk all rynnys in a loch, quham the pepill adiacent callis a sey; and from this loch cumys the flud that rynnys to Padva, byggit be Anthenor, as heir ye may se. Bot it is to be notyt that Virgill sais abuf, in the first c., Eneas coim fyrst fra Troy to Italy; and heir it apperis Anthenor caym befor him. To that sais Seruyus, tha partis quhamto coym Anthenor beyn not haldyn of Italy, bot of Lumbardy, callit Gallia Cysalpina: or mayr evidently may we say that Ene was the fyrst coim to Italy by fait, and at the goddis command; Anthenor coym at his awin auentur, and nocht be destine.

P. 38. *l.* 11.—Venus is clepit Cytherea fra the ile Cythera, besid Creyt, quhar scho wás norysit; or fra the mont Cytheron, quhar scho was gretly wirscheppit.

P. 38. *l.* 13.—The cyte of Rome, or than of new Troy.

P. 38. *l.* 15.—The deyfication of Eneas is eftyr, in the last c. of the xiij. buyk.

P. 38. *l.* 21.—Of the barganyng or batellis of this Eneas, her in dyuers bukis followand; and of the beldyng of this cyte, and how lang his ryng endurit, in the last and penult c. of the xiij. buyk.

P. 38. *l.* 29.—Julus is thre sillabis, spellit wyth i *per se* and v *per se*.

P. 39. *l.* 4.—The cite Alba, biggit by Ascanius son of Creusa, eftyr Virgill had his naim fra the quhite swyn, as ye may se in the first c. of the viij buk; and was clepit Lang Alba, for it was set end lang the band or ryg of a law hill, as writis Tytus Lyuius, and was distroit by Tullus Hostilius, thrid king of Rom; and tharof in the xj. c. of the xiij. buke.

P. 39. *l.* 6.—Pepill Hectoreau, hardy as Hector, or of the kinrent and blude of Hector; for this Ascanyus was his fift son.

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P. 39. *l.* 11.—Of Romulus ye sall knaw, that Porcas, the xj kyng of Alba or Albanys, gat twa sonys, Numytor and Amulyus, betwyx quham he dividit his realm. Bot this Amulyus banyst his brother Numytor, and slew his son Lawsus, and his dochtir, callit Ilya or Rhea, consecrat a nun onto the goddes Vesta, to that effect scho suld haf na succession; for in tha dais sik nunis, gif thai brak ther virginite, war eyrdit qwyk. Bot this Ilia consauyt and brocht furth twa childyr mayll, quham thai fenze to haf beyn engendyrit of Mars, becaus thai war bellicos and chevalrus, and bygettin of sum dowchti man; and than this Amulyus gart put this Ilia to ded, and bad kast tha childyr in Tybyr. Bot the flud be an speyt was flowyn sa far our the brays thai mycht nocht wyn to the crocis of the water, and thus war thai left on the bra; and ane Fastulus, an hyrd, had thaim born to his hows, and maid Acca his wyf, other wys callyt Lupa, nuryce thaim: and, for that Lupa batakinnys a wolf, and scho was callit Lupa, therfor is it said a wolf fosterit Romulus and Remus. And becaus this said Acca or Lupa maid Romulus hir ayr, therfor sais Virgill he was cled in his motheris or nuryce tawbart. And eftyr, quhen thai worth men, thai becam for the nanys briggantis of the wod, and by a maner pollycy or practyk convenyt that the tayn of thaim suld tak his brother and all his complicis, and sa thai did, and brocht him befor ther vncle the kyng Amulyus, as thocht he wald accus him of a dedly cryme. And quhen thai war in presens cumin, thai bayth attanys rays apon Amulyus and slew him, and ther declaryt ther blud and genealogy; and therefter brocht haim thar grandsyr Numytor, and restoryt to him his realm: syn went ther way, and for thaim selvyn biggit Roym and wallyt fyrst. And, for thai war bayth of a byrth, thai beguyth debait for the naim of the cyte. Than was appunctyt that on the morn quha saw the mast nobyll syng, or takin Augurian, suld geif the cyte his naym: and Remus fyrst saw vj gripis, and Romulus eftyr hym xij gripis. Than said the tayn his takyn was mast nobyll, for that he saw thaim first; and the tother na, becaus he saw ma: bot quhiddir it was for that debait, or for the goyng our the wallis, as otheris will say, Remus was slayn be Fabyus, chyftan of weyr to Romulus, and the cyte clepit Roma eftyr Romulus. And quhou or quhy that he is callit Quyrites, and of his dowtsum end, and of the sonnis eclips the tym of his ded, and quhy he was repute a god, reid Titus Lyuius, John Bocas in the last c. of the Genealogie of Godis, in the ix. buke, and Augustyn in the Cyte of God, in the xv. c. of the iij. buke. And sum thing heireftir in the xiij. c. of the vj. buke and the x. c. of the viij. buyk.

P. 39. *l.* 15.—Sanct Augustyn in his volum clepit *De verbis Domini*, in the xxix sermond, mokkis at this word, sayand, Yit is not the end, and the empyr is translat to the Almanys: bot Virgill was crafty, sais he, that wald not on his awyn byhalf rehers thir wordis, bot maid Jupiter pronunce thaim; and as he is a half fenzeit god, swa is his prophecy.

P. 39. *l.* 26.—Pthyia was the cuntre of Achylles; Myce, or Mycene, the realm of Agamemnon; Arge the realm of kyng Adrastus, pertenyng eftir to Diomed be raison of his moder; and it is oft tane for all Grece, and the Grekis therfra bein oft clepit Argiui, or pepill of Arge.

P. 40. *l.* 2.—Of Julius Cesar, quhen I behald his Commentareis, and the gret volum of Lucan, and quhat of hym writis Swytoneus, I thynk bettyr hald styll my pen than wryt lytill of sa large a mater, and sa excellent a prynce. Bot ye sall knaw that the principall entent of Virgill was to extoll the Romanys, and in specyal the famyllye or clan Julyan, that comin from this Ascanyus, son to Eneas and Crevsa, otherwais callyt Julus; becaus the empryour August Octauyan, quhamto he direkkit this wark, was of that hows and blud, and sistyr son to Cesar Julyus. And therfor, quhen Cesar was slayn

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by the Sanatouris, Octavyan had revengeit his deth, and rang passabilly at the byrth of our salviour, quhen the starn of Bethliam apperit. Than, to ples Octavian, said the Romanys, that was the sawll of Cesar quhilk was deifyit; and this opynion heir twichis Virgill, and als in his Bucolyqueys.

P. 40. *l.* 13.—Off the stek and of closyng of the tempill of Janus in tym of weyr and of pace, ye haf in the vij. buyk, in the x. c. And this tempill of Janus was twys closit befor Octauian; anys be Numa Pompilius, and the secund tym be Tytus Manlyus; and thris be Octavyan: and this tym heyr markyt was the last tyme, at the cumyng of Cryst, quhen all the warld was in pace. In wytnes therof the angellis sang pace in erd, the tym of bryth; the ij. c. of Sanct Luke.

P. 40. *l.* 22.—Off Mercury red in the v. c. of the iiij. buke: and that Mercur heir was send doun from Jupiter is nocht ellis bot the planet Mercur was at disces, and Jove ascendent; quhilk signifeit frendschip in hast to cum, bot not to lest lang.

P. 41. *c.* VI.—In this cheptir ye haf that Eneas met his moder Venus in liknes of a virgyn, or a mayd; by the quhilk ye sall vndirstand that Venus is fenyeit to be modyr to Eneas, becaus that Venus was in the ascendent, and had domynation in the hevyn, the tym of his natyvite: and, for that the planet Venus was the signifiar of his byrth, and had domination and speciall influens towart hym, therfor is scho fenzeit to be his mother; and thus it that poetis fenzeis bein full of secreyt ondyrstandyng ondyr a hyd sentens or fygur. And weyn nocht for this, thocht poetis fenzeis Venus the planet, for the caus foirsaid, to be Eneas mother, at thai beleve nocht he was motherles, bot that he had a fayr lady to his moder, quhilk for hir bewte was clepit Venus: and that Venus metis Eneas in form and lyknes of a maid is to be onderstood that Venus the planete that tym was in the syng of the Virgyn, quhilk betakynnyt luf and fawouris of wemen. And of Venus and hir son Cupyd I sall say sum thyng in the x. c. of this sam buke.

P. 41. *l.* 20.—Mony expondis Achates for thochtfull cuyr or solicitud, quhilk all tymys is feyr and companyeon to princis and gret men.

P. 42. *l.* 1.—The madynnis of Sparta bene the Amasonys.

P. 42. *l.* 2.—Harpalica douchter to Ligurgus kyng of Trace, hir fader beand tane be the pepil of Getya, assemblit hir power, and with sa gret haist persewit thame, that scho semyt in swiftnes to forryn the swiftast flude of Trace, callit Hebrun; and, with mair agilite and hardyment than is almaste to be belevit, reskewit hir fader and ourcome hir aduersaris.

P. 43. *l.* 5.—Thus said scho for to dissimyll hyr self, or than becaus that in Cypir was scho wirscheppit only wyth insens and flouris, and nayn other sacrifyce, sa that it was onlefull ony blud war sched in hir tempyll.

P. 43. *l.* 12.—Of Agenor ye sal knaw that Jupiter engendrit Ephaphus, quhilk gat Belus the first, that engendrit this Agenor, and he begat Phenix, fra quham the realm of Tyre was namyt Phenycia, and the pepil bath of Tyre and Cartage Phenycianys, or Punycianys. This Phenix begat Belus the secund, otherwys callit Methres, and he was fader to this Pygmaleon, and queyn Dido, otherwys nemmyt Elissa. This ilk Phenix also engendrit Philistenes, quhilk begat this Sycheus, otherwys callit Sicarbas, spous to this ilk Dido, and gret preste to Hercules.

P. 44. *l.* 30.—Sum sais scho gave als mekyll gold as wald gang in a bul hid for this grund; sum haldis opynyon that in thai dais the monye was mad of cuyrbulye or leddyr, and this castell hes his naym therfra, for, in the langage of Affrik, *byrsa* betakynnys leddyr, or a hyd: bot Seruyus is of Virgillis opynion, sayand, Dido maid carve the bull hid in sa small twhangis that it cumpassyt abowt the spas of xxij stageis, that is thre myllis quarter les.

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P. 45. *l.* 17.—That Eneas heyr commendis his self, it is not to be tayn that he said this for arrogans, bot for to schaw his scyll; as a kyng or prince onknawin in an onkowth land, may, but repreif, rehers his estate and dygnite, to mak him be tretyt as afferis. And als, becaus he trastyt he spak with a goddes, that scho suld nocht aschaym to remayn and talk with hym therfor: and becaus scho was a woman, he schew that he was a man of autorite, with quham thai nedis nocht ascham to speyk; for he was that man quhilk, by the common voce, was clepit Eneas full of pyete. And for that Virgill clepis hym swa all thro this buyk, and I interpret that term, quhylys, for *rewth*, quhils, for *devotion*, and quhilis, for *pyete* and *compassion*; tharfor ye sall knaw that pyete is a vertu, or gud deid, be the quhilk we geif our dylligent and detfull lawbour to our natyve cuntre, and onto thaim bcyn conionyt to vs in neyr degre: and this vertu, pyete, is a part of justyce, and hes ondyr hym twa other vertws; amyte, callyt frendschip, and liberalyte.

P. 45. *l.* 24.—Varo sais that Eneas, fra his departing of Troy quhil he coym in the feldis of Lawrentum, all the day saw the starn of Venus; and quhen he was thiddir cummyn he saw it na mair, quharby he ondirstud that was his grund fatayll.

P. 46. *l.* 10.—Parentis betakynnys the childis fader and moder baith.

P. 46. *l.* 13.—The Egill be poetis is fenyeit to be Jovis fowle, and that he maid ministration to him of the thunder and wapynnys the tyme of the battale betwix the god Dis and the gyantis. Bot, war it lefull to compar prophane fabillis to haly Scriptour, Sanct John the ewangelist is verray Jovis egill, and clepit son of thundir.

P. 50. *l.* 6.—

> Attrides beyn in Latyn clepit thus
> Thir nevois reput of kyng Attryus,
> That in our langage are the broder tway,
> Kyng Agamemnon, and Duke Menalay.

P. 63. *l.* 8. Of Typhon, or Typheus, in the xi. c. of the ix. buke.

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